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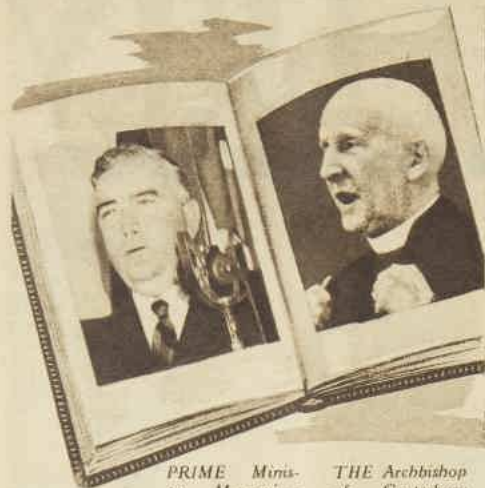
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EVERYBODY loves to QUOTE



PRIME Minister Menzies quoted Dickens. THE Archbishop of Canterbury quoted Lincoln.



THE KING quoted an unknown poetess, Miss M. L. Haskins, and set scholars everywhere looking for the source.

King and commoner alike borrow famous lines from the poets

When the King used a quotation in his Empire broadcast, he made the chosen lines famous and brought into the limelight an unknown poet and novelist.

Everybody likes to quote—it's an innocent pleasure second only to the joy of being quoted, and it serves the sound purpose of enriching the common speech.

BEST known among cases where quotation has brought fame to a writer is the occasion when Lord Baldwin—then Mr. Baldwin—put Mary Webb on the map by quoting her in an after-dinner speech.

Mary Webb's "Precious Bane" had not at that time become the best seller it was destined to be.

After Mr. Baldwin referred to the beauty of her writing and quoted some of the novel's loveliest passages, London hastened to read her and edition after edition had to be rushed off the presses.

H. G. Wells was responsible for a

local instance during his visit to Australia.

At a writers' luncheon he referred to the "limpid prose" of Stephen Crane, and local booksellers reported a run on Crane's books immediately after.

Classic example of one writer making another famous is the well-known one of Keats writing a poem in tribute to Chapman's translation of Homer.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN is noted for his tendency to quote Shakespeare at critical moments.

As he stepped out of the plane that brought him back from Munich, he waved the four-way agreement at the crowds who met him, crying:

"Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety."

He borrowed from Henry IV.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, in his New Year broadcast, quoted that most-quoted American, Abraham Lincoln.

Lincoln, he said, when asked, "Do you think God is on our side?" replied, "What matters is that we should be on the side of God."

Mr. Anthony Eden also quoted Lincoln in a broadcast speech soon after the war broke out. His quote was from the famous Gettysburg speech, for Mr. Eden assured his hearers that we are fighting for those same democratic principles—"that Government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Robert Burns was the poet whose phrase President Roosevelt used in a nation-wide broadcast.

He spoke of the world bowed under the burden of "man's inhumanity to man."

Dickens' Mr. Micawber supplied the last word of one of Prime Minister Menzies' wartime broadcast speeches.

Mr. Menzies said we could not win the war by half measures or an easy belief that some day or somewhere "something will turn up."

"Scrap of paper"

PHRASES that have quick significance for all become lasting catchwords.

When the German Chancellor in 1914 asked the British Ambassador: "Surely you will not go to war with us over a scrap of paper?" he was not to know that the phrase "scrap of paper" would ring down history as the signal of the German Government's contempt for its pledged word.

The Chancellor's name—Dr. Bethmann-Hollweg—is almost forgotten and that of the Ambassador, Sir Edward Goschen, too, but the phrase has passed into common use for ever and a day.

John Galsworthy probably had little idea when he made Uncle James Forsyte repent so often his plaint, "Nobody tells me anything," that the phrase would become a dear familiar to thousands of his readers.

Evelyn Waugh gave us the craze for "too sick-making—too weak-making" from his bright young people in "Vile Bodies."

Stella Gibbons' line, "something nasty in the woodshed" in "Cold Comfort Farm," became suddenly everybody's phrase for any sinister



MR. CHAMBERLAIN quoted Shakespeare when he came home from Munich.



QUOTED BY THE KING

THE King quoted:

"I said to a man who stood at the gate of years: 'Give me light that I may tread safely into the unknown.'"

"And he replied: 'Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God. That shall be to you better than light and safer than any known way.'"

The lines were written by Miss M. L. Haskins, of Crowborough, Sussex, England, in 1912.

incident with a character-warping effect.

"To be amused by what you read—that is the great spring of happy quotations," wrote the late C. E. Montague, novelist and essayist. Montague believed the power to quote aptly cannot be laboriously acquired by mere study.

He wrote that "in a sense you might say that quoting is a branch of window dressing . . . of keeping a great house on quite a small income. But you could only say it in a shallow sense."

"The will to put all the stock in the window may be found in anyone. But the power to put it there is not to be had without some kind of genuine, if only whimsical, love of the stuff in itself."

Thus a man may studiously learn a hundred scraps of wisdom ready for use, but he will never apply them so aptly as the man who remembers a dozen because he loves them.

Shakespeare and the Bible are, of course, the most prolific sources for the quotations that have passed so much into the daily speech of the man in the street, that he no longer realises he is quoting.

These and many others have rung round the world so often that their origins have been almost forgotten.

Thus language lifts itself high above the commonplace on the shoulders of the artists in word.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



DORIS DUKE CROMWELL

"No ostrich feathers"

WITH the appointment of her husband, James H. R. Cromwell, as U.S.A. Minister to Canada, Doris Duke Cromwell, world's richest girl, becomes America's "first lady" in Canada. She lives simply, dresses simply, says, "there are no ostrich feathers about me."

BUT she spent £400,000 on her new Honolulu home.



—Sidney Riley.

MR. G. A. FISHER, B.A., B.Sc.
First layman

FIRST layman to hold the position, and one of the few Queenslanders to become head of a great public school, Mr. G. A. Fisher, B.A., B.Sc., has been appointed headmaster of Armidale School, N.S.W.

Graduate of Queensland University, Mr. Fisher later studied educational developments abroad.

Was headmaster of the junior school at Sydney Church of England Grammar School.



DR. DOROTHY WAUGH

Sculptor in spare time

SNATCHING time from a successful career as a dental surgeon in Philadelphia, U.S.A., Dr. Dorothy B. Waugh, formerly of Melbourne, has also won distinction as a sculptor.

Recently held an exhibition at Temple University, Pennsylvania.

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They married England's oldest titles but—

War turns husbands into bootblacks and policemen



LADY DOVERDALE, formerly Audrey Pointing, of Sydney, is a Red Cross nurse, with a husband on police duty.

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our Special Representative in England.

Australian girls who married into England's peerage are now finding their husbands have become "bootblacks and policemen!"

The war has sent their menfolk into various phases of war work—and the peerage hasn't sought the "cushy" jobs.

Viscount St. Davids, whose marriage to Australian Doreen Jowett was one of the biggest society events in London at the time, has gone into the army as a batman.

LORD DOVERDALE, wealthy English nobleman, whose wife was Sydney's Audrey Pointing, is a special constable.

"It's nice to have a policeman about the house," said Lady Doverdale.

While her husband polishes boots, Lady St. Davids is looking after twenty-five children evacuated from a Glasgow slum to the safety of her country house.

"The war has changed life for us," she said. "I think the little Scots kiddies are simply adorable. They are such perfect little bricks, I enjoy being with them."

"I think it's good for him," said Lady St. Davids, discussing her husband's job as a batman. "On the whole, my husband is enjoying the novelty of shining shoes and polishing buttons."

Asked whether her husband has ever used his newly-acquired knowledge to help in the house when on furlough, she said laughingly: "Goodness gracious, no, he gets enough of that in the army!"

She added, however, that it



LADY MILBANKE, formerly Sheila Chisholm, runs a hospital while her husband is on a balloon barrage post.



LADY ST. DAVIDS, formerly Doreen Jowett, of Melbourne, is caring for slum children.



LADY CARLOW, with her baby. She is the wife of Viscount Carlow, only son of the Earl of Portarlington and Lady Portarlington, who was an Australian, Winnifreda Yuill. The Viscount is an airman.

wouldn't be for long. "You see, he's in the Officers' Training Corps and he's making great headway with his studies. So I hope he'll have a commission soon."

How does it feel for a Viscount to have to salute officers who would ordinarily be tipping their caps to him?

Lady St. Davids said: "It is all in the game. My husband salutes every

day a man who was an agent on his estate. And why not? The other man has the training for this new job of work which my husband is only learning."

Her answer is typical of many wives of members of the new democratic army.

Lady Doverdale, the former Audrey Pointing, of Sydney, considers her husband Teddy's job as a war reserve policeman in the same light.

Air-raid work

"I'm not quite certain what he has to do except dash round on a motor bike if there is an air-raid," she said, "but he has full uniform, truncheon and whistle—and I rather like having a policeman round the house."

Lady Doverdale told me an amusing incident about her husband's air warden's job.

Seeing a light in a friend's house, he knocked at the door and pointed out that the air raid regulations were being broken.

The butler, who knew Lord Doverdale well, went to the mistress of the house and said:

"Lord Doverdale, the policeman, Ma'am, is complaining about our lights. Shall I show him in?"

Lady Doverdale is just as busy on war work as her husband.

She's a fully-fledged Red Cross nurse.

Lady Milbanke's busy maternity



FROM BOATS to boots, Lord St. Davids, whose peace-time hobby was building model boats, is now polishing boots as an army batman.

hospital has been evacuated to the country.

Her husband is "somewhere in England" with his balloon barrage company.

Her son, Lord Anthony Loughborough, was among the first air casualties of the war.

She sadly commented: "We've all got to do everything possible to end the struggle as soon as possible. All my family are working, but it was most difficult for me to say goodbye to my eldest son when he went off as a private in the British Expeditionary Force."

Lady Carlow, wife of Viscount Car-

low, doesn't like the idea of her husband being a flyer, but "I'm quite used to it now," she said. Lady Carlow is linked with Australia through her mother-in-law, Lady Portarlington, who was the Australian Winnifreda Yuill.

"I spent every week-end last summer near his squadron headquarters," she said. "Personally, I hate flying, but my husband enjoys it, and he's so expert I've become accustomed to the idea."

"Anyhow—c'est la guerre." Which sums up the attitude of these working . . . and waiting . . . wives . . . That's war! . . .

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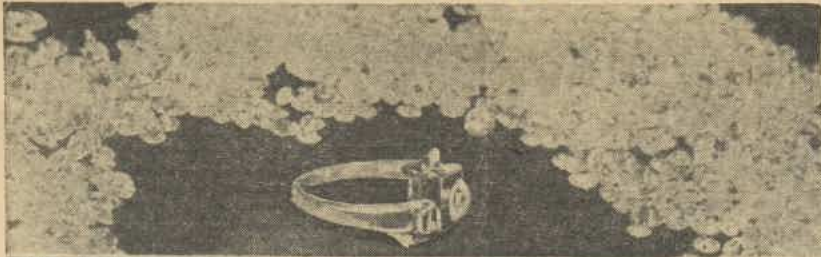
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Diamonds are dynamite!



MASSSES of diamonds in an Australian workshop. Diamond dealers comprise one of the most exclusive cliques in the world.

Britain thwarts Hitler in the fight for gems

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our Special Representative in England.

Hitler wants diamonds—so does every country of war. They want them, not to dazzle and deck lovely women, but for the precision instruments vital to wartime industry and munition-making.

Diamonds worth £2,000,000 consigned to Germany were seized by Britain in a search of American mail. Lean, grey destroyers patrolling for contraband do their part in the grim struggle to provide the razor edge of modern engineering.

IN war time, diamonds—the lovely gems that women pine for—are subtle weapons of economic warfare.

They're a valuable means of foreign exchange.

They're front-line fighters of modern industry.

To-day they're contraband—dynamite.

So vital are diamonds to intricate processes of high-

powered industry that Britain's Board of Trade has appointed a Diamond Committee to prevent them reaching enemy hands.

From Africa, Australia and Brazil a sparkling stream pours into Hatton Garden, diamond market for the world.

Ten million pounds' worth of newly-mined stones change hands each year in the Diamond Corporation.

NECK-LACE and coiffure ornament of small diamonds. In wartime the industrial uses of diamonds eclipse importance of their beauty in jewellery.

Industry takes half the uncut stones for highly tempered instruments.

Dragged from the depths of the earth at stupendous cost, they serve with unfailing accuracy minute demands of engineering skill.

To-day machine shops, mills, and factories are clamoring for more diamond splinters for fine tools to accelerate war output.

DIAMOND contraband control is one of the world's toughest jobs. Enemy agents can buy sparklers by roundabout means and transport them by every trick of international jewel thieves.

Leakage over neutral frontiers is checked up by control groups all over Europe.

Foreign police have lent their knowledge of long-established methods of diamond smuggling and the personnel of this underworld traffic.

On the high seas navy and merchant marine keep watch, but searching for contraband diamonds destined for Germany is no light task.

Stones are easy to hide and can be slipped through almost any loophole.

Exclusive trade

DIAMOND dealers are an aristocratic clique. None but gilded references will get a customer through the doors of the Diamond Corporation.

On the Continent the diamond "ring" is exclusive, its rules watertight: it is harder to gate crash than any social set.

The Diamond Committee in London inspects the "sights" selected by Hatton Garden buyers, decides that they are all "gem" stones and releases them for Amsterdam and Antwerp, where cutting and setting is an age-old craft.

Finished jewellery is sent back to the committee. Any change in weight and size is investigated because splinters from large gems can easily be used for machine tools.

Sudden demands and heavy orders from the Continent are suspect by contraband officers.

Customers' credentials and associates are also carefully tested by these experts.

The Diamond Committee is not greatly concerned with sale of "industrial" Alliance between dealers is so solid that it is comparatively easy to trace raw stones.

For more difficult is the watch on gem stones, new and old, whose comings and goings round the globe are purely a matter of personal whims.

Half the new stones—chosen for flawless purity and color—are cut and set by Antwerp craftsmen of world-famed skill.

Highly polished, finely cut and mounted in designs of delicate tracery in precious metals, gem stones sparkle from crowned heads, caress sculptured throats, and encircle white wrists of the world's beautiful women.

Diamond contraband watches the



KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD, famous Norwegian singer, who wore magnificent diamonds when on tour in Australia. Personally-owned gems are beyond control of committees, and travel the world by the whim of owners.

Journeys of these gems, but most of them, once cut for ornament, cannot be used in industry.

The committee keeps a lynx-eyed watch, however, on large stones for which a desperate enemy might pay fantastic sums to maintain its war machine.

The world is a treasure house of precious stones. Diamonds of all ages are stored in every country.

Good as gold

SINCE the war diamonds have become a serious investment. Wealthy men and women are selling shares and buying stones—putting their trust in blue-white crystal fire rather than governments, banks or stock markets.

Europe has a floating population—homeless and stateless refugees. For victims of terror the diamond is a touchstone.

Bond Street and Fifth Avenue are full of these pathetic fragments smuggled over frontiers.

In a chaotic, changing world, diamonds are a permanent security, a passport to freedom.

Diamonds have enamored toiling millions, lured thousands to death, sent treasure fleets to the slimy seabed and haunted palaces and prisons with the tantalising sparkle of their icy fire.

To-day they still rule man's destiny. He depends on them for adumant perfection in mechanised war.



THE BRIDE LOOKED SO HAPPY THE DAY THEY WERE WED



SHE LITTLE THOUGHT THEN OF THE TEARS SHE WOULD SHED.



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"Listen, Lisa," said Gerald, putting his hand over hers, "I don't know how you'll take this, but suppose you and I were engaged?"

A BUSINESS ENGAGEMENT

A Complete Short Story...
By DANA BURNET

One had money, the other had none, and so it remained for Chance to shuffle the cards

CNOE there was a young and pretty lady who decided to go into business for herself.

Lisa Marvel was her name.

She packed her trunk, said "No!" to a certain young man who wanted to marry her, and took a train to New York, where she promptly invested in a tea-room called The Three-Leaf Clover.

Lisa's tea-room was located in the basement of a tall, old-fashioned house in a residential district. It was a lovely tea-room, tastefully decorated in a dull shade of green, and Lisa, who occupied a tiny two-room flat on the top floor of the house, was extremely happy over her whole venture. At least she was happy for the first month or so and might have gone on being happy except for the fact that so many people seemed to stay away from The Three-Leaf Clover.

So one April evening Lisa went upstairs and cried. She hadn't cried since she left Brookhaven, and it did her good. But not much good. What she wanted was success, and success was something that drifted along the pavement just beyond her door.

"My child," said Lisa to her own reflection in the mirror of her dressing-table, "it begins to look as though you'd have to go back

to Brookhaven and marry for a living—marry Tom Parsons, join the bridge club, and live happily forever after!

It had been a discouraging day. First the man from the gas company. Then an elderly female who had criticised her cinnamon toast. Then a waitress who had crashed one of her nicest tea sets. Then that awful moment when the chef had burned a steak; and finally that nice-looking boy who had run out of the tea-room at midday without paying his bill!

In the midst of her mood of self-pity a waitress appeared and told her that there was someone downstairs to see her.

"It's a man. And he says he wants to see the proprietress. He says it's important. And he's sort of tall and quite good-looking, Miss Marvel."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Nothing," said the waitress.

"Then send him up," said Lisa.

So the waitress went back downstairs and sent up the young man who was quite good-looking. Lisa received him at the door of her flat. But it was not till she had switched on the lights in the living-room that she recognised him as the young man who had dashed out at midday without paying his luncheon bill.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed. "So it's you! And I was just hoping I'd see you again!"

"Delighted, I'm sure," said the young man, bowing.

"Not at all!" murmured Lisa.

"Stupid of me," he continued, apologetically, "to have walked out with that bill in my pocket. But, you see, I was thinking about something, and I just forgot to pay, that's all."

"Oh, I see. You were thinking about something?"

THE young man nodded. "I was thinking," he volunteered, with a sigh, "about my life. But that's not important. Let me pay you my debt."

He pulled from his pocket the crumpled luncheon bill. "Dollar seventy-five. Have you change for five dollars?"

"No, I—I'm afraid I haven't. But you can pay the cashier when you go downstairs."

"Oh, yes. Of course. I suppose I could have paid the cashier in the first place, couldn't I?"

The young man fumbled his hat.

"Beautiful weather we've been having," he ventured after a brief silence.

"I find the spring depressing," remarked Lisa.

"Do you really? So do I. How extraordinary!"

The young man looked at her and sighed again. "I suppose it's because so many people fall in love in the spring. You can actually feel them failing in love all round you. It creates an atmosphere of nervous strain."

Lisa acknowledged that there

was an atmosphere of nervous strain. "But I think it's because in the spring one realises particularly one's ability to make a success of oneself. One wants to do grand things, beautiful things . . . But one never does. One never can . . ."

"Why can't one?" asked the young man, looking into Lisa's black eyes.

"I don't know," she replied, smiling faintly. "I guess there are plenty of reasons why one doesn't realise one's own grandeur. But the only reason I can think of at the moment is money."

"You're right," he agreed, and suddenly she was conscious of a note of bitterness, of deep resentment, in his voice. "It's money that spoils the show!"

"Are you," asked Lisa sympathetically, "very poor?"

"No," answered her visitor, his spiritual gloom visibly deepening. "I'm very rich. My father died four months ago and left me nine million dollars. And I haven't drawn a free breath since."

"Excuse me," said Lisa, "while I sit down on something."

She sat down rather abruptly on a sofa. "Nine million! Your father died and left you nine million . . .?"

"Appalling, isn't it?"

"Perfectly—frightful," breathed Lisa.

"May I sit down, too? There, beside you?"

"Yes, if you like. I mean . . ."

"Strange!" he reflected wonderingly, dropping his hat on the floor, "how these things work out. Do you know the moment I saw you I had a queer hunch that you and I were going to be friends?"

"Why?"

The boy smiled. He had nice teeth and a charming smile.

"Oh, I don't know. I just had a hunch. But, of course, I may be wrong. But I hope I'm not wrong, because it's such a rare thing to feel that way about—about anyone. Don't you think so, Miss . . .?"

"Marvel, Lisa Marvel."

"I'm Gerald Vance."

"Oh!" she exclaimed at once. "I know! I've read about you in the newspapers."

"Then you know the worst," he said, with a return to his melancholy mood. "You know that 'Vance Hair Shuns Limestone' and that 'Millionaire Hermit Pleas Fair Sex!' All of which is quite true, except the last, which is only approximately true. I'm not a hermit. I'm an electrical engineer. That is, I'd like to be an electrical engineer. And as far as the fair sex goes, I flee only when I'm chased. One does get chased, you know," he ended bitterly.

"I know," said Lisa. "At least I can imagine."

"It's incredible," Gerald Vance suddenly exploded. "I've no more privacy than a Scotch pheasant in the shooting season."

Lisa laughed. "But, really, don't you find it exciting?" she said.

"I do. But, as it happens, I'm not looking for that kind of excitement. Believe me or not, Miss Marvel, my life's a nightmare."

"I can't go anywhere—I can't even go to a dance—without risking my liberty. And that's the plain truth. And I'm rather fond of dancing."

"What a shame!" said Lisa. "I mean, I love to dance myself. At least I used to. But I've had so little opportunity lately."

"We seem to have a good many tastes in common."

"Yes, we do, don't we? But please go on telling me about your life. I think it's so interesting and unusual!"

Please turn to Page 34

Other SATURDAY NIGHTS

A Complete Short Story by...
Marion Valensi

MYRA told herself that it was absurd. She was certain that no other woman she knew let herself get worked into a fever of anxiety when Saturday night came round.

Just because it was Saturday night. And certainly other women had children who went to dances and parties and came rushing home in the small hours—swooping up to their homes in big cars.

"I'll get used to it. It's because it's all so new, and Judy is so young. And of course Bob is a nice lad. Of course he's all right. If he weren't, Judy wouldn't like him. I shall probably feel like this about any man who ever takes her out."

Now she had finished dressing and was quite ready to go downstairs and join her husband, to go out and get into the car and start their own good time.

But she kept standing still in the middle of the room, trying to think how, in casually saying "good-night" to her suddenly grown-up daughter, she could mention Bob again—let Judy know that he didn't seem to be quite their sort.

"But how do I know?" she accused herself. "How can I be so sure about him?"

Then her younger daughter, Nancy, came bursting into the room, shouting, "Mother, daddy's waiting!"

Myra looked down at little Nancy, her wide blue eyes, her brown pig-tails, and scarcely saw her at all. At nine o'clock, Nancy would be tucked up in her small white bed, while faithful old Lizzie kept watch downstairs.

No mother sees her safe children. Nancy was safe—and hence blotted out in Myra's eyes by the vision of Judy's tender budding loveliness, all her vulnerable innocence.

Then Nancy's words—pierced Myra's thoughts. Myra sighed.

"I hate Saturday nights now, mother. It used to be fun when you and daddy went out and Judy stayed at home, too. Sometimes we made toffee. Now, I can't even watch Judy dressing any more. Ever since she started going out with Bob everything makes her nervous. And if the telephone rings, she almost jumps out of her skin. That's because she's afraid he's not coming. I don't like him. He's too clever."

Myra felt a quiet coldness creep into her blood—a shiver, like the shiver of childhood, when they said someone was walking over your grave.

She reached across the bed for her cloak. She thought weakly, "It's true. Children and dogs know. And mothers know. It's something in his eyes—a knowingness. His mouth. There's something wrong. He has too much money. And a big car."

"And he's old," Nancy added with disgust.

Myra bent and kissed the top of her child's head.

"Old!" she scoffed. "Just because he's over twenty. He's not really too old for Judy, you know."

"Well, he seems old," Nancy insisted. "Always grumbling about this being a slow provincial town. And talking about the girls in London. Then Judy just sits there and smiles, trying not to look jealous."

Illustrated
 by...
Wynne W. DAVIES

But she is. It hurts her, too. I can tell you. I've watched her face."

Keith's voice boomed up from the hall below.

"Myra, what's keeping you? Come along!"

"Coming!" she called. "Just saying 'good-bye' to Judy!" She moved down the landing and put a cold hand on the knob of Judy's closed door.

Judy looked up, but she didn't smile. Her eyes, blue and dark and stormy—and, it seemed to Myra, frightened—glanced up and then away. She said almost tearfully:

"Nothing has gone right. Nancy hindered me. My hair's too curly. This dress is simply sickening. Oh, I hate myself to-night!"

Myra wanted to say, "You're beautiful, my dear. You're like a lovely flower. Your dress is sweet and young." But she was afraid Judy would retort, "Mother, don't be silly. Who wants to look sweet and young?"

Yes, Myra knew that whatever she said would be wrong. She knew suddenly that the very sound of her voice rasped against Judy's taut nerves. That Judy wanted to hear only the silver notes of the musical horn on Bob's car. So she said only, "Will you be late, darling?"

Judy snatched the clasp of her little glittering handbag. "I don't know. We'll probably stay at Connie's until ten or eleven. Then, you know how it is—the crowd goes on to dance somewhere. First one place. Then another."

Myra thought angrily, "I ought to forbid her to leave this house until

I know where they are going — when they'll come home. And if I do, I may destroy the last frail bond between us."

She thought about the Norton girls. They went nowhere. Judy said it was because Mrs. Norton was so strict, and insisted on knowing everything.

So her mother said now:

"I know, but you are so young. And really, darling, we don't know much about Bob. I mean, it's not as if he were even someone whose family we knew. He—he never seems really as if he 'belonged'."

FOR a second she held Judy's eyes with her own. Then she saw the smooth white lids flicker and hide the blue. And the moment was gone. Judy was cold, withdrawn, defensive. Her excited, brittle little laugh was as sharp as steel.

"Mother dear, I know Bob. We don't think about families now like you used to. Or lots of other things, either. It's the man himself we worry about."

Myra wanted to scream. She wanted to cry out, "Man! You wouldn't know a real man if you

saw one! Why don't you look into Bob's eyes and see that they are deceitful? Don't you know he makes you miserable and jealous and unhappy half the time?"

Why shouldn't she speak, why shouldn't she tell her child these things? Judy was still a child.

Only a few years ago she had sat on the edge of that very bed and read to Judy while she had measles—listened to her childish jealousies, known every joy and small grief of a little girl's heart.

And now Judy told her nothing. All the close, beautiful intimacy was lost. No searching seemed to find it. A seemingly imperishable thing had melted away. The years might never have been.

All the hours, the long quiet walks hand in hand—what could they mean to Judy now?

Now, she denied her mother entrance into her world. Now she withdrew, cool and brittle and sophisticated, into a circle the centre of which became an unknown young man. Now she sealed her

While she was with Bob, Judy had no thoughts for anyone else at the party.

lips against her mother's questioning, drew at will a secret curtain over her eyes. Now anything might happen.

Nancy came into the room and slipped a thin young arm round her mother's waist, snuggled her brown, pig-tailed head against her shoulder.

"Oh, you do smell nice, mother!" she said. "I wish you weren't going out."

Myra's arms tightened round the small bony shoulders.

"To-morrow afternoon, dear, we'll go for a long walk," she promised. "We'll look for wild flowers and talk about everything!"

But the heaviness in her breast only seemed to increase. To-day—this year, probably next—sweet, heartbreaking closeness. Wild flowers and fairy tales. And then

Keith shouted with final breaking patience. "Myra, I'm getting the car out!"

She cried, "And now I am coming!"

She took a step forward and kissed the top of Judy's head—lightly, oh, very lightly, not to disturb the little butterfly bow, not to spoil the wave, not really to touch Judy at all!

"Good-bye, child," she said. "Take care of yourself. Don't be too late!" Then, with her arm still round Nancy, she went downstairs.

Please turn to Page 22



Ten Little Niggers

Continuing
Our Exciting
New Serial

Sudden tragedy is the final guest at the strange house party on a lonely island.

THE STORY SO FAR:

VAGUE though plausible invitations, all issued indirectly, bring together eight oddly assorted guests in the only house on Nigger Island, an isolated spot off the English coast.

The guests are all looking forward to their holiday, for each has a chapter in the past which he or she would like to forget; but they grow puzzled and uneasy when no host appears to welcome them.

The butler and his wife, however, apologise courteously for the host's absence, and prove themselves most attentive and efficient, and after an excellent dinner the atmosphere begins to thaw.

Then, without warning, there comes a voice, inhuman and penetrating, charging the guests with these crimes:

DR. EDWARD ARMSTRONG, with the death of Louisa Mary Clees; EMILY CAROLINE BRENT, spinster, with the death of Beatrice Taylor; WILLIAM HENRY BLORE, detective, with bringing about the death of James Stephen Landor; VERA CLAYTHORNE, governess, with killing Cyril Hamilton; CAPTAIN PHILIP LOMBARD, with causing the death of twenty-one members of an East African tribe; GENERAL MACARTHUR, with sending Arthur Richmond to his death; ANTHONY MARSTON, with murdering John and Lucy Coombes; MR. JUSTICE LAWRENCE WARGRAVE, with the death of Edward Seton; and THOMAS ROGERS, butler, and his wife, EMILY ROGERS, cook, with the death of Jennifer Brady.

NOW READ ON:

THE Voice had stopped.

There was a moment's petrified silence, and then a resounding crash. Rogers had dropped the coffee tray. At the same moment, from somewhere outside the room, there came a scream and the sound of a thud.

Lombard was the first to move. He leaped to the door and flung it open. Outside, lying in a huddled mass, was Mrs. Rogers.

Lombard called: "Marston!" Anthony sprang to help him. Between them they lifted up the woman and carried her into the drawing-room.

Doctor Armstrong came across quickly. He helped them to lift her onto the sofa and bent over her. He said quickly: "It's nothing. She's fainted, that's all. She'll be round in a minute."

Lombard said to Rogers: "Get some brandy."

Rogers, his face white, his hands shaking, murmured "Yes, sir," and slipped quickly out of the room.

Vera cried out: "Who was that speaking? Where was he? It sounded—it sounded—"

General MacArthur spluttered out: "What's going on here? What kind of a practical joke was that?"

His hand was shaking. His shoulders sagged. He looked suddenly ten years older.

Blore was mopping his face with

a handkerchief. Only Mr. Justice Wargrave and Miss Brent seemed comparatively unmoved. Emily Brent sat upright, her head held high. In both cheeks was a spot of hard color. The judge sat in his habitual pose, his head sunk down into his neck. With one hand he gently scratched his ear. Only his eyes were active, darting round and round the room, puzzled, alert with intelligence.

Again it was Lombard who acted. Armstrong being busy with the collapsed woman, Lombard was free once more to take the initiative. He said: "That voice? It sounded as though it were in the room."

Vera cried: "Who was it? Who was it? It wasn't one of us."

Like the judge, Lombard's eyes wandered slowly round the room. They rested a minute on the open window; then he shook his head decisively. Suddenly his eyes lighted up. He moved forward swiftly to where a door near the fireplace led into an adjoining room. With a swift gesture he caught the handle and flung the door open. He passed through, and immediately uttered an exclamation of satisfaction.

He said: "Ah, here we are." The others crowded after him. Only Miss Brent remained alone, sitting erect in her chair.

Inside the second room a table had been brought up close to the wall which adjoined the drawing-room. On the table was a gramophone—an old-fashioned type with a large trumpet attached. The mouth of the trumpet was against the wall, and Lombard, pushing it aside, indicated where two or three small holes had been unobtrusively bored through the wall.

Adjusting the gramophone, he replaced the needle on the record, and immediately they heard again: "You are charged with the following indictment—"

Vera cried: "Turn it off! Turn it off! It's horrible!" Lombard obeyed.

Doctor Armstrong said, with a sigh of relief: "A disgraceful and heartless practical joke, I suppose."

The small clear voice of Mr. Justice Wargrave murmured: "So you think it's a joke, do you?"

The doctor stared at him. "What else could it be?"

The hand of the judge gently stroked his upper lip. He said: "At the moment, I'm not prepared to give an opinion."



Illustrated
by WEP

Anthony Marston broke in. He said: "Look here, there's one thing you've forgotten. Who the devil turned the thing on and set it going?"

Wargrave murmured: "Yes, I think we must inquire into that."

He led the way back into the drawing-room. The others followed.

Rogers had just come in with a glass of brandy. Miss Brent was bending over the moaning form of Mrs. Rogers.

Adroitly, Rogers slipped between the two women. "Allow me, madam, I'll speak to her. Ethel—Ethel, it's all right. All right, do you hear? Pull yourself together."

Mrs. Rogers' breath came in quick gasps. Her eyes—staring, frightened eyes—went round and round the ring of faces.

Doctor Armstrong said sharply: "Where's that brandy?"

Doctor Armstrong raised his head and said in an awe-struck whisper, "Great heaven! He's dead."

Rogers cried: "I didn't know what it was! I swear I didn't know what it was, sir! If I had, I'd never have done it!"

The judge said dryly: "That is probably true. But I think you'd better explain, Rogers."

The butler wiped his face with a handkerchief. He said earnestly: "I was obeying orders, sir, that's all."

"Whose orders?"

"Mr. Owen's."

Mr. Justice Wargrave said: "Let

General MacArthur broke out suddenly. He exclaimed: "The whole thing is preposterous—preposterous! Slinging accusations about like this! Something must be done about it! This fellow Owen, whoever he is—"

Emily Brent interrupted. She said sharply: "That's just it. Who is he?"

The judge interposed. He spoke with the authority that a lifetime in the courts had given him. He said: "That is exactly what we must go into very carefully. I should suggest that you get your wife to bed first of all, Rogers. Then come back here."

"Yes, sir."

Doctor Armstrong said: "I'll give you a hand, Rogers."

Leaving on the two men, Mrs. Rogers tottered out of the room.

When they had gone, Tony Marston said: "Don't know about you, sir, but I could do with a drink."

Lombard said: "I agree."

Tony said: "I'll go and forage."

He went out of the room. He returned a second or two later.

"Found them all waiting on a tray outside, ready to be brought in."

He set down his burden carefully. The next minute or two was spent in dispensing drinks. General MacArthur had a stiff whisky, and so did the judge. Everyone felt the need of a stimulant. Only Emily Brent demanded and obtained a glass of water.

Doctor Armstrong re-entered the room. "She's all right," he said. "I've given her a sedative to take. What's that—a drink? I could do with one."

"Yes, sir."

"What's that—a drink? I could do with one."

"What's that—a drink? I could do with one."

"What's that—a drink? I could do with one."

"What's that—a drink? I could do with one."

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"What's that—a drink? I could do with one."

"What's that—a drink? I could do with one."

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

Rogers had put it down on a little table. Someone handed it to the doctor and he bent over the gasping woman with it. "Drink this, Mrs. Rogers."

She drank, choking a little and gasping. The spirits did her good. The color returned to her face. She said: "I'm all right now. It just—gave me a turn."

Rogers said quickly: "Of course it did. It gave me a turn, too. Fair made me drop that tray. Wicked lies, it was! I'd like to know—"

He was interrupted. It was only a cough—a dry little cough—but it had the effect of stopping him in full cry. He stared at Mr. Justice Wargrave, and the latter coughed again. Then he said: "Who put that record on the gramophone? Was it you, Rogers?"

me get this quite clear. Mr. Owen's orders were—what exactly?"

Rogers said: "I was to put a record on the gramophone. I'd find the record in the drawer, and my wife was to start the gramophone when I'd gone into the drawing-room with the coffee tray."

The judge murmured: "A very remarkable story."

Rogers cried: "It's the truth, sir! I swear it's the truth! I didn't know what it was—not for a moment. It had a name on it—I thought it was just a piece of music."

Wargrave looked at Lombard. "Was there a title on it?"

Lombard nodded. He grinned suddenly, showing his white, pointed teeth. He said: "Quite right, sir. It was entitled Swan Song."

Please turn to Page 14

The VICTOR

Complete short story

By ...

MARGARET C. BANNING

A frivolous girl, a clever woman, and a devoted wife each fought in her own way to hold Jeremy's love ...

FROM the beginning it was a foregone conclusion. Not, of course, from the beginning of their marriage, because no one could tell then that Jeremy Phillips was anything more than a bright young man who would be able to make a living out of his printing and engraving business, and who occasionally would produce in book form the poems and essays of local authors. But from the time that Jeremy launched out as a successful publisher—dating really from his luck with Maitland's book—there were always some who said, "His wife's no help."

By the time Jeremy finally transplanted his business from the north of England to London, nearly everyone felt like that except Jeremy and, perhaps, Kathleen herself.

Jeremy had been getting on too fast to notice what distance of sophistication he was covering, and even her best friends said that Kathleen took a great deal for granted. Jeremy had been away from home more than half the time during those years when his business was growing and edging its way towards London.

That was necessary. He had to meet authors at their convenience—and that usually meant in their own houses, up and down England. He had to know just where to take them for lunch and dinner. He had to look the right part and know the right people. Then he'd fly back home and look after the production end of things, until he finally got a reliable partner.

The accent changed in his life, and so did the pattern. But for years he didn't notice. The first time that Jeremy realised that Kathleen couldn't keep up her end was on the night Jane Desmond gave a dinner for him at her house. He knew that Kathleen could never return the dinner in the same way.

It was a very fine little affair in every way. Jeremy had no taste for frills or for swank, but he did like style, and this dinner had plenty of it.

Jane said that the guests made the party, but since she was the one who had assembled them, and almost the only person who could gather together that particular group, the compliment quickly came home to roost. The dinner was the kind that it is proper to comment upon, and there was a feeling not to be forgotten about that dignified house where Jane lived, with its affectionately autographed books, and pieces of sculpture done by friends.

But Jane was no poseur. Her house was the sort of place in which one could talk about the possibility of social change without being mocked by pretentiousness. She made a great deal of money, but she used it well. Her clothes showed that. She had an intelligent way of handling admiration and devotion too.

Some men believed, and told her, that there was capability of feeling in her that had never been aroused. "Your wife isn't with you to-night, Mr. Phillips?" someone inquired.

"No," he said. "We aren't living actually in London. We've taken a place in the country. About twenty miles out. Kathleen is settling the house. It keeps her busy."

"I've never met your wife, Jeremy," said Jane, on the other side of him.

He said that would have to be arranged. She would have to come out to them for dinner.



Illustrated by FISCHER

"Tell me about her. What is she interested in?"

He tried to think. It was a hard question to have sprung on him like that. What was Kathleen interested in? Little Jeremy. Iris. Improving the sanitation in slum dwellings. What the children would be when they grew up. What food they liked. Her husband tried to bring Kathleen's interests into sharp focus, but they diffused through days that seemed to be hardly worth description.

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "The ordinary kind of thing."

"I'd like to meet a woman who knows you so well."

"Why?"

"Because," said Jane, "she'd add to my knowledge of you. There's a kind of curiosity that isn't as blatant as jealousy between two women who know a man well. Of course, it may possibly be based on jealousy. I wonder. Is your wife very domesticated?"

"I suppose she is."

That was the answer. Kathleen

was domesticated. But it didn't quite describe her fully. Kathleen's house-keeping couldn't be absolutely relied upon to keep up to standard. She certainly couldn't give this kind of dinner or manage servants as Jane did. She wasn't impersonal enough with them.

"Is your wife as modern as you are?"

"In what way?" he countered.

"I mean in point of view. Independent."

"Oh, no. She's not the independent-woman type."

"That's queer, for your wife. Because the thing about you, Jeremy, is that you're so conscious of change and so hot on its trail. In social adjustments and human relations—in everything."

Naturally his ear picked up the words "human relations," with Jane looking as she did to-night. She wasn't technically beautiful. But she had a handsome head and a lovely figure, and she must know a lot about men, or how could she write the way she did?

Kathleen didn't know that there were young women like this in the

Kathleen met Phil Hastings only once, when Jeremy introduced them at the late afternoon party.

world, whose minds directed their emotions, who studied psychology and physiology and put them together in new and original designs.

Jeremy thought of trying to mix Kathleen with these people. He could see that she wouldn't understand them or have a thing to offer. She would seem awkward. She might try to be sociable—heaven help everyone! For the first time he thought, as so many people had believed all along, "She's not going to be able to stand the pace."

He said to Jane:

"Tell me, what is a modern woman?"

Jane began to tell him that night. She told him over a period of months. It was not a subject to be cleared up quickly. They discussed it at great length at different hours of the day and in many places. It was natural enough for them to spend a great deal of time in each other's company, because Jane had a new book under way

which Jeremy was going to publish when it was finished.

One reason for not deciding on a definition of a modern woman was that, if it were settled, so many other things would be settled along with it, such as their personal relations.

There was something very pleasurable and exciting in this period of abeyance. They could spend hours discussing this or that feeling, whether it were a real or a synthetic one, whether the strain of emotion were greater on feelings or minds, whether there could be a lifelong attachment.

"But you see, Jeremy dear, a feeling should be perfected. Like a fine piece of prose. I want everything between us to be exact. When you see so much failure, so much mismanagement in the one human relation that should be of value, it makes you want to work at it. You know what I mean?"

Please turn to Page 16

FASHION PORTFOLIO

February 3, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

CALL of the OPEN SPACES

SPORTS togs that are an incentive to go out and play just for the fun of wearing them.

● THE SUGARY sweetness of pink, green, and white stripes buoyed up by a bare midriff suit, and a green weskit to slip on if your ribs get chilly.

● WITH SPANKING white shorts, try the audacity of a candy-pink hooded blouse spotted in white. Unexpected drama in the long, full sleeves.

● DIVE INTO A BREAKER in a white linen suit fitting like another skin, and zipping slickly down the front.

● BRIGHT YELLOW, like bottled sunshine, for a free-for-action tennis frock in American cotton with semi-backless bodice.

● DUTCH GIRL inspiration in yellow hopsack linen, with a low, square neckline and buttons punctuating the front opening.



P. S. M.

LITTLE JACKETS...



● THE SMARTLY pleated skirt and the high draped neckline are desirable features of this sports costume, with its contrasting colored jacket. (Above.)

● SADDLE STITCH trims the neck of this simple little black summerweave dress. The short-sleeved white jacket has a black embroidery motif on the left pocket. A Matita model. (Top left.)



● SPECTATOR Sports design, a printed wool jacket in blue, with a white floral pattern. The blue cashmere dress has a narrow scarlet belt and a scarlet scarf. Dress would look smart alone, and a jacket could be an "adaptable." (Above.)



● NAVY BLUE ensemble of silk crepe, consisting of pleated skirt on a deep waistband, a white blouse with folded front and high neck, over which is worn a short bolero jacket with white revers and facings. Thoroughly figure-flattering. (Above.)



● SCHIAPARELLI is responsible for this hip-hugging coat in needle-run lace over a sheath-like frock of black crepe. Wear it for five o'clock parties. You'll create a sensation. (Right.)

LAST-MINUTE FASHIONS

[Airmailed from London by
MARY ST. CLAIRE]Sketches by
PETROV]

• **HOSTESSES** are favoring the slack suit for dinner wear at home. A red-and-black patterned jacket is worn with black trousers showing a red stripe at the side (1). Less obvious types have very full-cut trousers of black crepe and tight-fitting jackets lavishly embroidered with gold sequins (2).

• **AT MAXIMES** recently a French woman, famous for her chic, set the fashion for a new material alliance by wearing a black jersey dress with swing skirt that hung from a corselet of Royal Stuart tartan.



The bodice was gathered softly into the top of the corselet and bands of plaid finished the hem, high neckline, and edge of the bouffant sleeves. The dress was worn with a glengarry, sporting outsize streamer ends at the back (3).

• **CAPE**s in tweed complete with hoods and lined with brightly colored jersey are popular for country wear.

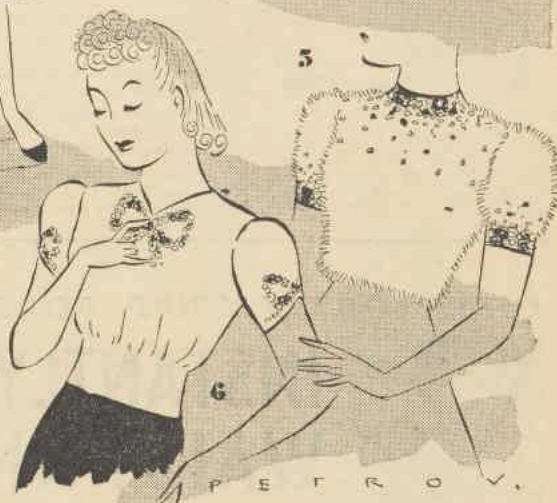
Close-fitting on the shoulders, they have inverted pleats or wide godets of the tweed on the bias for back interest. These capes are finger-tip length, match the flecked or checked tweed of the suit over which they are worn, and sometimes boast patch pockets in the front (4).

• **SEQUIN-TRIMMED** sweaters are popular for brightening up severe tailors. Finest angora wool in pastel shades is knitted into short-sleeved pullovers, the sequins worked into the yoke and sleeve bands, with heavier sequin trimming at the high neck (5). Other woollen jumpers are designed like lingerie blouses, with cummerbund fitting over the skirt top and bows of sequins trimming the neck and sleeves (6).

• **"ALF'S BUTTON"** has become a favorite with smart women, who employ the brass button of the soldier's tunic for trimming severe afternoon dresses. A particularly smart model seen recently was of black face-cloth with a 5in. patent leather belt covered with rows and rows of brass buttons. The belt was matched with cuffs and round collar composed entirely of buttons (7).

• **WEDGE** heels have taken a new lease of life with evening shoes. Examples seen have shown combinations of dull fabric and gold or silver kid or, lame covered, have formed bases for intricate designs of narrow lame strips (8).

INDIVIDUAL, hand-cut patterns are obtainable for all dresses and ensembles sketched by Petrov and Reue, and all overseas fashion photos. Prices from 2/6. Send to our Pattern Department for a free self-measurement form.



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YOUR little girl would look sweet in this dainty beach suit shown on the right. It is obtainable from our Needlework Department traced for cutting out and making up on seersucker in green, blue, and orange on natural grounds.

The applique pieces are included.

Prices are: Sizes, 2 to 4 years, 3/6; 4 to 6 years, 3/11; 6 to 8 years, 4/3, postage free.

THIS overall suit shown on the left is obtainable from our Needlework Department in seersucker in gay colors of green, blue, and orange on natural grounds.

The pattern and applique design are actually traced on the material, so that all you have to do is cut out the overall, machine up the seams, and do the applique work.

Prices are: Sizes, 2 to 4 years, 3/6; 4 to 6 years, 3/11; 6 to 8 years, 4/3, postage free.



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Cosmos luncheon or supper set

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NOTIONS

SETS are obtainable in nine or thirteen pieces traced for working on white, cream, blue, yellow, green, or pink linen.

Centre mat measures 18 by 18 inches; plate mats, 9 by 11 inches, and small mats, 5 by 5 inches. Serviettes are 11 by 11 inches.

Nine-piece set, including 1 centre, 4 plate mats, and 4 small mats, is 6/3 complete.

Thirteen-piece set, including 1 centre, 6 plate mats and 6 small mats, price 8/3 complete.

Serviettes, 1/- each.

Pieces bought separately are: Centre, 18 by 18 inches, 2/6; plate mats, 11 by 9 inches, 1/3; small mats, 5 by 5 inches, 6d. each.

Following stranded cottons are required for working: F401, pale pink; F437, mid pink; and F721, white. Obtainable from our Needlework Department for 2d. a skein.

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In brier rose design



CENTRE in brier rose design. It is obtainable traced for working on white, cream, blue, green, yellow, or pink linen.

+++

THIS easy-to-work table centre is obtainable from our Needlework Department traced for working on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green linen. Size is 14 by 29 inches.

Price 3/9, postage free.

The embroidery should be done in buttonhole-stitch

around the whole outside edge of the design. The centre of the circle of the flower is worked in buttonhole, and also around the circle in the centre. The spots are worked in eyelets or french knots, and the lines in stem-stitch. Thoroughly press material before cutting out.

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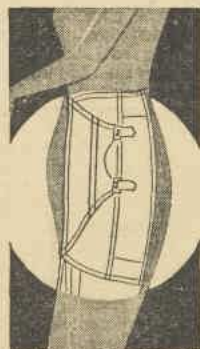
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Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing but builds up the system to ward off future attacks. For instance, J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, had lost 40 lbs., suffered coughing,

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The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature rid you of the effects of Asthma. In no time at all Mendaco may easily make you feel years younger and stronger. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel entirely well, like a new person, and fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your Chemist today and see how well you sleep tonight and how much better you will feel tomorrow. The guarantee protects you.

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Ends Asthma • Bronchitis • Hay Fever

REDUCE TOO FLESHY
HIPS AND THIGHS.

Fashion PATTERNS



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Our Special Concession Pattern this week features three (3) charming garments for the little tot 4-10 years of age. Sizes 4-6, 6-8 and 8-10 years.

No. 1. NIGHTGOWN. — Requires: $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards, 36ins. wide.

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Concession Coupon

Available for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old, 3d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under.
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Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
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Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.
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Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME.....
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STATE.....
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F1688.—A delightful afternoon style. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/3.

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Please Note!

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SUDS THAT GET THAT
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The moment you pop your clothes into the copper, New Rinso's hard-working suds get busy! Masses of fine-bubble suds that loosen and remove even stubborn, worn-in dirt. So your clothes come out clean as clean... perfectly dazzling. Rinso alone gets this wonderful whiteness—without any help from extras.



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Through wash after wash with New Improved Rinso colours come up bright and unfaded, silks and woollens stay new-looking... lovely.

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No more sore, dry hands and split nails if you wash with the New Rinso! You'll find these extra-gentle suds as mild as if you did your whole big wash with complexion soap. And what is kind to sensitive skin is kind to clothes.

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No Soaking Needed Now!
FULL INSTRUCTIONS
ON THE BIG, NEW PACKET

A LEVER PRODUCT

4-313,86

Ten Little Niggers

Continued from Page 7

SEVERAL of the men refilled their glasses. A moment or two later Rogers re-entered the room.

Mr. Justice Wargrave took charge of the proceedings. The room became an impromptu court of law.

The judge said: "Now, then, Rogers, we must get to the bottom of this. Who is this Mr. Owen?" Rogers stared. "He owns this place, sir."

"I am aware of that fact. What I want you to tell me is what you yourself know about the man."

Rogers shook his head. "I can't say, sir. You see, I've never seen him."

There was a faint stir in the room. General Macarthur said: "You've never seen him? What d'yer mean?"

"We've only been here just under a week, sir—my wife and I. We were engaged by letter, through an agency. The Regina Agency in Plymouth."

Blore nodded. "Old established firm," he volunteered.

Wargrave said: "Have you got that letter?"

"The letter engaging us? No, sir. I didn't keep it."

"Go on with your story. You were engaged, as you say, by letter."

"Yes, sir. We were to arrive on a certain day. We did. Everything was in order here. Plenty of food in stock and everything very nice. Just needed dusting and that."

"What next?"

"Nothing, sir. We got orders—by letter again—to prepare the rooms for a house party, and then yesterday, by the afternoon post, I got another letter from Mr. Owen. It said he and Mrs. Owen were detained and to do the best we could, and it gave the instructions about dinner and coffee and putting on the gramophone record."

The judge said sharply: "Surely you've got that letter?"

"Yes, sir, I've got it here."

He produced it from a pocket. The judge took it.

"H'm," he said. "Headed Ritz Hotel and typewritten."

With a quick movement, Blore was beside him. He said: "If you'll just let me have a look." He twitched it out of the other's hand and ran his eye over it. He murmured: "Coronation machine. Quite new—no defects. Ensign paper—the most widely used make. You won't get anything out of that. Might be fingerprints, but I doubt it."

Wargrave stared at him with sudden attention.

Anthony Marston was standing beside Blore, looking over his shoulder. He said: "Gosh some fancy Christian names, hasn't he? Ulrick Norman Owen. Quite a mouthful."

The old judge said, with a slight start: "I am obliged to you, Mr. Marston. You have drawn my attention to a curious and suggestive point."

He looked round at the others; and, thrusting his neck forward like an angry tortoise, he said: "I think the time has come for us all to pool our information. It would be well, I think, for everybody to come forward with all the information they have regarding the owner of this house." He paused and then went on: "We are all his guests. I think it would be profitable if each one of us were to explain exactly how that came about."

"There's something very peculiar about all this," Emily Brent said. "I received a letter with a signature that was not very easy to read. It purported to be from a woman I had met at a certain summer resort two or three years ago. I took the name to be either Ogden or Oliver. I am acquainted with a Mrs. Oliver and also with a Miss Ogden. I am quite certain that I have never met or become friendly with anyone of the name of Owen."

Mr. Justice Wargrave said: "You have that letter, Miss Brent?" "Yes, I will fetch it for you."

She went away and returned a minute later with the letter.

The judge read it. He said: "I begin to understand... Miss Claythorne?"

Vera explained the circumstances of her secretarial engagement.

The judge said: "Marston?"

Anthony said: "Got a wire. From a pal of mine, Badger Berkeley. Surprised me at the time, because I had an idea the old horse had gone to Norway. Told me to roll up here."

Again Wargrave nodded. He said: "Doctor Armstrong?"

"I was called in professionally. A colleague of mine was mentioned in the letter."

The judge said: "To give verisimilitude. Yes, and that colleague, I presume, was momentarily out of touch with you?"

"Well—er—yes."

Lombard, who had been staring at Blore, said suddenly: "Look here, I've just thought of something."

The judge lifted a hand. "In a minute—"

"But I—"

"We will take one thing at a time, Mr. Lombard. We are at present inquiring into the causes which have resulted in our being assembled here to-night... General Macarthur?"

Pulling at his moustache, the general muttered: "Got a letter from this fellow Owen. Mentioned some old pals of mine who were to be here. Hoped I'd excuse informal invitation. Haven't kept the letter, I'm afraid."

Wargrave said "Mr. Lombard?"

Lombard's brain had been active. Was he to come out in the open, or not? He made up his mind.

"Same sort of thing," he said. "Invitation, mention of mutual friends; I fell for it all right. I've torn up the letter."

Mr. Justice Wargrave turned his attention to Mr. Blore. His forefinger stroked his upper lip and his voice was dangerously polite.

He said: "Just now we had a somewhat disturbing experience. An apparently disembodied voice spoke to us all by name, uttering certain precise accusations against us. We will deal with those accusations presently. At the moment, I am interested in a minor point. Among the names recited was that of William Henry Blore. But as far as we know there is no one named Blore among us. The name of Davis was not mentioned. What have you to say about that, Mr. Davis?"

Blore said sulkily: "Cat's out of the bag, it seems. I suppose I'd better admit that my name isn't Davis."

"You are William Henry Blore?"

"That's right."

"I WILL add something," said Lombard. "Not only are you here under a false name, Mr. Blore, but in addition I've noticed this evening that you're a first-class liar. You claim to have come from Natal, South Africa. I know South Africa and Natal, and I'm prepared to swear that you've never set foot in South Africa in your life."

All eyes were turned on Blore. Angry, suspicious eyes. Anthony Marston moved a step nearer to him. His fists clenched themselves.

"Now then, you swine," he said. "Any explanation?"

Blore flung back his head and set his square jaw. "You gentlemen have got me wrong," he said. "I've got my credentials and you can see them. I'm an ex-C.I.D. man. I run a detective agency in Plymouth. I was put on this job."

Mr. Justice Wargrave asked: "By whom?"

"This man Owen. Enclosed a handsome money order for expenses and instructed me as to what he wanted done. I was to join the house party, posing as a guest. I was given all your names. I was to watch you all."

"Any reason given?" Blore said bitterly: "Mrs. Owen's jewels. Mrs. Owen's foot! I don't believe there's any such person."

Again the forefinger of the judge stroked his lip; this time appreciatively. "Your conclusions are, I think, justified," he said. "Ulrick Norman Owen! In Miss Claythorne's letter, though the signature of the surname is a mere scrawl, the Christian names are reasonably clear—Una Nancy—in either case, you notice, the same initials. Ulrick Norman Owen—Una Nancy Owen—each time, that is to say, U. N. Owen. Or, by a slight stretch of fancy, Unknown!"

Vera cried: "But this is fantastic—mad!"

The judge nodded gently. He said: "Oh, yes. I've no doubt in my own mind that we have been invited here by a madman—probably a dangerous homicidal lunatic."

There was a moment's silence—a silence of dismay and bewilderment. Then the judge's small clear voice took up the thread once more.

"We will now proceed to the next stage of our inquiry. First, however, I will just add my own credentials to the list."

Please turn to Page 40

KEEPS FALSE TEETH CLEAN & LUSTROUS

Teeth become pearly white:
Gums Natural colour:



There is no reason why false teeth should show the fact that they are false. Yet the old-fashioned 'gum' is dark and unnatural looking and the teeth are dingy and yellow. 'Steradent' will give your false teeth the clean, attractive lustre of live teeth on natural-looking gums.

Fill the cap of the tin with 'Steradent' and pour the powder into a glass containing sufficient warm water (not hot) to cover the dentures. Stir well. Put in your dentures and leave while you dress, or overnight. Take them out and rinse thoroughly under the tap. All stains vanish. Dull, dingy teeth become 'liver', lustreous, natural-looking. 'Gums' regain their white, some colour. Dentists prescribe 'Steradent' as the best denture cleanser ever produced. Price 2/-. Double size 3/6. At all chemists.

TRIAL OFFER: Send 1d. to stamp for trial supply to Reckitt (Over Sea) Ltd., Box 2415, R.F.E., G.P.O., Sydney, and mention the name of this paper.

Steradent
TRADE MARK

cleans and sterilises false teeth

The Case of MARCIA B.



CASE No. 7078
NAME: Marcia B. Age 38
RESIDENCE: Typists.
OCCUPATION: Typists.
SYMPTOMS: Irregular bowel action. Signs of chronic indigestion. Frequent headache. Nervousness. Nausea. Constipation. Stomach acidity. Lack of energy.
DIAGNOSIS: Constipation. Stomach acidity. Indigestion. Chronic indigestion. Signs of chronic indigestion. Frequent headache. Nervousness. Nausea. Constipation. Stomach acidity. Lack of energy.
TREATMENT: RESTORE NORMAL BOWEL ACTION IMMEDIATELY WITH NYAL FIGSEN.

BANISH CONSTIPATION

Nyal Figen is NOT a harsh laxative. It restores normal bowel action promptly and naturally—without purging. Figen quickly ends constipation. For adults or children, even for delicate people, Nyal Figen is the natural and safe laxative. Sold by chemists everywhere. 24 pleasant-tasting tablets.. 1/3

NYAL FIGSEN FOR CONSTIPATION

Varicose Veins Rapidly Reduced

Simple Home Treatment that is Giving Amazing Results

The world progresses. To-day's ailments that took weeks to cure are now being cured in a few days. If you have varicose veins or bumps you can start to-day to bring them back to normal size, and if you do wise you will do so.

Just get an original bottle of Moore's Emerald Oil at any chemist's and apply it night and morning to the enlarged veins. It is very powerful and penetrating, and only a little is required.

After a few days' treatment the veins will start to get smaller, and by regular use soon reduce to normal.

People who want to reduce varicose veins should not hesitate to get a bottle at once. It is so powerful that a small bottle lasts a long time. Leading chemists sell lots of it.

Little Holland guards her menaced frontiers



■ Windmill land is watchful, unafraid ■

WAR and the threat of war creeps into the peaceful landscape of Holland, soldiers are entrenched near softly-turning windmills and in the lush and lovely meadows. Menaced by warring nations, hemmed in one side by the North Sea, on the other by enormous concentrations of German troops, Holland, the gallant little country ruled by a gallant Queen, stands on guard. Her frontiers are closed,

her army mobilised. But Holland is not seeking war. Her people are a proud, independent, and peace-loving race, content to live their own lives quietly within their own frontiers, to take no part in international politics. But if war is forced upon them, their frontiers violated, the people of Holland will be ready, united in their determination to fight for the preservation of their freedom.

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Unightly hair may now be removed in the privacy of your home by using the latest **ELECTROLYSIS** method. No chemicals. No pain. No redness. Refills obtainable directly at any such counter. Never fails and is so simple and safe a child could use it. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. **PRICE 2/1**. Complete with Full Directions. Post free.

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Brunettes can have all the LURE of Blondes!

True that natural blondes have natural allure, but this is because they pay more attention to their hair than brunettes. They use the special shampoo, **BRUNITEX**, which has lovely hair, with thousands of gleaming reflections the lights on earth. For **BRUNITEX** contains secret ingredients which make your hair greater than you've ever known it, and give it that beautiful healthy "give" look. Try **BRUNITEX** today.

BRUNITEX
Soapless Shampoo

MOTHER, don't let him start the day



He is nervy and generally below par. He is worried because he cannot get the best out of himself. He does not realise he has been 'digestion tired' for weeks and is under-nourished.

Give him the helping hand of Benger's Food. He needs it and will enjoy it. Digestive rest with the exceptional nourishment in Benger's will give him the joy of being his old self again. It will, because —

Benger's Food, and Benger's Food alone, contains the enzymes of natural digestion. When you prepare Benger's Food by adding hot milk, these enzymes become active, partly digesting Food and milk and releasing the nourishing proteins and carbohydrates in a form easy to assimilate. When ready to drink, Benger's Food is already partly digested, and therefore the system can absorb its exceptional nourishment while the 'tired digestion' rests. Give him his first cup of Benger's Food to-day.

Prices in City and Suburbs:
No. 1 size - 3/1
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Made in Cheshire, England.

BENGER'S
the self-digestive Food



MIXED AND MADE IN HALF A MINUTE.

Whilst half a pint of milk is coming to the boil, take one level tablespoonful of Benger's Food; stir into a smooth cream with 4 tablespoonfuls of cold water. Take the boiling milk and immediately it starts to settle in the pan, pour it slowly on to the cold mixture. Drink as soon as cool enough. Sugar to taste. Both Food and milk are partially self-digested.

For invalids and infant feeding, follow the directions contained in the pamphlet enclosed with each tin.

Write for the Benger's Booklet to Benger's Food, Ltd. (Inc. in England), 305, George Street, Sydney.

HE thought he did.

But he was deadly tired and nervous from arguing when he left the house. He couldn't quite remember all the conversation. He could remember the time when he took her in his arms. But she hadn't stayed there long.

It was too late to go down to the country that night, so she stayed at his club. This was on a Friday, and he didn't bother to telephone Kathleen. But he did go down on Saturday, and it was pretty much as he had expected. Quite as dull.

The house was well settled. It was late in October. There was excited talk among the children of how they were going to make fudge.

Jeremy didn't pay much attention to the discussion. He had brought some work home with him, and he closed the door of the library and settled down to it. It was a big house that Kathleen had chosen. The rooms, fortunately, allowed privacy.

The house was all right, but it hardly expressed him as he was today. It wasn't distinguished. It was a large, comfortable, family sort of house with six acres of land. It was substantial and all right, but Jeremy couldn't imagine bringing out here a group of people such as the ones that Jane assembled for dinner.

Kathleen was in the kitchen, for the servants had gone out. She came to find him after a while, looking a little untidy but very clean. She was a pretty woman in an unim-

pressive way, with hair that curled naturally.

She had married Jeremy Phillips fifteen years ago, borne three children, never lost those grave lines since one had died. Even when she smiled, she didn't smile like a gay girl but like a woman who had learned that life can be sweet.

She was very content and pleased to have Jeremy home. He felt almost ashamed when she smiled at him.

"Do you know, I think I like this house as well as the old one," she said cheerfully. "There's more room inside and out. And isn't it nice the way the furniture fits in?"

"It's all right," he said.

She said: "There's another nice thing about this place, and that's the people in the town. You'll like them. I was talking to two members of the Hospital Board, and they're quite progressive."

"Are they our kind of people?" "Oh dear!" said Kathleen. "Have we a kind of people?"

"I'm not being snobbish. But it's a pleasant thing to know the ones who make the world go round."

"I do," she said without arguing, and put her cheek against him in passing.

"I have been thinking," her husband said, "that we may need a place in town as well as this."

"What would we do with that? I thought you liked your club."

"I do like it. But for entertaining it's no use."

She said, "We can entertain people here. The dining-room is nice and big."

She just didn't see what he meant, and he gave it up. To clear his mind, he began talking about Jane.

"By the way, I've been seeing a good deal of Jane Desmond. I'd like to do something for her."

"Why not bring her here?" "Oh, I don't know. She's a rather formal person in a way. She has a very beautiful place of her own. But she wants to meet you."

"I can't imagine what I'd say to her. I've read her books. Does she talk like that, too?"

"Like what?" "As if being alive were so complicated."

"It is for a good many people."

The Victor

Continued from Page 8

would be worth it," he argued. "And it's professional expense."

Before long it worked out to more than two or three nights a week. Travelling up and down to town in the winter can be most unpleasant, and Kathleen didn't want to come into town too often because the children were at school. She came occasionally to the flat, but she didn't take possession of it. Once in a while she was at the cocktail parties and dinners at which Jeremy became such an exceptionally good host.

Kathleen wasn't very important at the parties, even when she was there. She let Parker, the valet, manage things. From the first she seemed to recognise that it wasn't her show, and she kept out of the centre of the stage. Strangers sometimes went away without really identifying Jeremy's wife at all. They were more likely to remember Jane Desmond who was so clever and decorative.

It was a very interesting situation. People liked to watch it. Jane was too independent and too modern to have a sloppy love affair. She didn't deny that she was close to Jeremy. She was naturally first with him, but she made no claim. And she was extremely tactful about his wife. When someone mentioned that Kathleen was a nuisance to Jeremy, or was a sort of drag on him, Jane often took up the cudgels in her defence.

There was nothing cheap about the situation from any aspect. It went along decently and without much change during the winter months.

As he and Jane had agreed when they talked about this, there was every reason for utter kindness. If he asked for a divorce—and that wouldn't be until Jane said the word—it would have to be done with every gentleness, and Kathleen must not be made to see that she had failed. The point was where to stop, to decide when going on with things as they were was only a farce.

But at Christmas Jeremy threw himself into the celebrations, and he knew himself how successful he was when he saw the delight of the children and Kathleen in having him there to unwrap his presents with great interest. It wasn't all pretence, by any means. He did enjoy himself, and admitted it.

Later in the day he telephoned a long telegram, coded beyond casual understanding, to Jane, so that she would know that he was doing his part and yet was thinking of her.

back home and he felt that it had been a most satisfactory day, a very good one. He called Kathleen and when she didn't come down he went off to look for her. She was upstairs in her own room—their room, of course—reading on the window-seat.

"You're looking very sweet," Jeremy told her. "You look like a little girl curled up on that window-seat."

"Little girl—a pretty stale little girl at thirty-seven," said Kathleen. "But I don't mind getting old. Do you?"

"I don't think about it, just yet. I have to keep going. Come downstairs by the fire and keep me company."

"All right. Wait until I turn off a few lights. I'll be down."

She didn't need much coaxing. He was glad she wasn't aware of Jane.

If she were not aware of Jane, she was still less concerned about Phil Hastings. Hardly anyone knew about Phil Hastings until she and her book, beauty, youth and witticisms hit London like a thunderstorm travelling fast. She did travel fast later on—to Hollywood. But when Phil first met Jeremy it was because he had written her a letter asking her to come and see him.

Of course, he was going to publish the book. Everyone in the office was excited about it. It was so frank and so completely on a new track of emotion. It wasn't hard or worried about anything, but just careless and eager. Jeremy wanted to see what the author was like, and in his mind he rather feared that a maiden lady of forty might come in and disillusion him.

But there came Phil in a soft, fawn camel-hair coat with a blue jumper under it and her hair streaming down to her shoulders and that mouth that demanded all it could get.

"You've written a very good book, we think," he told her.

"It's completely mad. But somebody had to say it. It's true."

"I wondered about that. Is it all true?"

"Why not?" inquired Phil.

"Well, I'll take your word for it. Are you working on another?"

"I might. But it takes a long time to write books, and I'd hate to turn into an author."

She talked like that, not caring in the least whether it made sense or not. The book, as some critics pointed out, didn't make sense, either, in places. But it had vitality. It had the youth in it that everybody was talking about and trying to catch by putting salt on its tail.

Please turn to Page 20

IT ISN'T USE THAT AGES A BATH
... IT'S HARSH CLEANING!

When you see your nice new bath becoming scratched and damaged, blame harsh cleaning! A delicate porcelain surface was never meant to be harshly scoured. Vim's soap-coated grains clean smoothly and polish as they clean, keeping a lustrous, easy-to-clean surface.



VIM REMOVES THE DIRT... BUT SAVES THE SURFACE!

"Even for three nights a week it

Some NEW LAUGHS



BRIDE: When you married me I thought you were daring and courageous.
GROOM: So did everyone else!



"Have you given the goldfish fresh water?"
"No, ma'am, they ain't finished the water I gave them yesterday."

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"That's a nice horse you bet on!"
"Too nice! She walked home!"



MRS. B: They say Mrs. James plays golf just like a man.
MRS. C: She should be ashamed of herself—such language.



Free From STOMACH TROUBLE

"I suffered terribly from stomach pains," says Mrs. R. N., of Sydney, N.S.W. "but De Witt's Antacid Powder worked wonders. After two tins I am in perfect health."

Another user, Mrs. E. Keys, of Yarraville, writes:—"Two years ago I suffered from indigestion and heartburn. The pain was very bad. I obtained no relief until a friend recommended De Witt's Antacid Powder. From the first dose I obtained relief, and less than three tins gave perfect health—now I am able to eat and enjoy anything without fear of after-effects."

De Witt's Antacid Powder frees you from stomach trouble because it kills excess stomach acid. One dose quickly stops after-meal pain, heartburn and flatulence.

Briefly, here is the triple-action De Witt's Antacid Powder formula that has proved so successful. *Malt Diastase* to aid digestion; *English Kaolin* to protect the stomach lining; *Calcium Carb.*, *Magnesium Carb.* and *Sodium Bicarb.* to neutralise burning stomach acids.

De Witt's Antacid Powder is the modern, triple-action treatment for Indigestion and all other Stomach Troubles.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

For Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn and Flatulence. In sky-blue canisters, large size 2/6. New Giant size 4/6.

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

CARPET salesman (appealing to husband): You won't beat this one, sir.

Wife: Yes he will, if I want him to.

BUSINESS MAN: If you're not out of my office in two minutes I'll

Commercial Traveller (cheerfully): And what would you like me to show you in the two minutes, sir?

"SHE doesn't look her age,"
"No, she overlooks it!"

POLICEMAN: What's the idea of racing through town at sixty miles an hour?

Motorist: Well, I've got something wrong with the brakes, and I want to get home before I have an accident.

SCOT: How much to pull a tooth?
Dentist: Five shillings!
Scot: And what would be your charge to make it a wee bit loose?

A LITTLE Jewish boy asked his father:
"Daddy vat's the meaning of vacuum?"
"A vacuum is a void, Sammy."
"I know—vat's the void mean?"

"I HEAR you broke off your engagement with your girl friend."
"Yes; her mother remarked that the house we were looking over was rather small for three persons."

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Capture Untold Pleasure
Enjoy that foot-tlingling rhythm—those popular melodies. The latest Jazz and Screen Hits. Play the

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An Editorial

FEBRUARY 3, 1940

THE LESSON OF FINLAND



FINLAND'S fight against Russia is one of the most amazing things in an amazing war.

In the Arctic snows the drama of David and Goliath is being re-enacted, history is being written—the sort of history that makes the blood tingle.

Everybody likes to see a bully get a thrashing, and whatever the ultimate fate of the Finns, they have certainly done a tradesman's job against the Russian hordes.

There are many lessons to be read from the heroic resistance of the Finns.

The greatest one for the Empire facing Germany with a stronger army and air force is the essential rottenness of dictatorships.

Finland has driven home the weaknesses of the Red Army.

It has brought back the human equation in war—it has shown it is not the man so much as his mettle.

Every Finn is a patriot fighting for his country—every Russian is bewildered by the change of face of his leader, who swore that the Red Army would never fight other workers of the world.

Finland's gallant stand demonstrates the fallacy of Napoleon's cynical phrase that God is always on the side of the big battalions.

If that were so, the Hammer and Sickle would be flying over Helsinki to-day.

Finland has shown that the Red Army is not unconquerable—that the bluff of dictators can easily be called.

When it comes to our turn with Germany we may find the same. That Hitler is only a man of ersatz iron after all—just as his fellow-dictator was a good little Red until he found it more expedient to be a good little Communazi.

—THE EDITOR.



"No Man's Land"

By "THE SENTINEL"

Movable Feast

PRIDE of the 4th Garrison Battalion at Keswick Camp in South Australia is its Mobile Field Kitchen.

"It is cooking made easy," says Messing-Officer Lieutenant C. M. Carpenter, who ought to know, as he has been a chef in U.S.A., England, South Africa, and all over Australia.

Like a monster steaming dragon the "kitchen" snorts scornfully at the nearby old-fashioned brick fireplaces and dixie boilers at Keswick, which it is replacing.

"It can cook a hot dinner for 800 people at once while travelling at 35 miles an hour," said Lieut. Carpenter proudly. "It carries convex edged baking dishes to avoid splash in the four big ovens, can boil 3 gallons of water in 13 seconds.

"What's more, it can produce 75 gallons of boiling water at once, so men can have hot tea on a long route march and bathe their feet at the end of the march."

X--s G-----s

From the S.S. ———, Somewhere, comes a belated Christmas greeting card.

It bears the letters W Y A M C A A H N Y (wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year).

CENSORED, in block capitals sprawled across the lettering, explains the omissions.

On the following page is a verse.

The Censor says we can't divulge

Our name or whereabouts,

But my wish at this Season

I know you have no doubts,

So if Hush-hush is the order

My greeting is no littler,

As I wish you a Merry Christmas,

In spite of Mr. Hitler.

The card came from Capt. H. C. Elford, one of the best-liked mailboat commanders on the England-Australia run. The late King George V served under his father as a midshipman in the Royal Navy.

Country fares

MRS. E. C. HANBY, of Narrandera, N.S.W., soldier's wife and mother of seven, writes to suggest that concession fares should be provided for soldiers' families and sweethearts who live a long way from the camps.

Newspaper photographs of family parties at the camps on visitors' day cause heartaches, Mrs. Hanby says, to wives who, like herself, cannot afford the full fare to make a visit to the camps.

Concession fares operate from metropolitan stations to the camps. But no provision is made for cheap fares from country districts, where a railway ticket is a much more expensive item than in the suburbs.



STALIN'S ZERO HOUR.

Ear masks

AMERICAN humorist's comment on exchanges of invective between speakers in Britain and Germany:

"Already a new type of gas-mask is in demand—one that fits tighter over the ears."

Finnish humor

LETTERS "full of jokes and full of hope" have reached Miss Ritte, a Finnish girl living in Australia, from friends at home.

Here are some samples of grim humor arising from the Finns' heroic struggle.

Do you know the last horse in Finland is now in the museum?

Why?

Because we don't need horses any more, we've captured so many tanks.

When Dr. Paasikivi, of Finland, was negotiating with Molotov in Moscow, Molotov asked: How many men have you behind the frontier?

Dr. Paasikivi: About 300,000.

Molotov: Poor souls, we have 30,000,000.

Dr. Paasikivi: Good gracious! Where on earth will we put all the prisoners!

In Essex

NOT all the Australian nurses on war service will wear the uniform of the R.A.M.C.

This letter came to a Melbourne nurse from Sister A. E. Montague, who joined the Civic Nursing Reserve in England on the outbreak of war and was sent to the Australasian Hospital in Essex:

"The hospital is in Dr. Barnardo's village and is called 'Australasian' because the funds to build it were provided by a party of Barnardo boys who made a musical tour of Australia and New Zealand.

"There are fifty of us, besides the matron.

"I am in charge of a ward with 34 beds.

"We admit civilian victims of air raids, and convoys from France when necessary.

"We are shrouded in sandbags, our windows boarded up, so work by electric light all day long—quite an adventure to cross the road at night we are so blacked out."

Heard at Ingleburn

SERGEANT (to men on parade): The lecture to-night by Capt. Smith on "Health in the British Army" has been postponed. He's in hospital with German measles.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP

LOWER gets the low-down on "Zoo's Who"...

Hippo wears the old school tie and finds the place full of nobodies and cads

By L. W. Lower, Australia's Foremost Humorist
Illustrated by WEP

Claiming to be the only person in Australia who understands the language of animals, a woman has offered to interview every animal in the Melbourne Zoo at ten guineas a talk.

This is pretty tough on the animals. Of course there is really nothing new in it. I have been doing it for years.

I STARTED off on goldfish. They have a very limited vocabulary, consisting of "Glop!" "Plup," and "Oddie-oddle"—this last only at feeding time or under stress of some great emotion.

I have not yet interviewed a baboon but in the course of a fairly comprehensive journalistic career I think I have come pretty close to it.

Of course, some people are quite nice.

I get on very well with orang-outangs. There was George, for instance. "I hope," he said, as I entered his cage, "I do hope that you haven't brought any of those confounded peanuts. Or those terrible dry biscuits."

"Neither," I said. "Good," he replied, "you show almost ape-like intelligence. I am sorry for them in there, you know."

"In where?" "In that enclosure behind those bars. They just walk around aimlessly—hundreds of them—looking through the bars. I am always in fear that one day the bars will give away and they'll get in.

"Still, they're amusing, and I suppose educational in a way."

That's the sort of talk which puts warts on one's inferiority complex.

The hippopotamus I found rather conservative in his outlook. He distinctly reminded me of one of the oldest members of our club.

"My impressions? Harrumph!"

"Look at this pool, sir! A puddle, sir! When I was in Africa—"

"You know how they go on and on 'Confounded Polar bears, Foreigners, Fur coats. Can't tell me they got 'em honestly. All these—these—outsiders!'"

I found that most of the Zoo inhabitants had a grievance. The Animal That Spits complained that just because he was remotely related to the camel he was expected to put on his act at a moment's notice. "How can I do justice to my particular stunt in this weather?" he said. "I daresay there have been times when you've been pretty dry yourself," he said, eyeing me in what looked to me a distinctly hopeful manner.

"And what is your attitude towards the peanut situation?"



Lower visits the Zoo and has a heart to heart talk with the animals in their own language.

really must be going."

"Oh, you business men! Come and see me again. When will my picture appear in the paper?"

"If you would care to pose for Wep, our artist, we could have it almost straight away."

At the moment of writing I have no idea what Wep is going to draw. He's so temperamental, he is likely to leave the elephant out altogether. There's a sort of feud between us. Still, he's usually very good at elephants.

"Bah! Do you know that they even give the lions peanuts? The fish are better off. So far no one has smashed in the front of the aquarium tanks so they could throw in a handful of peanuts. But the time will come!" he ended gloomily.

It began to dawn on me that a tanner for a talk with the animals was not a really exorbitant charge.

The elephant and I are old friends. He was swinging his trunk to and fro, varying it with an occasional couple of thumps with his front feet.

"Good morning, Lower!" he said. "You're early to-day."

"But it's two years since I saw you last!"

"The elephant, my boy, never forgets."

Just to forget

"YOU must find that pretty awkward at times. Have you ever thought of joining the Foreign Legion—just to forget?"

"That's all hooey. When I was in India—"

"Don't you start! I've just had a talk with the hippopotamus."

"He started to talk about when he was in Africa."

"He's a bounder! He's never seen Africa. He was born in a circus. I knew his father. There's a chap who could draw the crowds! When he opened his mouth you couldn't see his back legs."

"We shall not see his like again. Ah, the good old days are gone, I'm afraid."

"But you are keeping well?"

"Oh, yes. I'm on the Hay diet, you know. Nothing but hay."

"Hay, hay, every day. My ears are getting a bit ragged at the edges, but I can still flap them. How's Mrs. Lower? Still putting on weight?"

"Just about the same."

"You ought to try chaining her up by the back leg. I lost three hundredweight in a fortnight that way. I suppose you're here on business?"

"Yes. Interviews, you know. For The Australian Women's Weekly."

"Oh! Don't mention my name, will you? Just say: That delightful hostess, Mrs. Elephant, gave a children's party—don't say anything about them wiping their boots all over my back when I take them for a ride—anyhow, you'll know what to say. You have a photo of me already, I think. Don't use that one you took in nineteen thirty-eight. It makes me look positively haggard."

"Of course you'll want to know my favorite opera and a few remarks about my impressions of the Younger Set and the difficulties encountered abroad due to the varying currency exchanges and all that. I'll leave it to you."

"Of course, I desire publicity, but if it will help you in your work I don't mind you using my name. And don't forget the photo. You will stay for a drop of afternoon hay. Yes? My man will be along any minute now."

"Charming of you, I'm sure, but I

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LOOK at this lovely girl! She is wearing a swim suit identical with hundreds of others on the beach. Yet with her perfect figure she stands out delightfully from them all. She's a picture of health, happiness and fitness.

Start taking Bile Beans now—each night at bedtime—and you, too, can achieve this Bile Beans figure for yourself, regain those lovely slim lines that Nature intended and become gloriously fit and well.

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SWALLOW & ARIELL LTD.
The Unesco Bakers

* Allow for "extra" helpings. 1 1/2 lb. 3 serves; 1 lb. 6 serves; 1 1/4 lb. 4 serves; 2 lb. 12 serves; 3 lb. 18 serves.

The Victor

Continued from Page 16

JEREMY gave a party for her, a very big late afternoon party, and a smaller one after it which only the two of them attended.

Jane was at the big party, of course. But from the very first Jane did not like Phil Hastings. It was not professional jealousy. Jane had weathered a good deal of that, and she said, as everyone knew was true, that Phil was a one-or-two-book person and then she'd go on to some other excitement.

"I don't like her mind," Jane explained to Jeremy. "It's a child's mind with a sensuous turn. Do you see what I mean?"

"I think I do," said Jeremy. "Oh, she's just an amusing kid. Just a very attractive jape."

"It doesn't seem to me that it's worth wasting much time on her," advised Jane.

That was perfectly true. It was a waste of time, and Jeremy knew it because they had published the book and it made money by itself and there was no more to be made by taking Phil about or by finding out where she was and going there himself. But he couldn't help it. If all she did was laugh with delight when she saw him, that was something.

There were other and better times when he would take her to and fro or give her a cocktail, and she would tease, provoke, and stimulate him until he was distracted. She knew how to do it. The book had been the truth.

The book was called "The Mouths of Babes." Kathleen read part of it. She dismissed it by wondering why people wrote books telling people what they ought not to do.

She saw Phil once. That was at the big party Jeremy gave for Miss Hastings. Jeremy had made a rather curious point of her attendance at the big cocktail affair. There were probably fifty or sixty others there, some already dressed to go on to dinner parties, and she did not stand out among them. Parker and Jeremy were both conscious of her, of course. Parker brought her a lemonade, and Jeremy introduced her to Phil Hastings.

"I want you to meet my wife," he said to Phil, and he sounded a little grim.

Phil was rather vague. She gave Kathleen the wide, indifferent smile she had for women who didn't matter, and then she went away, and Jeremy's eyes followed her, for he was reaching the point where he couldn't bear to have her out of his sight.

"Are you staying in town for dinner?" he asked Kathleen. It was not an invitation.

She said, "I'm sorry, Jerry, but I would like to get the 7.30 train back. I really should. Do you mind?"

"No; do just as you please."

The party was still going on when Parker got a taxi for Mrs. Phillips and saw her most respectfully to the door. He was equally useful in clearing up quietly and methodically after the last guest had gone.

Jane had gone home, rather resentful. That lingered in Jeremy's mind. He couldn't see what business it was of Jane's whether he made a fool of himself or not. If he wanted to, that was his lookout and his alone. He forgot Kathleen at that point. He forgot everything except that frivolous little girl who had apparently become quite a factor in his life.

Most people, even those who knew Jeremy or the others well, were willing to let the thing work itself out. His wife, it was agreed, didn't know and didn't care what was going on. She couldn't keep up with Jeremy, anyhow. But there was Jane. There was Jane, and all that careful analysis which had gone on between her and Jeremy, and which had so narrowly approached a perfectly formulated emotion when a young girl upset everything.

If Jeremy got a divorce now, he was perfectly capable of trying to marry Phil. Hard as it was for her, Jane tried to explain to him what a horrible catastrophe that would be. She could see it so clearly.

"She doesn't understand your lan-

guage," said Jane. "I couldn't bear to see you make the second mistake."

Jeremy muttered something. It was not close analysis. It was admission and denial of a kind of sudden shame at being so eager over a girl who was so perfectly what Jane said.

Suddenly Jane said outright, "What are you going to do?"

"I don't know. Perhaps I'll get a divorce if Kathleen will let me."

"And then marry Phil Hastings?"

He said that a man wasn't responsible for emotions; that she knew it; that she herself had said so more than once.

"You can't do it," said Jane. "You haven't any right to do it. It isn't fair, and you know it. It's not fair to me."

"We weren't going to make any claims on each other," said Jeremy, rather cruelly.

"There's a claim that is deeper than the obvious claim," answered Jane, and she made a queer gesture like wringing her hands. "I'm not making the ordinary claim of a woman on a man. Don't you see that? It's different. It's far more subtle. It's something I can't fully explain. Like this."

AND while she analysed it, Jeremy was wanting to be with that distracting girl, and Jane knew it; and her words beat on and on until, when he left, he felt as if he had been flogged. If he could get hold of Phil.

For the next six hours, which were from eight in the evening until two in the morning, he tried to do that by telephone, by taxi, on foot. He couldn't find her.

The next morning he read in the paper that Phil Hastings had eloped with a very young, very rich, very idle man. The thing hit Jeremy with a terrible and sudden disgust. At the time he had been prowling the streets after that girl she had been with someone else. He felt his longing evaporate, leave him like a fever.

And, as though it had been a fever, it left him pretty shaky.

He worked hard the whole day, trying to get back his self-respect, wondering what his colleagues were saying when his back was turned, wondering whether even Parker laughed in the kitchen.

Parker told him that Miss Desmond had telephoned twice.

"She left a message that she would like to see you to-night if possible."

"I won't. I won't talk it over," Jeremy said to himself. But he didn't express himself to Parker, who disappeared to sympathise or to laugh. He came back after a few minutes with a telegram which had just come.

It was from Phil. It read: "Nothing succeeds like success or marries like marriage. Don't forget me. I'll be back soon. Love, Phil."

"So she wants to keep me on a string," thought Jeremy. "She's gone off with that fellow, but she'll come back, ready to talk about it and be amusing about it."

Last night the telegram might have tempted him. But to-day it went flat. He wasn't going to join in any scramble over a girl like that.

He was ashamed. He saw the ambition that had brought him to London. He saw his past intentions, and somehow he wasn't keeping up with them. He was slipping, and he knew it.

"Miss Desmond on the telephone, please," said Parker.

Jeremy took the call.

"I can't see you to-night," he said. "But, Jeremy dear, there are things I must say."

That was what he was afraid of. "I'm sorry, but I can't manage it."

"It won't matter how late it is."

"I've got to go down to the country," he said. "I have to go home to-night."

"For refuge?" asked Jane, who was capable of cutting beneath the skin.

Jane had a case, and she wanted to argue it.

He said no, sharply and more angrily than he had ever spoken to her before.

And, breaking the connection at last, they both knew they couldn't get back.

What Jeremy wanted was to be rid of everyone for a few days. He'd take a long week-end, he decided. To-morrow was Friday. He'd go to the country, shut himself up in the library and work, go for long solitary walks, and clear his head of a lot of accumulated trash.

On the train he was more and more glad of his destination. It looked like comfort for a while, with no one to harass him or strain at his nerves. He'd make an effort with Kathleen. She was, if not a modern woman, better than a whole lot of others, better than most of them. She depended on him honestly, sincerely, the way women had always done, and perhaps it was the best arrangement when you got right down to cases. The women who didn't rely on men seemed to be fighting or cheating most of the time.

Oddly enough, the pleasure of life with Kathleen seemed more real than it had for years, since he began to go away so much. He approached the house with more interest than usual. It wasn't a bad house at all, even if there were a lot of others like it in the world.

And there was Kathleen, surprised as could be to see him. She hadn't expected him at the earliest until to-morrow night, and then it would have been a chance that he might come. She was more than surprised. She was slightly dismayed.

"Glad to see me?" he asked, teasing a little. He wanted her to be overjoyed.

"What do you think? You know I am. Only, darling, you will have to have dinner alone to-night. I'm afraid. It's too bad. But I'm going out to dinner, and the children are going to a party with some of their friends. If I'd only known!"

"You can cut the dinner, can't you? What is it? Is it important?" he said.

"I'm afraid I can't cut it. Wouldn't you like to come?"

He wouldn't. He told her to go along, of course. But it gave him a queer feeling. She wouldn't have missed him even if he hadn't come. She was getting along all right. Well, it gave him a chance of a quiet evening. He talked to the children, but they were in a hurry and behaved as if he were a visitor. Then he read and worked and about half past ten found himself waiting for Kathleen to come in.

She loved having him there. She came in, with color in her cheeks, wearing her old grey squirrel coat, and she put her face against his in that familiar way which suddenly was so clean and sweet and desirable. Something he knew suddenly he had missed.

"TO-MORROW I must show you my farm," she said. "It's quite a show place now."

She spoke of it as her farm, not theirs. He noticed that, but didn't mention it. He noticed a good many other things during the next day; how many things Kathleen was interested in, how complete her life seemed to be.

She was doing a little farming, partly so that the children should learn to love animals, partly because she wanted to have a real farm. She took photographs and developed them herself. She had to go up to town on Saturday to do some shopping for the farm. But she didn't leave out Jeremy. She invited his advice. She asked him about himself as if she wanted to know.

"Everything's fine," he said casually. "Phil has got married."

"I hope it works out all right."

"It won't," prophesied Jeremy.

"She must have been brought up badly. There's a girl down here who makes me think of Phil. Of course, she's not so quick-witted. But she's the same way with men. Dependent on them, you know."

Jeremy stared. He would have asked her more, but the subject had already changed to a bigger one in which Kathleen was interested. Something about Irish dancing lessons.

It was Kathleen who spoke of Jane. "How's Jane getting on?" she asked.

They were in the bedroom, and Kathleen was brushing out her hair. She was wearing the kind of dressing-gown she always wore, and looking the way he wanted her to look, because it made him so sure of something that went backwards and would go on in his life. He had her to himself now, and he did not want to spend the time talking about Jane. But he wondered if she had anything on her mind, bringing Jane up like that.

"She's about the same. Why?"

"I just thought of her. You see so much of her. But I'm sorry for her."

"Sorry for Jane? Most people aren't."

"They ought to be," said Kathleen, brushing away. "I think she has a hard time. Of course, I don't know her the way you do, but it seems to me she makes such a work out of living. I suppose it's like that when you aren't sure how you want to live, or if you want to live alone or with someone. When you can't make up your mind and are afraid to be by yourself."

He felt something turn over inside him. He felt queer, frightened, and not because of Jane.

"You seem to manage pretty well. You get on all right when you're alone. You don't need people. You're pretty independent, aren't you?"

There was nothing calculated in her answer. She told the truth and he knew it.

"Well, I could be independent if I had to be. But I don't have to be, do I?"

"You won't be allowed to be," said Jeremy to the woman who couldn't keep up with him.

(Copyright)

Freckles

Don't Try to Hide these Ugly Spots; Kintho Will Remove Them Quickly and Safely.

This preparation is so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold by all chemists with a guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't try to hide your freckles or waste time on lemon juice or cucumbers; get an ounce of Kintho and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask for Kintho—double strength; it is this that is sold on money-back guarantee.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind builds up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harshness, gentleness, effectiveness in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/4

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Speak of Love?

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MAKES LIPS IRRESISTIBLE



Opinions Welcome

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.



£1 for Best Letter

For the best letter published each week we award £1, and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

MAKING FRIENDS

I HAVE met many people who make their lives miserable because they worry constantly whether they are disliked or unwanted by others.

As a cure, I suggest the reverse attitude. Ask instead, "Do I like others?" There's no reason why their liking should seem more important than yours.

On occasions when the answer is "yes," approach the person concerned with cheerful interest. Without gushing, let your cordial feelings be plain. If no liking is shown in return, forget the whole thing. Don't make it an occasion for self-pity or self-searching.

Liking usually begets liking—a friendly, unworried attitude will call forth all the willing companionship anyone needs.

£1 for this letter to Miss Vera Potter, 11 Collingrove Ave., Broadview, S.A.

VISITING CRITICS

I HAVE often been amused and annoyed at the way Australians allow visitors to criticise their ways. "Why do you shred the lettuce?" "Why do you all have the same type of lounge suite?" "Why not have more night life?" "Why not serve more Continental dishes?" and so on.

Yet, these things are typically Australian.

The same people go to other countries and take the life they see as typical of that particular land, yet they ask Australians to copy every country under the sun.

Mrs. H. Norman, Hargreaves Cres., Ainslie, Canberra.

HOLIDAYS MATTER

Is it wise to forgo a yearly holiday?

I think not. A vacation is refreshing and strengthening; it relieves the tension and worry that arise out of the monotony of the daily routine.

After a holiday friends and relatives are viewed in a new light. We forget personal shortcomings and once again feel that life is good and the world not such a bad place.

So budget for a holiday even if your purse is light.

M. E. Ryan, 5 Wattletree Rd., Armadale SE3, Vic.

HEALTH CHECK

BEFORE the children are established in the new school year it is a good thing to check over their general health and to make sure they are fit and strong for their work and study.

Inquiries about "difficult" children often show that some deficiency of sight or hearing plays a big part in holding them back.

A health check may save the child from being labelled "backward."

Mrs. M. A. Maidment, Strathallyn, S.A.

USEFUL AT HOME

PARENTS should not bring up their children to be useless about the home.

If each of the family takes a share in the jobs no one is overburdened and in after life both the boys and girls will be glad they learnt to do a bit of carpentry, gardening, and housework.

Wives would certainly bless mothers-in-law for having taught their sons to be useful about the home.

Charles Grant, Headland Rd., Deerwhy, N.S.W.

More praise than criticism for modern mothers

THERE are not more casual mothers to-day, Mrs. Griffith (13/1/40), but there are many more efficient ones. I see no need for motherhood reform.

The mothers who appear casual to you are simply modern. They raise their babies scientifically under clinic guidance. They know the importance of keeping abreast of the times, and so keep up their interest in committees and social doings. They plan their day to save time.

Most of them are very careful where and how they "park" the baby for the afternoon, and many I know have written instructions for the obliging friend or relative. If they refer to the baby as a "troublesome little brat," that's merely the current method of hiding genuine affection.

Mrs. A. B. Collins, Fairfield St., Mt. Hawthorn, W.A.

Full-time job

THERE are certainly far too many casual mothers to-day. These ignore the fact that a child needs a mother's love above all things—a love that is there to protect and comfort all the time.

How terribly forlorn and lonely is the small child who feels that even "Mummy" can't be bothered.

Mrs. E. Ganter, 3 Edington St., North Rockhampton, Qld.

Obligations

NO parent should expect others to take the same care and interest in her babies as a mother does.

So mothers must be prepared to give up a few years until their children are old enough to enjoy a show or an outing with them.

When you bring children into the world you create obligations for yourself.

Mrs. H. Brambley, c/o P.O., Stockingall, N.S.W.

Learning to mix

THERE is a bright side of the picture of children being sent visiting while mother is out.

Kiddies love a visit away from home and it often gives real pleasure to people to entertain them, especially to those who have no children.

Educators insist that children cannot learn too early to mix with their fellows and to make adequate adjustments to the demands of society. This can best be learnt in the absence of parents.

Neither is it good for a mother to have no interests outside her home; and, while children need



Written instructions.

affection, it is harmful for them to feel themselves the centre of their mother's life.

Denise Clark, 3 Bowen St., War-ragul, Vic.

Modern efficiency

WITH very few exceptions, the modern mother's head is packed with information on vitamins; she has a "spinach-for-muscle" complex, and one would think the doctor himself could scarcely know more.

More often than not, to-day's mother overdoes her job rather than neglects it!

Miss M. Davies, 60 Burwood Rd., Concord, N.S.W.

Should children share those money worries?

I DISAGREE entirely with Mrs. Coulter (13/1/40) about children in their teens being told of their parents' efforts to manage and maintain the household.

Children should derive the utmost enjoyment during their youth, and not have to ponder over these responsibilities.

Let them find out for themselves by experience when the time comes for settling down.

J. F. Gaudry, Railway House, Hawkesbury River, N.S.W.

Handling the money

CHILDREN will grow into better citizens if they are taught early the value of money.

Let them go shopping with you and pay the bills—pin the purse into their pockets first.

Give your children pocket money, however trifling, and encourage them to use it for little luxuries which they know you can't buy for them. All this will help them to understand your difficulties.

Mrs. D. Blair, Alderley Ave., Alderley NW2, Brisbane.

Is any marriage better than none?

IF a girl ventures to say that she prefers to remain single she is usually told of lonely, embittered women, living without interest and affection.

Women infer that it is every girl's ultimate happiness and duty to marry and rear children.

That is a sound theory for those who are completely in love, but should a woman marry for security and to escape the criticism or sympathy a spinster evokes?

I believe many do—some consciously, some unconsciously. What are their chances of happiness?

Miss J. Blake, 9 Audley St., Petersham, N.S.W.

Family experience

I HAVE proved by experience that children in their teens should know and share the responsibilities of the home if they are to appreciate it and their parents.

My children will give more than their weekly board when necessary.

I encourage them to bring friends to stay, and we all add our little extra and plan what is needed for the comfort of the guest.

This makes them familiar with the budgeting of home expenses as a concern of their own.

Mrs. M. Lane, c/o P.O., Eden Hills, S.A.

Make it clear

CHILDREN would appreciate their secondary education more if they knew the hard struggle the average wage-earner has to pay school fees, buy books, provide music lessons, and so on.

The words "can't afford" do not mean much to children, unless they are given concrete examples of the difficulty of making both ends meet. Then they cease hankering after the impossible.

Mrs. M. Kaye, c/o P.O., Mildura, Vic.

Youthful opinion

I AM sure that I am not the only girl in my teens who would feel out of things at home if money problems were not discussed freely in my presence.

It is very useful for us to hear how we may look after our own money by learning not to spend beyond our means.

Avis Neundorff, 36 Macquarie St., Silkestone, Ipswich, Qld.

Family portraits have few admirers

THE hanging of etchings and scenes instead of family pictures is a sign of progress. I do not agree with Heather Ridland (13/1/40) when she says only persons interested in art can appreciate these.



Depressing influence!

People with no knowledge of art can recognise beauty and admire it.

On the other hand, only those who know a family and all its members are interested in the family portrait gallery.

Nothing is more boring than looking at pictures and snapshots of people one does not know.

Mrs. M. Ethell, Lanigan St., Rockhampton, Qld.

Homely charm

IT is regrettable that family photographs have disappeared from our walls. I think the scenes and etchings are of no vital interest.

The photographs cement the ties of affection which hold the family together, and add a homely charm to a house.

Ida Sutton, 37 The Avenue, Hurstville, N.S.W.

Keep an album

A FEW good pictures give a room personality. Family photographs can be kept in an album for those interested to look at.

Photographs date so quickly they soon become comic.

Mrs. L. Handley, 259 Wardell Rd., West Marrickville, N.S.W.

Dirt in a Scratch may be SEPTIC

It is never safe to let even a pin prick go without applying an antiseptic to kill any septic germs which may have been introduced. Nine times, perhaps you say to yourself: "It's only a trifling scratch" and you feel no more of it. But the tenth may be infected and, once festering starts, you never know where it

will end. Limbs and lives are endangered, as the newspaper columns so often show. The handiest and most effective safeguard you can use is Cuticura Ointment. No germ can live where Cuticura is applied. No fear of gathering and poisoning when you use this unfailing protector.

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WHEN she had settled herself in the car beside her husband, she leaned back and closed her eyes. Her hands dropped loosely into her lap.

He looked sideways at her and grinned.

"Goeh, you looked quite done in! That's a fine way to start an evening. What's the matter?"

She caught a deep breath.

"Nothing, really. The girls. I hated leaving Nancy. She misses Judy when we're out."

"Seems to me Judy could stay at home once in a while on Saturday nights!"

"Well," Myra defended slowly, "they all go out on Saturday night. Everybody does it." She tried to laugh.

Just as they reached the street the soft spring dusk was rent with the "tum-te-tum" of a horn. A long, light car swung perilously round the corner and pulled to a sharp, grinding stop.

"Young fool!" Keith growled in a sudden rage.

Myra laid her hand on his arm. She wondered how her voice could sound above the thundering of her heart.

She said:

"Oh, that's just youth! That's Bob, calling for your daughter. They all drive too fast. But they seem to be quick or something—they generally get away with it."

Keith grunted.

"Who is this fellow, Bob, anyhow?"

"Oh," Myra said, laughing a little, "one of the crowd. You've met him. He seems all right."

But she wanted to cry out, "I don't know who he is. I don't like him. There's something unpleasant

Other Saturday Nights

Continued from Page 6

which all his handsomeness doesn't hide. He has too much money. And yet I've just entrusted our daughter to him!"

She wanted to say these things, but she was afraid. She was afraid Keith might say: "Good gracious, woman, then why did you let her go?"

Inside the Sherwins' house, Peggy Sherwin slipped her arm through Myra's as they went upstairs. The noisy gaiety of mingled laughter, the clink of glasses drifted up to them.

Suddenly Myra felt bewildered at the sound of all the laughter. These people had children, too. They had children at Connie Mill's party, at other dances. And they could laugh. But how could they be gay and carefree if they realised the dangers of youth—cars, cocktails, the heady wine of freedom?

They went downstairs and Graham Sherwin handed her a drink. They began to talk. About golf. About business. About gardens. Then dinner was served.

When later they went into the drawing-room for coffee, Peggy sat down beside Myra. She said:

"Your child is at Connie's party, too, isn't she? Well, I suppose that means the small hours again."

"Yes, I am worried about it," Myra confessed. "There are so many more dangers now than there were when we were young."

"Oh, I don't know. There's the danger of driving and drinking, of course. But I don't think things have changed much," Peggy shrugged her shoulders.

Myra could hear the sharp beating of her heart. She looked down at her watch and saw that it was just half-past nine. She thought, "Judy is still at Connie's. I could telephone her there and forbid her to go anywhere else. Why don't I?"

Then Graham came over and they started to play bridge.

At midnight the telephone rang and it was a wrong number. Myra, listening, felt herself go limp with relief. And she forgot one trump, so that they went down three tricks.

She was counting. Twelve. One Two. Two hours at least until I can lie down, pretending sleep—until I can stop trying to talk, to be gay. Until I can simply lie there, listening for the sound of Bob's car!

It was a quarter-past two when she and Keith turned into their drive. They came in from the garage through the back way. Myra's swift glance touched the table. No message. Everything quiet. Certainly Lizzie would have heard the telephone. Oh, what if Judy were already home.

Myra fairly flew up the stairs. But, glancing in, she saw Judy's bed, smooth and white, turned down and waiting.

She went along to her own room and started to undress.

"Judy not home yet?" queried Keith. "Those youngsters stay out too late. It's all wrong."

"Yes, they do," Myra agreed. "But I suppose it's hard to break up a party."

She crossed to the window and saw now that it had started to rain—a light rain, just enough to make the road slippery and treacherous. She said casually:

"It's raining a little."

"Afraid it would," Keith grunted. "I hope it doesn't spoil our golf tomorrow." He lay down and hunched the blanket up over his shoulder.

Myra lay down, too, tense and straight, her hands and feet icy, her arm curved under the pillow, bolstering her to sharp awareness.

Gradually, in the dark, the room, the windows, and the furniture became clear. Now the silence was threaded with small sounds. The ticking of the clock. The drip, drip of rain on the roof. And finally Keith's quiet, even breathing.

She heard the downstairs clock strike. Was it three or four? Four o'clock! Five hours since Judy had left Connie's! Myra was afraid to turn on the light to look at her watch. It would wake Keith. He might be furious, forbid Judy to go out again. Oh, dear Lord, take care of her!

Myra's heart seemed to stop. That was a car. And the lights were now swinging in a slow arc across the ceiling. She lay still for a second, listening; but it seemed too quiet, not powerful enough for Bob's big car.

Then she heard the door slam. So it was Bob's car—it must be! She slid her feet to the floor, fumbling to find her slippers. She hurried to the window, only to see through the slanting rain the dim back-lights of a car as it drove away from the door.

But Judy! Judy was standing there, not moving. Oh, dear Lord, what was it—what was wrong?

Leaning against the window-frame, Myra felt suddenly weak and helpless, as if she would never find strength to move. Then she saw Judy turn slowly and walk towards the house.

Myra waited until she heard the key in the lock, heard Judy going to her dressing-room. Then she caught up her dressing-gown and slipped noiselessly down the landing.

For a second, summoning her courage, her hand lay cold on the knob of Judy's door. Then, pushing it open quietly, she went in.

"I—I thought I heard you—heard the car."

Judy's back was turned, but she whirled round, her eyes meeting her mother's in cold, dark challenge.

"Heavens, mother, don't you ever sleep?"

Myra took a step backward. She wanted to make Judy talk. But she was afraid. Afraid of what she might hear, afraid Keith would wake up. She said only:

"Hush, Judy, you mustn't wake your father!"

And then Judy muttered in a faint, softened, almost little-girl's voice:

"Oh, well, as you're here, will you help me undo my dress?"

LOOKING up, Myra saw now that the brightness in her daughter's eyes might be tears. She saw violet shadows of fatigue smudging the small, pale face. She saw white weariness wash over her child, saw defiance drop from her slim shoulders with the cape that slid in a little pool to the floor.

Myra picked up the cape and the small glittering handbag. She was afraid almost to breathe. Fumbling with the fastenings of Judy's dress, she tried to keep her icy, trembling fingers from the smooth bare shoulders.

Then Judy said in a small, shaky voice:

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be unkind."

And, like a polite stranger, Myra murmured:

"Oh, that's all right. I know sometimes—"

Judy took a long, catching breath.

"I suppose it would be hard for you to understand something—something that happened to-night? I mean, everything's so different since you were young. You—you were all so conventional that things couldn't happen—"

Myra thought her heart had stopped. She didn't try to speak.

"Well, the truth is," Judy went on with a sort of defiant recklessness, "I turned Bob down. I came home with someone else. Bob drinks too much. I like a sober driver!"

Then the too brittle nonchalance of Judy's voice seemed to crumble and break. But her hands, unpinning Bob's gardenias, didn't tremble.

Myra's eyes fastened on Judy's hands—fine, firm, sure little hands, with delicate, fastidious fingers, which seemed to drop the flowers into the waste-paper basket with loathing; to brush themselves of the contact.

Judy said: "Oh, well, they're practically done for!"

"Yes," agreed Myra, "gardenias don't last."

BUT, great heavens, she wasn't seeing gardenias at all! She was seeing a spray of roses and lily-of-the-valley, lying in a beribboned waste-paper basket in an almost forgotten chintz and walnut bedroom.

After all these years to remember Harold—to remember rushing upstairs and throwing Harold's flowers in the waste-paper basket, throwing herself on the bed, scrubbing furiously at her lips with a silly little lace handkerchief.

In the morning her mother had said:

"But, Myra, why didn't you save your nice flowers?"

And the girl in the frilled white muslin nightgown, the girl with the long, dark plaits lying on the pillow, the girl who had been herself, saying only, "Oh, they were quite faded."

And afterwards, when her mother asked her why Harold never came to the house, that girl had only answered lightly, "Harold? Oh, I don't know. He's too silly."

Yes, that was all the answer she had ever given her mother for never seeing Harold again, for never letting his hands or lips touch her again. Dear mother—so good and sweet and fine herself, having implicit confidence in everyone, even a boy like Harold.

But now suddenly Myra felt a hot flush of bewilderment. She stood with Judy's dress over her arm and felt all at once a confusion, a humility, a frightful accusation.

Her mother's goodness. Her mother's confidence. Hadn't the knowledge of that goodness and confidence done worlds for the girl who felt shame, almost disgrace, at Harold's kiss? Hadn't that confidence seemed then to be a sort of holy thing, a trust that could never be violated?

Yet here she had been inquiring, probing into her own child's private thoughts, her delicate reticences. Surely it was wrong to deny Judy, in her turn, that same implicit trust which gives youth its invincible armor—

"Oh, dear God," she breathed, "forgive me—help me!"

Judy giggled.

"Mother, you're half asleep. Your eyes are nearly shut. You really shouldn't stay up late like this."

"I was just thinking," Myra said slowly. "Thinking how silly it was of me to keep awake, to worry about you when you are so—so sensible."

Judy wriggled under the covers. "Of course I'm sensible. Bill Larsen brought me home. He's a dear. You'll like him."

Myra kissed her child's forehead and tucked the eiderdown under her back. Then she turned and went back to her own room. She slipped into bed and heard Keith's nice, even breathing. A comforting sound. Rain splashed against the windows.

Keith moved. He said sleepily:

"What's wrong? Can't you sleep? Are you laughing or dreaming?"

Myra murmured weakly: "Dreaming, I expect." For she wasn't laughing. Her lashes were wet. Silly to cry.

But she mustn't be too sure. There would be other times. Other men. Other Saturday nights. But now, oddly, they did not seem to worry her much.

"It's not as if I'd found Judy again, but as if I had found myself. My own shortcomings. I must give my child the same armor of confidence my mother gave me. I must remember that Judy is no longer the little girl who walks with her hand in mine. Now she is grown up, and her footsteps should be sure. I must not even offer my hand, but only have it ready, so that when and if she wills she can slip her hand back into it. I must show my faith."

With a new content, Myra settled her head in the pillow.

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Good humor, breezy music please the boys in camp

"Siegfried Line" preferred to the tearful trifles of 1914

"The Diggers of this new generation aren't sentimentalists. They're men of a high order of intelligence, and they like good humor and breezy music, and are anything but jingoistic in outlook," says Frank Grose, of 2GB, who has done great work in the last few months organising concerts for the 2nd A.I.F. encamped around Sydney.

"THEY don't like people singing about our boys marching away to face the perils of shot and shell.

"They also dislike those tearful trifles about sweethearts left behind them. They know they're in for a grim job, and they're not fooling themselves about it."

So the second Digger generation likes plenty of swing in its songs.

"Roll Out the Barrel," said Uncle Frank, "is, to Australian soldiers, one of the world's greatest songs."

"They like to hang out their washing on the 'Siegfried Line,' and 'Popeye the Sailor' is

given in robust tones which suggest that the patron saint of spinach has been doing some good work among the boys."

Other favorites

OTHER ballads which the soldiers sing lustily are "Wahoo," "The Old Grey Mare," and "Ten Green Bottles."

They also like the old army songs of the 1914-1918 era, and another oft-demanded favorite is "There is a Tavern in the Town."

Perhaps the popularity of this song represents wishful thinking to a large degree—considering the absence as yet of wet canteens for the troops.

Ever since the 2nd A.I.F. was re-



THE BOYS at Ingleburn strike up a new favorite song. They like swing and lively tunes.

cruted, Mr. Grose, or "Uncle Frank" as he is universally known, has been foremost in arranging in association with 2GB night entertainments for the troops.

Probably few people in the world have "Uncle Frank's" expert knowledge of troop entertainment. His memoirs contain mention of one of his comfort stations at Herby Wood in France, where he entertained troops with a small gramophone with three or four sixty-pounder batteries growing in the immediate vicinity, and with German shells and bombs sometimes providing an ex-

posed 1914-1918 to spur his efforts. His predecessors had to begin the tradition, and they've given their successors the greatest esprit de corps in the world."

The paramount discovery made by Uncle Frank about soldiers' entertainments these days is their hearty, bluntly-expressed dislike of those songs which contain jingoistic sentiments.

Lately, Uncle Frank said, he has been accused of shouting during his broadcasts.

"One has to shout to make any impression on Diggers when they're out for a good time," he explained. "It's no good putting on a meek and mild air as though one is about to introduce a hymn. I've even been obliged to use a whistle on occasions, a whistle borrowed from a Regimental Sergeant-Major. That attracted a great deal of attention."

The camp broadcasts have recently been changed from Saturday to Friday at 8 p.m. from 2GB, because of their popularity among the soldiers.

The men explained that if the concerts took place on Saturday nights a large number of them would be away on week-end leave, and so they would miss the fun. Hence the change to Friday night.

A merry squad

UNCLE FRANK never has any trouble in finding volunteers for his concerts. He has a register of artists in his office covering every form of entertainment from vocal solos to tunes on a musical saw.

Eileen Boyd is one of his most popular artists. Sarah Stackpole, a brilliant young New Zealand soprano, is another.

On the male side the work of Alan McEachern (nephew of the famous Malcolm, and treading in his footsteps) and of the Don Cossack veteran, Senia Chostakov, has found great favor among the troops.

There are instrumentalists such as Jimmy Preston, piano accordionist, Rod Megson and Bruce Barton, who play the harmonica, Vicky Taylor, the well-known whistler.

These, and many others, have all cheerfully placed themselves at Mr. Grose's disposal, and at regular intervals undertake long trips to camp sites outside the metropolitan area to bring a touch of music and comedy into the daily round of the soldier trainees, who, as ex-civilians, miss the easily-acquired pleasures of city life.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB



Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

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"Music in the News."

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June Marsden—Gardening by the Stars, Astrology for Business Folk. Stars' effect on personality.

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The Australian Women's Weekly Celebrity Recital.

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June Marsden—Astrology for Women.

ceedingly unwelcome obligato to his gramophone selections.

Since his concert tours began, Uncle Frank has taken dozens of artists with him to Liverpool, to Warwick Farm, to Rosebery racecourse, to Ingleburn, to every spot where the new Digger battalions are preparing for their first "hop-overs" only two decades after their predecessors had returned—their ranks thinned sadly—under the impression that wars were banished forever.

"THE soldier of this new A.I.F. is, in my opinion, of a different type to his predecessor. He is perhaps mentally stronger, more purposeful," said Uncle Frank.

"That difference is brought about, to my mind, by one thing—the fact that he has a tendency to live up to. He has the deeds of the Anzacs

Success for the girl with a clear healthy skin



REXONA Medicated SOAP

...keeps your skin healthy... so naturally lovely

Skin faults give a bad impression... no need for Blemishes

Cadyl, Rexona's compound of medications, gets to the very source of blemishes. It gently draws away accumulated waste matter from the depths of the pores, and purifies. Slackened tissues are toned up and your skin becomes youthful, vital, glowing with health.

Cadyl, compound of medications, protects the skin

Have a flawless, healthy skin and be sure of success! Use Rexona, the

only soap medicated with Cadyl.

This wonderful compound of medications makes Rexona more than a beauty soap—a complete skin treatment. It corrects a dull skin, makes a normal one radiant, a beautiful skin lovelier still.

REXONA, perfect Baby Soap. Wonderful for Rashes, Chafing, all common ailments

Rexona's medications take care of chafing, rashes, all skin irritations. Rexona Soap and Ointment, used together, quickly cure Cradle Cap.

Revitalising Medications in REXONA SOAP bring Skin Health and Beauty.

EMOLIENTS, to soothe and soften and heal.

NUTRIENTS, to nourish and revive.

ASTRINGENTS, to refine pores and improve texture.

TONIC ELEMENTS, to stimulate and strengthen vital tissues.

Complete REXONA Skin Treatment for persistent Blemishes

If blemishes don't yield quickly, use Rexona Soap and Ointment together. This wonderful combination rapidly heals blemishes, leaving the skin healthy, clear and unmarked.

TREATMENT: Wash frequently with Rexona Soap. At night smear Rexona Ointment on the affected parts.



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DEAF?

"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 21/- pr.

Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for Free booklet. MEARS EARPHONE CO., 14 State Shopping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.



The Movie World

February 3, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

First Page

Miss Barrett wants a beau



IF HE ISN'T IN HOLLYWOOD JUDITH WILL SEARCH SMALL TOWNS

FROM JOHN B. DAVIES

JUDITH BARRETT, Paramount's Golden Circle hope, and leading lady to Allan Jones in "The Life of Victor Herbert," thinks, and says frankly, that a husband would blend with her career.

"I will marry the first young man who comes along—provided that he measures up to my specifications!" declared Judith firmly to the Press. Judith's husband must have:

Good family tree, pleasing personality, sense of humor, love of a home.

But Judith's husband need not be very handsome or wealthy.

"I realise that such a young man may not be easy to discover in Hollywood!" states Judith.

"I may be obliged to go to some small town to find him."

No, Judith does not intend to give up her film acting at all.

"But I'd like to combine it with romance."

And what could be fairer than that!



• Hollywood calls her "The Venus from Venus." Judith Barrett was born in a small Texan town of this name. But her parentage is Scottish-Irish, and her coloring golden-brown, in her hair, skin and eyes.

POND'S LIPSTICK

— NOW ONLY 2/- AND 1/-



Now Pond's bring you a thrilling new lipstick that makes your lips look glamorous always . . . in the bright daylight, or under the glare of electric lights. Pond's new Lipstick shades are blended scientifically to keep their rich color night or day! Really indelible, too . . . Pond's new Lipstick stays fresh and smooth on your lips for hours. Six smart new shades. 1/- and 2/- at all stores and chemists. Try it to-day!

DAY AND NIGHT USE

pond's lipstick



"I'LL BE BACK SOMEDAY"

... Says Australian Alan Marshal from Hollywood



Two Australians get together on the set of RKO's film, "Distant Fields": Alan Marshal, at left, who plays the lead, and director Johnny Farrow—husband of Maureen O'Sullivan.



No, this is not Errol Flynn, but another Australian-born actor, Alan Marshal, who has been three years in the picture business, and is one of Hollywood's most valued young actors. He left this country when he was four.

... HE GREW UP ON NEW YORK STAGE ...

IT has taken me about eighteen months off and on trying to pin Alan Marshal down for an interview.

Impressed with his performance in "After the Thin Man," and hearing of his Australian birth, I nonchalantly remarked to a MGM publicity man one day, "You might try to fix an interview date with this Alan Marshal fellow."

The P.M. looked shocked and in hushed tones replied, "You can't interview him—he's working with GARBO!"

Aware of the "no visitors" ruling on Garbo sets, I assured him I'd be quite happy to conduct an interview somewhere away from the set, and would furthermore give my solemn word not to ask any questions about the elusive Swede. Alan was her brother in "Marie Walewska."

Had long wait

"SORRY," said the P.M. "It's absolutely against the studio rules. No one working with Garbo can be interviewed. You'll have to wait till he finishes the picture. And then he won't be here any more. Better try Selznick's."

By the time I tried Selznick Mr. Marshal had been loaned to Warners, and by the time—well, this went on for some time, with Mr. Marshal just one jump ahead

all the way. Amazing, the number of places at which an actor can work in Hollywood!

Finally I dropped in to visit Australian director Johnny Farrow at RKO, and who should be the leading man in his new picture but Alan Marshal! It's a fat part, too, for there are only four people in the cast of the picture, each role being of equal importance. Farrow and Marshal are quite enthusiastic about the idea, which is something in the

Three years ago Alan gave up the stage and entered pictures. Then it was his parents' turn to "follow in their son's footsteps," so they joined him in Hollywood and have taken up movie work.

While on the New York stage Alan was screen-tested by several movie companies.

Thinking it would be a good experience he went to Hollywood.

Life on loan

THAT was three years ago, and he's still working under the contract, but oddly enough he has never made a picture for Selznick since "Garden of Allah." Other studios have just kept begging for his services, and Selznick makes a tidy profit on the arrangement by simply loaning Mr. Marshal out for other producers' films.

Marshal, of course, remembers little of Australia, but he'd like to refresh his memory some day, work and international situations permitting. Particularly he'd like to go sailing on Sydney Harbor.

Apart from occasional tennis and swimming, boating is his major recreation. He keeps a small boat in Los Angeles yacht harbor and spends practically every week-end racing his pal Ian Hunter up and down the California coast.

A fine example of the over-worked "tall, dark and handsome" phrase, Marshal lives with his parents in Hollywood, and says his only ambition is to be a good actor.

PRISCILLA LANE
Warner Bros. Player.

WHY STARS SHAMPOO THEIR OWN HAIR

Prejudice Against Burning Effect of "Soap Alkali"

NOT an economy fad—but because they wish to avoid anything on the hair which contains free alkali... For this chemical part of skin soaps and artificial shampoos can spoil and deaden delicate hair with its drying, "burning" action!

Make your very next shampoo a real "beauty wash" with this pure, natural, quick-rinsing, coconut foam Shampoo that everyone's talking about!

BLONDES—This new-style Colinated Shampoo preserves light gold glamour—prevents "alkali streaks."

BRUNETTES—Discover fascinating new highlights! For Colinated double-active lather instantly dissolves every trace of dust, oily-film, or dandruff... carries it off in one complete rinse... and gives any hair a magic, silky-clean, wavy lustre you've never noticed before!

Real Economy! A bottle lasts months. At any Chemist or Store.

Colinated Shampoo

• The Lady with the Chrysanthemums, pictured here, is Lynne Carver, MGM player, with the type of fresh, youthful beauty in favor in Hollywood to-day.

Film debts. are Carbon copies ...of each other

From
Barbara Bourchier
in Hollywood

CAROLE LOMBARD'S LONG BOB
AND HEARTY LAUGH ARE IMITATED
BY HUNDREDS OF WOULD-BE STARS

I AM getting rather tired of seeing "carbon copies" of film actresses round Hollywood.

In tearooms, along streets, on sets and in dressing-rooms, I have counted lately hundreds of young girls who are aping Carole Lombard's appearance.

Lombard wears a long, careless windblown hair-do. So these girls have the same.

Lombard walks with a long stride. It's quite a well-known gait in Hollywood. So these lassies slouch from dawn to dark.

Lombard's laugh is the loudest in Hollywood—bar Jimmy Stewart's.

So loud, girlish laughter startles innocent diners in every nightclub.

This state of affairs is part of the crazy atmosphere that is Hollywood. Not content with being imitated by the girls among the film-theatre audiences, actresses imitate each other.

Among the examples is brunette Lynn Bari, with a heart-shaped face, wide-spaced eyes, and an insouciant air. Lynn made Claudette Colbert her model when she came first to Hollywood.

Priscilla Lane is one of those girls who seem under the Lombard influence.

Priscilla gets furious when her friends tell her she wears her hair, walks, and talks like the famous Carole.

Priscilla says Carole isn't the only blonde tomboy in Hollywood. She's right there. But then, Carole started it.

Hollywood's glamor girls follow fashion in hair-dos, make-up, and frocking so rigidly that they all look alike.

The startling resemblance between starlets Laraine Day and Lynne Carver is not entirely accident—although both these girls would be annoyed if you told them so.

Both have round, youthful faces, surprised expressions. So both have masses of sleek hair falling softly on to the shoulders.

People exclaim at their likeness.

The same can be said for Rita Hayworth and Linda Hayes—as alike as two peas.

They have never met each other.

But they both have high cheekbones, accentuated with identical make-up, and both wear their hair pulled back off their faces in the Hepburn manner. Their brunette coloring completes the likeness.

The similarity between the pair extends beyond the screen. Rita and Linda are often mistaken for each other, even by people who know them.

Bette Davis and Constance Bennett were like this—some years ago. Bette was the imitator. Bette had just started in pictures. Constance was her idea of a glamorous screen star.

Bette dyed her taffy-colored hair ash-blonde, acquired a sophisticated manner, and kept her eyes glued on Constance whenever she saw her in Hollywood.

But that is past history.

More recently Joan Bennett startled Holly-

wood by donning a black wig and emerging a second Hedy Lamarr.

Joan, of course, hadn't intended to imitate Hedy. She had to be a brunette for that adventuresome role in "Trade Winds."

But Joan hasn't taken off the wig. She finds it too becoming.

Yet, looking like some other actress has never helped a film star.

Joan should know that.

Remember the case of Julie Haydon? Julie caused quite a sensation in her last film, "The Scoundrel."

She was the girl Noel Coward honored by choosing as his leading lady—an endorsement that would in the ordinary way have been good enough for Hollywood.

BACK TO LUXURY ON WHEELS

HOLLYWOOD is going in again for splendor and luxury in its motor cars.

The modest station-waggon—favorite conveyance of film stars for the past few years—has had its day.

Errol Flynn is causing a stir with his opulent, low-slung, gun-metal imported model, with genuine silver knobs and handles and pigskin upholstery. . . . all his own idea.

Wayne Morris owns a vivid canary, yellow affair that is becoming a landmark.

Clark Gable recently shelved his

ramshackle touter in favor of a colorful super-charged automobile—like Gary Cooper's.

Eleanor Powell, Jackie Coogan, and Francis Lederer designed their own automobiles—as other people design their homes.

This new trend brings to mind the good old days when success in pictures was measured in cylinders, horsepower, and upholstery.

Pola Negri's pale lavender limousine, Bessie Love's rose pink phaeton, and Maryon Aye's silvery car with her name emblazoned on both doors may yet be copied by the more enterprising moderns.

But Julie's likeness to Ann Harding remained the handicap. Producers just didn't bother with her. She had to go back to the stage, where, incidentally, she is now tremendously popular.

Comedienne Marie Wilson was once proud of her likeness to Garbo. Just a few years ago people would stop this little film "extra" to ask for her autograph.

She won a nation-wide contest as the girl who looked most like Garbo.

Again, I remember, when the Edwardian hair-do first hit Hollywood, Joan Blondell was the first movie actress to adopt the startling coiffure.

In a few months every Hollywood damsel was wearing her hair Edwardian. Young men found it difficult to distinguish their girl friends out dining among the crowds of heads, piled high with curls.

As soon as the public accepts one player as its darling, a hundred others rush to beauty parlors, hair-dyers, and plastic surgeons to be made to "look like that."

And if you think this is a habit exclusive to ingenues, look at the way the film stars themselves change their hair styles every few months or so to new coiffures which are as uniform as the old.

Only one film star escaped this odd form of flattery—Lulie Rainer.

Eccentric Miss Rainer had a personality all her own. She wore her hair wind-blown fashion, and didn't care what she looked like. Her sloppiness in dress was proverbial.

No Hollywood bud would dare to copy that!





STRANGE PREMIERE

1 **JEAN HERSHOLT** played host to the children at the showing of RKO's "Meet Dr. Christian."

2 **AFTER** the screening, Hersholt and his youngest fan got together . . .

3 **ICE-CREAM!** The expressive faces of the youngsters are enjoyed by Hersholt, who waited upon them himself.



Hooded Robe in terry cloth with cord belt, multi-colored stripes on sleeves and hem.

Her striking beach coat arrested his glance but what kept him looking was her smile!

Your smile is a treasure that's yours alone. . . . Help guard it with Ipana and Gum Massage!



Don't neglect "Pink" on your tooth brush — Ipana and massage promotes firmer gums, brighter smiles!

A BOLDLY STRIPED beach robe can do loads for a girl. But where is her charm without a lovely smile?

For how soon the spell of style is broken if her smile is dull and dingy. No one can be more pathetic than the girl who concentrates on lovely clothes, and ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush."

Learn a lesson from her, yourself, but turn it to good account! Remember, you can't neglect the modern care of your teeth and gums, and hope to save your charm.

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, don't ignore it—see your dentist at once. It may mean nothing serious. Very often, he'll tell you that modern soft, creamy foods are to blame—foods that de-

prive your gums of the vigorous chewing workouts they need for health.

"More exercise" may be his advice and, very often, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage." For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation quickens in the gums . . . lazy gums awoken, tend to become firmer, healthier.

Get an economical tube of Ipana Tooth Paste to-day. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer, healthier gums—a winning smile!

Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance, therefore Ipana is sold by **CHEMISTS ONLY**

Regular Size 1/- . . . Super Size 2/-

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

L1711



Hersholt treated the children

From **JOAN McLEOD**
in Hollywood

THE strangest world premiere of a film has just been held in California.

No celebrities, no jewels, no searchlights and no crowds were there. But it is the happiest premiere I have ever seen.

For this premiere was a special present from that beloved actor, Jean Hersholt, to the two hundred and ten children in the Tichenor Clinic, Long Beach.

He took his RKO Radio picture, "Meet Dr. Christian," to the clinic in the early afternoon—and his youthful audience were the first persons anywhere outside the studio to watch its screening.

Ice-cream and cake

JEAN HERSHOLT himself played host to the youngsters. After the show there was ice-cream and cake for everybody. The actor waited upon his young guests—who by this time had lost all awe of their noted visitor and were treating him like a favorite uncle.

After the ice-cream and cake came caps, streamers and whistles. Hersholt could blow a whistle louder than any of them. Then he was conducted around the clinic: and as the nurses began gathering up their charges for bed-time he left—with a shrilling chorus of "Good-bye Dr. Christian!" behind him. There were tears in Hersholt's eyes.

This gentle Danish player is passionately attached to children. When he made those films with the Dionne Quintuplets for 20th Century-Fox he became their warmest friend.

And it is good news to know that the same type of character, that of a warm-hearted and unselfish small town doctor, is being carried on by Hersholt with "Dr. Christian."

"Meet Dr. Christian" is, state RKO, the first of a series. It tells how an elderly doctor works to better the community in which he lives and obtain a hospital for his town.

The second film of the series, now in preparation, will be named "The Courageous Dr. Christian."

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★★ NINOTCHKA

(Week's Best Release)

Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas.
(MGM.)

HERE is a saucy, sparkling film which snatches the title of best comedy of the season.

It has that daring and deft fellow, Ernst Lubitsch, for a director. It has Melvyn Douglas, that suave heart-charmer, in the role of leading man. It has Garbo—as a comedian.

If Garbo's role sounds too fantastic—wait until you see "Ninotchka." Her opening scenes, when she plays a flinty-faced Russian emissary analysing Paris, set the audience in a delighted uproar.

Her later scenes, when she melts into a smiling, dimpled coquette under the suasion of Mr. Douglas, are enchanting. And both aspects betray a heady appreciation of lighting repartee.

The story itself, set to the rhythm of sophisticated laughter, could take place nowhere except in Paris—in the spring.

Three Russian envoys arrive in the city to sell some Grand Ducal jewels. But these gems belonged, before the Revolution, to that witty woman of the world, Tina Claire; and Mr. Douglas, who is regarded by Miss Claire as her property, sets out to get them back.

Watch for the three Russian envoys—three character actors, Sig Ruman, Felix Bressart, and Alexander Granach, make here a new, absurd, and delicious comedy team.

Educated by Mr. Douglas, the envoys succumb to the luxury of the capitalistic world. They forget their mission. And Garbo is sent from Moscow to replace them.

My favorite among the many delightful scenes is that in which Garbo listens, bleak-faced, to Douglas making an impassioned plea for romance. She waits until he has finished, and then answers him: "You are too talkative!"—St. James; showing.

★★ HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE

Allee Faye, Don Ameche.
(Twentieth Century-Fox.)

ITS title explains the purpose of this entertaining film.

A romance between a prop-boy turned director and a little stage actress from Broadway is used to tell the amusing, fascinating story of "how the motion picture grew."

You meet Allee Faye and Don Ameche first in 1913, when he lures her out to California to make films. You leave them in 1928, when Al Jolson's "Jazz Singer" has brought sound to the screen.

And, in between, you laugh again uproariously at the antics of the Keystone Cops, the glorious slather of the custard-pie comedies. Watch Allee Faye do both the Mack Sennett bathing beauty and the courtroom dramatics of the "Common Clay" sob-stuff school.

The technicolor presentation of the romantic story and the black-and-white photography of the silent picture sequences make the story doubly vivid.

Chester Conklin, Buster Keaton, Ben Turpin, Sennett, and Al Jolson appear as their old-time selves.

The first half of "Hollywood Cavalcade" is splendid entertainment. The second half—when Don Ameche is a failure as a director and Allee a grand star for another company—is much triter fare. But both players do splendid jobs. And J. Edward Bromberg is excellent support—Regent; showing.

★ UNEXPECTED FATHER

Sandy Lee, Shirley Ross, Dennis O'Keefe. (Universal.)

ENTERTAINING backstage comedy, marking the second screen appearance of Sandy, the personality baby of "East Side of Heaven." Sandy is still adorable to look at, still gurgling at appropriate

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent

★★ Above average

★ Average

No stars—below average.

moments, still terribly appealing. But actually the only new act in Sandy's particular show is a couple of skilful toddling sequences.

This film follows all too faithfully the idea presented in "East Side of Heaven."

Dennis O'Keefe, theatre usher trying to break into vaudeville, plain Shirley Ross, chorine at the same theatre, and Mischa Auer, doorman, handle the orphan between them, helped by baby-crazy chorus girls, and hindered by the theatre manager and the baby's drunken uncle.

This familiar story, however, has several good incidental sequences.

There are an amusing puppet show, put on by Mischa Auer and Dennis O'Keefe, and an exquisite dance speciality by Igor and Tanya.

And Paul Guilfoyle and Mayo Methot, as Sandy's disreputable relations, are excellent—Capitol; showing.

★ WAY DOWN SOUTH

Bobby Breen, Alan Mowbray.
(RKO.)

SENTIMENTAL musical fare in which a more subdued Bobby Breen leads the drama on a plantation somewhere in Louisiana.

The story is pretty thin. Bobby, newly orphaned plantation owner, struggles single-handed to save his slaves, first from ill-treatment, then from being sold.

He enlists the aid of a long-winded innkeeper, Alan Mowbray, to expose Edwin Maxwell, the thieving executor of his father's will.

From time to time clumps of darkies celebrate their joy and the harvest in song, and impending doom by tuneful lamentation.

This background of negro life on a plantation before the Civil War and the abolition of slavery is colorfully and interestingly portrayed. And negro spirituals and Bobby Breen's two songs are movingly rendered.—Cameo and Haymarket-Clive; showing.

★ TEAR GAS SQUAD

Dennis Morgan, Gloria Dickson.
(Warners.)

HERE is good, absorbing film fare.

As well as song, you have amusing comedy, interesting sequences showing police cadets in training, and thrills attendant upon the capture of criminals.

I have seen Dennis Morgan before, but never as attractive as he is in this film. For the first time you hear the future "Red Shadow" singing. He has a delightful and a melting baritone. And he handles a smart-aleck type of role with singular charm.

He should go a long way—and in a short time.

Morgan has a singing role in a cops and robbers thriller. This may seem strange, but the five songs he sings are dropped in most naturally.

He is a night-club singer who begins training as a policeman for love of a lady—Gloria Dickson, looking really lovely.

Jealous Rival John Payne, police instructor, nearly ruins Dennis' career. But Dennis finally proves himself a worthy member of the force. But why call this film "Tear Gas Squad"? This particular branch of the force comes into the film only right at the end.—Cameo and Haymarket-Clive; showing.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By CHARLES BRUNO



THE SHOOTING SCHEDULE OF THE WAR PICTURE, "THE FIGHTING 69TH," WAS ARRANGED SO THAT THE FINAL SCENE WAS COMPLETED NOV. 11TH AT 11 A.M.—THE DAY AND HOUR OF THE ARMISTICE.

Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

THE most important Hollywood romance, at the moment, is that of Norma Shearer and George Raft. George delayed his trip to New York in order to take Norma to the opening of "The Taming of the Shrew" with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. They sat in the front row, Norma radiantly beautiful.

He left for the East the next day, and it was Norma who drove him to the train in her car. They waited in the car at the station until it was time for the train to leave.

BEFORE leaving Hollywood with her company of one hundred on her annual skating tour of the United States, Sonja Henie said this will probably be her last personal appearance trip.

At present Sonja makes just two pictures a year and spends three months on tour. The tours are strenuous, and Sonja feels she would be wiser to remain in Hollywood and make one extra picture a year.

Shows Still Running

★★★ The Wizard of Oz. Judy Garland, Frank Morgan in dazzling musical fantasy in technicolor. Liberty, 10th week.

★★★ Mr. Smith Goes to Washington. James Stewart, Jean Arthur grand in brilliant story of American politics. State, 2nd week.

★★ The Old Maid. Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins in magnificently-acted drama for women. Century, 7th week.

★★ A Window in London. Michael Redgrave exercises his charm in an unusual adventure. Lyceum, 2nd week.

★★ Eternally Yours. Loretta Young, David Niven in sparkling comedy-romance. Plaza, 2nd week.

★★ A Chump at Oxford. Laurel and Hardy in amusing farce. Mayfair, 2nd week.

Matinees at 2.15. FRIDAY NEXT — MATINEE 2.15. Evenings at 8.

WILL MAHONEY DOES THE "HAT TRICK"

In this appropriately titled musical revue and the FUNNIEST SHOW, this "IMP ETERNAL" has offered in his two previous RECORD SEASONS at the TIVOLI. He will have with him EYE HAYES—"The Velvet Voice of the Air"—SCOTT SANTIAGO—the quaint Scottish Humorist—BENNY CHAVEZ—The Myrtle Man from Mexico. JOHNNY HYAMEN, N.Y. Topical T.H. Bits. PAUL SPEAR, The Sensational Twisting Twister and a new Cavalcade of International Stars. OPENING FRIDAY NEXT.

LAST DAYS AND NIGHTS, "CARRY ON" Season ends on Thursday next at 8.



THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures)

Flash!—"THE WIZARD OF OZ" is one of the greatest hits MGM has ever had! It's now entering its third month at the Liberty Theatre, Sydney, and has already had sensational success in Melbourne, Brisbane and other important centres.

Don't miss "THE WIZARD OF OZ" when it comes your way!

Flash!—M-G-M's "BABES IN ARMS" continues to draw enthusiastic audiences that fill the St. James Theatre, Sydney, to capacity in its second month! Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland are acclaimed as Australia's favorites!

Don't miss "BABES IN ARMS" when it comes your way!

Flash!—Garbo Laughs in "NINOTCHKA" and you'll laugh with her, delighted by her new screen personality. And you'll love Melvyn Douglas as her leading man in this sparkling M-G-M comedy directed by Ernst Lubitsch.

Don't miss the new Garbo in "NINOTCHKA" when she comes your way!

Flash!—We've just had a preview peek at "ANOTHER THIN MAN." Mr. and Mrs. Thin Man have a B-A-B-Y. And with their famous dog, Asta, they have twice as much fun—with twice as much mystery—as in the former "Thin Man" pictures. More about this one anon.

Don't miss Bill Powell and Myrna Loy in "ANOTHER THIN MAN" when they come your way!

Flash!—Don't miss any M-G-M picture when it comes your way! They're made for your enjoyment!

Yours for the best in entertainment,
LEO, of M-G-M.

Hard, burning, achy

CORNS

Lift right out

one drop does it

● Corns that hurt, burn, throb and ache can be removed swiftly with this new type of antiseptic treatment. Simply apply a drop of Frozol-Ice, and its special anaesthetic action will stop pain in 3 seconds. Then corn or callus starts to wither up, work loose, and you can pick it right out with your finger-tips. FROZOL-ICE is the new, safe, instant-drying remover that does not hurt healthy tissues. Chemists and stores sell Frozol-Ice for 1/6."

Ankles Swollen, Backache, Nervous, Kidneys Strained?

If you're feeling out of sorts, Get Up! Night, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Burning Passages, Excess Acidity, or Loss of Energy and feel old before your time, Kidney and Bladder Weakness may be the true cause. Wrong foods and drinks, worry, colds or overwork may create an excess of acids and place a heavy strain on your kidneys so that they function poorly and need help to properly refresh your blood and maintain health and energy.

Help Kidneys Doctors' Way

Many Doctors have discovered by scientific clinical tests and in actual practice that a quick and modern way to help the kidneys clean out excess poisons and acids is with a scientifically prepared prescription

called Cystex. Hundreds and hundreds of Doctors' records prove this. And former sufferers write daily saying that they feel vastly improved in 24 to 48 hours after taking Cystex.

Guaranteed to Put You Right or Money Back

Get Cystex from your chemist or store today. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, in 24 hours and to be completely well in 1 week or your money back on return of empty package. Act now! Now in 3 sizes—1/9, 4/9, 8/9.

This is a **Guaranteed Cystex** Remedy for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

THEATRE ROYAL

J. C. Williamson's Theatres

Present

COL. W. DE BASIL'S

BALLET

From Covent Garden.

Nightly at 8. Mat. Wed. & Sat. 2.

Place Paling's and Theatre. Day Sales. Billers' (next Theatre).

Do Men

WHISPER TO YOU...
OR ABOUT YOU?



"Every girl needs a long-lasting deodorant"—

DR. DOROTHY DIX
(Intimate adviser to millions of women)

No matter how sweet you are at the beginning of the day, you cannot hope to stay sweet unless you use a deodorant that neither your bath nor exercise can render ineffective.

Liquid Odorono is a doctor's prescription. It is a true perspiration check, it scientifically controls perspiration odour and moisture. It is your safeguard against underarm perspiration.

ODO-RO-NO

1/- 2/- 3/6

Betty's "racey" narratives

Sires' Produce Stakes is only for horses from the best families

By BETTY GEE

The race with the most unusual conditions governing it, my dears, is surely the Sires' Produce Stakes, for two-year-olds.

Their daddies must have been nominated two years before, or they simply can't start.

They wouldn't let a Phar Lap start if this condition had not been complied with.

It reminds you somewhat of the great exclusive public schools of England, except in the opposite ratio, where fathers have to nominate their sons before they are born.

These Sires' Produce Stakes are the richest of all the Australian classics for two-year-olds, and naturally they attract the best performers from everywhere, so you can bet that they are generally won by the best gallopers of the season.

They are ultra exclusive to champions.

To the two-year-olds they are as important as the Melbourne and Caulfield Cups, or the Derbies; in fact, the classics of the year.

The procedure is this.

If you were the owner of a thoroughbred stallion you could enter him for the Sires' Produce Stakes to be run at Randwick or Flemington in March and April, 1942.

That would make his foals who then would be only from 8 to 9 months old eligible to compete in the 1942 classic.

You would pay £5 to nomi-

nate daddy, and all the fees thus paid in are added to swell the prize-money for the winner of the race.

The studmaster who nominates the sire of the winner gets something out of the prize-money. Conditions provide £150 for this purpose. Thus he gets a bet of £150 to £5 (odds of 30 to 1) about his sire being the father of the winner of the Sires' Produce Stakes two years hence. It sounds like a dip in the lucky bag, doesn't it?

Victoria instituted the Sires' Produce Stakes away back in 1862. N.S.W. didn't take it up until five years later.

Was it rivalry?

I WONDER did interstate rivalry between Melbourne and Sydney begin then? Victoria dropped it for nine years as soon as N.S.W. announced hers, but resumed in 1874. And the best horses have been winning it ever since, and the same goes for Sydney's Sires' Produce Stakes.

Almost every State ultimately copied Melbourne's example, and there are also Sires' Produce Stakes

in country districts in S.A., N.S.W., and Queensland.

This year's Sires' Produce Stakes in Victoria, run at Flemington on March 2, is worth £3300, but Sydney's race, run on March 23 at Randwick, will be worth £3850. It's grand money. Why, even the second horse gets £600 and the third £300.

Naturally, when there is an outstanding champion, betting prices are short on these races, in fact odds-on often. And there was a hoodoo on the Sydney race for three years, which cost big punters £100,000.

In 1924 Heroic was left at the post and took no part in the race. In the next year Manfred did the same, and the following year Rampton.

In this year's series of Sires' Produce races in Melbourne and Sydney we shall see great horses.

In Melbourne, Broadcaster, Flying Knight, and Truett, and in Sydney our crack filly, Dark Elegance, joins issue with them. Flying Knight is truly named. He won our Breeders' Plate at Randwick. He is expected to lick all creation this autumn. But Dark Elegance is my fancy.

Wouldn't it be lovely to own a racehorse like any of these? But women have had no luck in the Sires' Produce Stakes races. None has ever won it either in Melbourne or Sydney.

We return to Paradise, Moorefield, the Punters' Paradise. I mean, on Saturday next, and I hope it keeps its reputation.

My big tip for the day is Tony for the St. George Handicap, and he has been bottled up for this race because he has a special fondness for the mile at Moorefield. I know this to be a fact because the Head Waiter said he heard Mrs. Dol Clayton, the owner, say so.



Betty's big bet at Moorefield will go on Tony. Here's hoping it wins.

There are two two-year-old races, one for the colts and one for the fillies, and I like to see the race clubs give the girls a chance like this instead of bundling them all together.

Wouldn't it be funny, though, if a colt sneaked into the fillies race and won it unbeknownst, as you might say?

I've got the tip for Country Club for the colts' race, and Jean Melfort is tipped to me as a fast young hussy for the fillies' division.

Spear Arrow comes right from the lips of the trainer, Charlie Cullen, for the Flying Welter. He's better now than ever in his life, and if he doesn't win this Charlie says well, what's the good of horses showing you gallopes that would win at Randwick?

So this is where I plunge in off the deep end.

This year's perfumes are crisply feminine

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE

There is a belief that a man will remember a woman by her perfume long after he has forgotten the color of her eyes, the softness of her voice or, perhaps, even her name.

To a woman herself, a breath of some particular fragrance will bring back gay memories or pleasant reflections.

THE hallmark of individual taste, perfume also reflects the changing face of fashion.

The 'twenties were hectic, so scents were obvious, redolent of IT. There was "Mitsouko," "Narcisse Noir," "Jockey."

The 'thirties were subtler; women liked light romantic perfumes, for they harmonized with the gradual return to femininity. There was "L'Heure Bleu," "Armour," "Molyneux Cinq."

As we turn into the 'forties women are changing again, a combination of feminine loveliness and vitality, and the trend in perfume is characteristic of the women to-day.

There's a tang about the new per-

fumes, a touch of the quality of dry champagne.

In some indefinable way it embodies the spirit of the hour—woman, crisp, alert, feminine without being clinging.

New favorites are "Le Stien," reminiscent, slightly disillusioned, "Cocktail Dry," like a prelude to a platonic evening—gay and unexciting; "Colony," as nostalgic as a ship's siren, it takes you East of Suva to spice and joss sticks, while "Rue de la Paix" is so fresh that in one whiff all the loveliness of Paris in the spring is recapitulated.

Newest and perhaps most fascinating of all the present perfumes is Duke of Kent, suggesting a charming and slightly casual air like a very well-groomed man.

More FRESH Milk at much less cost WITH TRUFOOD SKIM MILK POWDER

What a problem it is to give a family all the milk they need to make them strong and bonny. But you needn't worry about the cost when there's a tin of Trufood on the shelf—it actually gives you eight whole pints of milk. Trufood is pure country milk with only the water and the butterfat removed. It's there, ready and fresh whenever you want it. Use Trufood liberally in cooking... in soups, sauces, custards and puddings. It will heighten the flavour of so many dishes, and, more important still, provide the family with MORE MILK.



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1000-FRUIT SALAD SET. 4 Fluted Bowls, All Quality Silver-plated Spoons and Server. 30/- per case.

1001-E.P.N.S. SPOONS AND SERVER. 35/- per case.

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Gottings of the Week

by Miss Midnight



• **HEAD NOTIONS** . . . in the Foreign Legion style, just brought from America by Pat (left) and Betty Culpan. Both white.



• **MORE HAT TRICKS** . . . Mrs. Lynn Vickery's shirred satin pill-box and Mrs. Ian Hawker's wide-brim straw, held in place by white lace frill. Both black.



• **MARGARET LONGWORTH** concentrates to pick winners at Randwick . . . and wears smart blue straw headgear with wine trimmings.



• **WHEN NINA NISBET** arrives at St. Mark's to marry Lieut.-Commander Thruston, her stepfather, Mr. H. B. Phipps takes charge of bouquet.

Pioneers celebrate . . . Two guineas, please . . .

BEING a descendant of the First Fleet, or something like that, I have a busy week-end. Starts Thursday with Pioneers' Club "At Home" . . . Friday, Women's Pioneer Society's party, and a get-together at Captain Phillip's statue in Botanic Gardens . . . then 152nd anniversary regatta.

Pioneers' Club "do" a bright show. President Sir Kelso King, who has just celebrated his 86th birthday, welcomes guests.

Admiring old pictures of early Sydney I spy much-interested spectator—Sir Brooke Francis, former Chief Justice of Rhodesia.

Dr. and Mrs. B. B. Blomfield, Dr. and Mrs. George Dansey, Mr. and Mrs. Russell French, Colonel and Mrs. Holland, Selwyn King, Elizabeth Shelley, Hazel and Olive King also guests.

Not quite a secret . . .

"HAD no idea it was such fun getting engaged," 19-year-old Robin Eakin tells me. "Already been given almost enough to furnish a flat—including marvellous antique silver."

When I meet her two days before announcement Robin is all excitement. Shows me her ring—band of emeralds bordered by diamonds—and says "It's supposed to be a secret yet, but I don't think it can be, as I've already had a telegram from Romano's head waiter."

Country all the way . . .

BREWARRINA comes to town this week for Green-Hayes wedding at St. John's on February 6. Bride Helen Hayes lives at The Cedars, and bridegroom Bill Green at Willamurra, about 40 miles away.

Bridesmaids are Jean Green, Judith and Josephine Hayes, all of Brewarrina district.

Country guests include Mr. and Mrs. Harry Glover, Joan Oliver, Mrs. Geoff Saddington, Mrs. E. H. Barton, Mary Williamson (Peak Hill), Mrs. A. L. Connolly (Goodooga), Betty Walker (Trangie), and her sister Geraldine, who is just engaged to Stuart Leeds, of her home town.

Another sister of the bride, Mrs. John Williamson, of Gundiwera (yes! it's near Brewarrina), is in town for pre-wedding festivities. Mrs. Williamson also was married at St. John's. Like the bridegroom-elect, her husband is an old King's boy.

And soon wedding preparations start all over again . . . bridesmaid Josephine Hayes at Easter time marries Alastair Mackenzie, who lives 15 miles from Brewarrina.

Did you know? . . .

THE Sam Stirlings have bought sailing boat, Tarne . . . means God of the Forest, says Marie Stirling, but she can't imagine why a boat is called that.

Pat Giblin marries Noel Farquhar, of the Argyll and Sutherland Lancers, in Singapore towards middle of February. Her mother, Mrs. N. E. Giblin, flying from Sydney for ceremony.

More romance . . . Anne McAuley, noted Melbourne horsewoman, has just married Jack Scott. Anne's sister Mollie, often seen at our Royal Show, is married to Jack's brother Alan.

IT won't be cheap to mingle with the best people on February 17 at the Ballet performance. Dress circle seats . . . two guineas. Stalls, a mere guinea. Proceeds for the Lady Gowrie Red Cross Appeal.

Vice-Royalty will be there. Also former Viceroy of India, Lord Willingdon, and Lady Willingdon.

Lady Wakehurst convenes first meeting . . . supporters include Mesdames Charles Lloyd Jones, Harry Meeks, Reg Moses, Howard Giblin, Ernest Watt, Penfold Hyland.

Mrs. Margaret Fielding-Jones is hard-working honorary organiser, and Mrs. Reg Bettington an avaricious treasurer. "Simply can't get her to part with a penny," is general opinion.

Incidentally, did you hear that Mrs. Bettington's father, Mr. T. H. Lowry, has just given £10,000 to provide hut for New Zealand soldiers abroad?

Lovely frocks . . .

BELLS of St. Philip's attract large crowd by the time Inverell bride Sybil Wilson arrives to marry George Sweet.

Onlookers say "Here she comes" when there's a flurry of white . . . but it is the matron of honor, Mrs. Neil Francis, and maid Joan Munro, of Moree, looking very bridal in all-white and tulle veils. Off-shoulder frocks show their dark suntan.

The bride, lovely in white lace, chooses to be married at St. Philip's because her parents' wedding was there.

Reception at Elizabeth Bay House is as gay as only country people can make a party. Bride's sister, Mrs. Ted Anderson, attractive in white sheer, stephanotis across one side of her head.

A glimmer of gold sequins . . . It's Janet Scougall, a sequin cap matching trimming of her black frock. Mrs. Ken Livingston (Moree) wears all white, Margaret Lethbridge drapes old family lace in cape effect across her royal-blue frock.

Wedding chit chat . . .

MEET Brisbane's Elizabeth Bell dashing into King's Lynn, Elizabeth Bay, where she and sister Bubbles take a flat until Elizabeth's wedding to John Cameron.

Ask Elizabeth if they're going far away for their honeymoon . . . but she says mournfully, "John only gets week-end leave." He is in 2nd/5th Regiment, Field Artillery, and stationed at Ingleburn.

Bride-to-be is granddaughter of the Coochin Coochin Bells, and daughter of Mrs. Ernest Bell, of Ascot, Brisbane, at whose home, you remember, "Giff" and Margaret Allen were married one Sunday afternoon.

Heard around town . . .

CARPET at Romano's is now mushroom-pink . . . Frank Coghlan is leader of the band . . . orchestra dressed as schoolboys . . .

And seen . . .

SPOTS . . . as worn by Mesdames Hamilton Kirkland, Harry Meeks, F. L. Cavaye, Colin Sinclair.

Mrs. Jimmy Broedebent, in lovely dusty-pink beaded gown . . . at Theatre Royal.

Trangie visitors . . . Joan Horrigan and Nancy Leeds.



• **BETTY PRUDDEN** (left) is leaving for America. Here at one of many farewell parties she tempts Ruth Allen with a savory dish.



• **TENNIS PRACTICE** over, Edna Ottoway and Mrs. W. Mackenzie arrive with Edna's small cousin, Jackie Van Dine, to watch Australian championships.



• **MOYA BARNES** in Honolulu swim suit during Marine Fantasy rehearsals . . . in aid of R.P.A. Hospital, February 3.



• **KATHARINE LEWIS** with Sambo, the guardsmen, and the maestro—puppets which she has made in the last year.

Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Home-Made
Mixture That Quickly Darkens It

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "The use of the following remedy, which you can make at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded, or grey hair, which turns black, brown, or light brown as you desire. Of course, you should do the mixing yourself to save unnecessary expense."

Just get a small box of Oriel Compound from your chemist and mix up with 1 ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce Glycerine and 1 half-pint of water. This only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky, and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

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Sailor's dramatic letter to Australian girl

Amazing rescue when his ship was torpedoed by U-boat

Here is a human document of the war—a letter from a sailor abroad to his cousin in Australia.

The sailor is Alan J. Cornes, formerly radio officer on the Mooltan. On the way home war broke out, and he was transferred to a ship which was torpedoed. The girl is Miss Dorothy Rumney.

His letter tells of the grim ordeal when his ship was torpedoed, of his rescue by a U-boat, his loss of memory through shock, and his transfer to an Italian ship which landed him in England.

MY Dear Cousin Dorothy,
This is about to be the hardest letter I've ever written in my life.

You see, it's like this—everyone tells me that I've been to Australia and have therefore seen you, Uncle Mick and Auntie Tone, but the tragedy is that I can't remember anything about it at all.

I've lost a portion of my memory, and if all I have heard from other people about my trip to Australia is true, then I've lost the best portion of my life.

Anyway, I'll begin by thanking you very much indeed for the letter and Christmas wishes, and will now in turn hope that you all have the happiest of Christmases and the merriest of New Years.

You mention in your letter that I sent you a brooch. Mother has also talked about it, but I'm afraid I can't even remember what it looked like, or sending it.

The war has come home to me with a nasty experience.

My ship the Darino was torpedoed three weeks to-day at 3 o'clock on a pitch black Sunday morning returning from Oporto in Portugal to Liverpool (19th November). We were 300 miles from the nearest land (Cape Finisterre) and more or less in the Bay of Biscay.

The submarine gave us no warning. There were 27 of the crew altogether, but only 11 of us survived.

The torpedo hit by No. 3 hatch on the after end of the ship, practically blowing us in two. We were only a little ship of 800 tons. The after-mast broke off, and smashed the wireless room to pieces, just missing me.

I HAD been asleep when the torpedo hit us, so was only in pyjamas.

We had two lifeboats, but they were smashed to atoms.

I had to fight my way out of my cabin as the sandbags on the top had trapped me in.

The dynamo must have been blown up, as all this was happening in the pitch darkness.



MISS DOROTHY RUMNEY and her cousin, Alan Cornes, who lost his memory after his ship was sunk by a U-boat.

I managed to pick up my jacket coat, but could not find a life-jacket. I rushed round to the wireless room, but it was a hopeless wreck, and the screams of the poor fellows trapped below were sending me crazy.

All this was happening in three minutes because the next second I was washed clean overboard and down. My watch, which I've still got, stopped exactly at 3, and the torpedo hit us at three minutes to the hour.

How a U-boat strikes

THE courage of the merchant service is shown in the young sailor's story on this page. Here is a dramatic extract from his letter when a U-boat sank his ship.

"I was mercifully thrown well clear of the vortex from the ship. She was gone forever one minute later."

"I found one poor fellow (the carpenter) drowning, so I held him up with my left arm, but the poor fellow's brain must have snapped as he was screaming terribly, and was pulling me down in the water. I managed to keep hold of him for about twenty minutes, and then a lump of floating wreckage hit me on my head and he was knocked out of my arms."

Suddenly out of the water a big black shape rose. I thought it was the poor Darino coming up owing to the boilers bursting, but it was the U-boat. I had forgotten all about it.

At first I thought they were going to machine-gun us in the water, but instead they shouted to us to swim towards them as quickly as possible and they would save us.

So they took us on board, but I don't remember much of that as I was nearly unconscious. Anyway, the Germans treated us very well, wrapped us in blankets, and slept on the iron deck so that we could have their bunks.

When we counted up there were only 11 of us. The captain and my pal, the third mate, were killed, and the engineers, too, all of them, and the cook, steward, cabin boy, and firemen also, making a total of 16 dead.

The chief mate and second mate were saved.

THE commander of the submarine asked us three officers to dine with him, and they gave us exceptionally good food, fresh butter, too.

About 11 a.m. the submarine dived and the Germans took action stations; it was a British convoy passing over us!

Any second we expected to be blown up by depth charges, as our own men above would not know there were survivors in the submarine.

Thank God the destroyers did not bear us with their listening gear, or I would not be writing this now. But, believe me, we were absolutely terrified, and I'm not ashamed to admit it.

Eventually we were transferred to a neutral ship named Caterina Gerolamini, an Italian one.

The Germans gave us each two packets of cigarettes, and they also gave me a pair of trousers.

The Italians treated us wonderfully, too.

We had a nightmare of a journey to Dover on the Italian ship, as she had no charts of the mined area, and she wandered in and out of minefields. We expected to go sky-high at any minute.

So here I am, pretty well intact, except for a slight shell-shock, loss of memory, and a slightly damaged hip.

I can't sleep very well, and I don't shave myself, so please will you excuse my writing as I'm not very steady about the hands.

Sincerely,

(Signed) Alan.

Terrible shock

"ALAN's letter was a terrible shock to us," said Miss Dorothy Rumney, the "Cousin Dorothy" referred to in the letter.

"He has had many adventures, although he is still only a lad. He's not yet 21."

"I am writing to him reminding him of many little incidents that happened when he was in Australia in the hope that it will help restore his memory."

"I have also bought some aerial views of Australia and will send these with photographs of the family. They may assist in bringing back his memory."

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LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT,
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If you cannot call or send someone for your gift cut out the form below, fill in the particulars, enclose with wrapper-tops and address to "Sunlight Department," LEVER BROTHERS PTY. LIMITED, BOX 430 Y.Y., G.P.O., SYDNEY. All gifts shown in this advertisement are post free.

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12 1/4
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DA1.—SHADY DROOPS, as illustrated. In assorted COARSE STRAWS, also Pedalines. Neatly trimmed with faillie ribbon. Colours: Black, Navy, Brown, Natural, Biege, Chartrouse, Cyclamen and Saxe.

USUALLY 12/11 SALE PRICE 4/6
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ME3.—Chalk stripes in two-toned sheer. Slightly gathered shoulders, shaped waist-line, gored skirt. Navy, Black, Blue, Rust grounds. W. SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS.

PRICE 15/-
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DO1.—STRIKING DESIGN IN COOL COTTONS GUARANTEED DIRNDL. Buttoned down front, white rick-rack braid on collar and pocket; elastic gathering at waist. Shades: Autumn, Blue, Red, Green. Length 24, 27, 30in. USUALLY 5/11. Sale Price 4/11. Length 33, 36, 39in. USUALLY 6/11 SALE PRICE 5/6
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35/-
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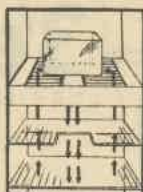
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All good stores stock these modern metal ice-refrigerators, in a range of sizes for every need—finished in white, cream or green.

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A Business Engagement

Continued from Page 5

"It's only unusual," said Gerald morosely, "because I happen to have an unusual lot of money. I suppose I ought to be grateful, and of course I am, in a way. But I—well, it's just that I feel so hunted!"

Gerald glanced at her and nervously ran his fingers through his hair.

"You're laughing at me!" he blurted out. "You think I'm a conceited ass—or worse! But if you knew—if you only knew what I've had to go through in the past four months! Why, at his moment, in spite of all the people who cluster up my life, I haven't a real friend in the world. Miss Marvel! Not one. And that—that's not funny."

"I don't think it's funny and I'm not laughing at you."

"Listen, Miss Marvel! I say, let's be friends, shall we? I mean right now. Because otherwise," he announced abruptly, "I'm going to Uruguay!"

"But why to Uruguay?" asked Lisa, with natural curiosity.

"I don't know. I've always been more or less interested in Uruguay. When I was a kid, studying geography, the name fascinated me."

There was an interval of silence during which Lisa was outrageously tempted to smooth down the refractory wisp of hair on the back of his head.

"Oh," she said at last in almost an impersonal tone, "I don't think I'd go to Uruguay if I were you."

"If I give up Uruguay," he said, "will you go dancing with me tomorrow night, Miss Marvel?"

"Dancing?"

"You can desert your tea-room for one evening, can't you?"

"Oh, yes," replied Lisa, and added with a bleak little smile, "I'll go on one condition. And that is that you promise never to class me with the people—the girls—who are trying to chase you!"

"Miss Marvel! I couldn't. I just couldn't think that of you."

They shook hands, and he picked up his hat and departed. Shortly afterwards, Miss Jenks, the cashier, came up from the tea-room to render an account of the day's proceeds.

"I'm still a dollar seventy-five short," said Miss Jenks, an elderly spinster who also upon occasion doubled in dish-pana. "It's that young man's bill, you know. And I thought when he came back tonight that he was going to pay it. He certainly looked as though he was going to pay it! But he walked out, still owing us all that money... And I don't see how you can laugh about it, Miss Marvel!"

The cashier stared at her, clicked her tongue, and stalked out of the room. And Lisa laughed again, more extravagantly than ever.

The next night she went dancing with Gerald. Lisa completely forgot her business troubles. And Gerald forgot that he was a hunted millionaire, and they both forgot a number of other things, among which was the unpaid bill. In fact, they had known each

other a whole week when he telephoned one day to confess, most apologetically, that he had found the bill in the pocket of a suit he'd sent to the cleaners, and could he drop round that evening to pay it?

So Gerald dropped round.

"You see," said Gerald, "I went to a dinner party last night. Couldn't get out of it. Old friends of my father's. They've got a marriageable daughter. Her name is Clara. But that isn't the worst of it."

"No? Do tell me the worst!"

"It's this," said Gerald, and produced from his pocket a folded newspaper clipping.

"It's a clipping from the 'Social Spotlight' column in the 'Daily Breeze'."

Lisa took the clipping and read as follows:

"Mr. Gerald Vance, sole heir to

the nine-million-dollar Vance fortune, was seen dancing last Wednesday evening at a certain exclusive Broadway night club with a Beautiful Unknown. Does this mean that young Mr. Vance is overcoming his 'hermit complex' as far as the fair sex is concerned?"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Lisa. "Am I the Beautiful Unknown?"

"I'm afraid you are. I'm awfully sorry, Lisa. I—"

"Oh, you needn't apologise. I'm really quite flattered."

"But it's such a ghastly thing! I mean, to be hounded and spied on."

"I suppose your friend Clara wanted to know all about me?"

"Well, she was infernally curious. I stood it as long as I could. Then I told her she needn't worry about my future, or my present either for that matter, because I was going to Uruguay."

"But you're not, are you, Gerald?" asked Lisa casually.

"No, I'm not. I'm staying in New York."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't want to leave New York. I've got an interesting experiment on at the laboratory. Trying to produce synthetic lightning. But, oh, gosh, I can't do anything—I can't go on living like this!"

"Perhaps," suggested Lisa after a pause, "you had better get married."

"Married?"

"Or at least engaged. Just as a measure of self-protection," she added, with a friendly smile.

"Oh, yes! Quite!"

There was a silence. Through the open window floated the sound of a distant hurdy-gurdy.

"I say, Lisa," I've got an idea. It's an inspiration, really. Listen!"

He turned and faced her. In his enthusiasm he even put his hand on hers. "I don't know how you're going to take this, but—look here! Suppose you and I were engaged."

"Engaged?"

"Now wait a minute, Lisa! You said yourself, didn't you, that I ought to get married or engaged or something? Well, suppose our engagement was announced in all the newspapers. They'd print it. It'd be news, all right!"

"But, Gerald..."

"Please! Just a minute. Don't you see the point? Don't you see what'll happen? I'll be free to live a normal life—go on with my experiment—and you'll be a success, Lisa! Your tea-room'll be jammed with curious females wanting to get a look at you. Because, of course, the paper'll play up the story of your business career... And if you can stand the first shock of publicity you'll be all right. Because by the time the excitement dies down you'll have acquired a regular clientele, and your fortune'll be made. Now what do you think of my idea?"

"I think it's slightly insane."

"Then let's do it!"

"But what—I mean, of course, I wouldn't even consider such a thing, but suppose I did—what would you get out of it?"

"Why," he exclaimed, tightening his grip on her hand, "I've already told you what I'd get out of it. Freedom! Peace of mind! Of course," he added somewhat awkwardly, "it wouldn't really amount to anything. Er—I mean, it'd be just a kind of business engagement. You understand that, don't you?"

"Oh, perfectly," returned Lisa. "But I—in that case I don't see why it's necessary for you to hold my hand."

"Sorry," said Gerald hastily. "I—I didn't know I was holding it."

Suddenly the hurdy-gurdy struck up a tune in the street directly below Lisa's window. It was a raucous but an ingratiating tune. Gerald sprang to his feet, grinning. He held out his hands to her.

"Lisa...?"

She rose and gave herself into his arms.

"I don't know that I can dance in these shoes..."

"Then kick them off!"

Please turn to Page 36

Animal Antics

"AH, a fourth!"

the nine-million-dollar Vance fortune, was seen dancing last Wednesday evening at a certain exclusive Broadway night club with a Beautiful Unknown. Does this mean that young Mr. Vance is overcoming his 'hermit complex' as far as the fair sex is concerned?"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Lisa. "Am I the Beautiful Unknown?"

"I'm afraid you are. I'm awfully sorry, Lisa. I—"

"Oh, you needn't apologise. I'm really quite flattered."

"But it's such a ghastly thing! I mean, to be hounded and spied on."

"I suppose your friend Clara wanted to know all about me?"

"Well, she was infernally curious. I stood it as long as I could. Then I told her she needn't worry about my future, or my present either for that matter, because I was going to Uruguay."

"But you're not, are you, Gerald?" asked Lisa casually.

"No, I'm not. I'm staying in New York."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't want to leave New York. I've got an interesting experiment on at the laboratory. Trying to produce synthetic lightning. But, oh, gosh, I can't do anything—I can't go on living like this!"

"Perhaps," suggested Lisa after a pause, "you had better get married."

"Married?"

"Or at least engaged. Just as a measure of self-protection," she added, with a friendly smile.

"Oh, yes! Quite!"

For a Salad Success

The most enticing salad dressings are made with the sparkling flavour of this fine old Vinegar. You can always rely on Cornwell's Pure Malt Vinegar.

CORNWELL'S

PURE MALT VINEGAR

IN QUARTS AND PINTS

Real Life Stories

Trapped 100 ft. below river

Mate's coolness saved workman's life

I WAS working in the concrete piers being put down for the foundations of the bridge across the Manning River at Taree.

Our workplace was a narrow space in the concrete cylinders 100 feet below the water.

To keep out the water, pressure was raised to 45 lbs to the square inch.

Going down or coming up we had to pass through an air lock where the pressure was raised or lowered. There was just space for the bucket that carried us to pass into the air lock.

It was hard to get men for the job . . . I went down for the first time with a mate who had previous experience.

With our shoulders rubbing on the rough sides of the cylinder, the big iron bucket took us down to the muddy bottom. Our lives were now in the hands of the man controlling the air lock at the surface. Should the air fail the river would rush in and we would be drowned.

Signal rope broke

WE filled our first bucket, and by means of a rope attached to a knocker at the top of the air chamber my mate gave the signal for the bucket to be heaved up. As I watched the bucket make its way up to be decompressed in the air chamber I saw the signal rope going up too. It had tangled around the bucket.

My mate grabbed at the rope and pulled on it as the bucket went through the iron door. The door closed on the rope and cut it.

The rope fell back at our feet. There was now no way to let the men on top know of our desperate position. They had orders to await our signal in all circumstances. We could not rely on them doing anything.

If we went up in the bucket's next trip the men above would think the bucket contained only mud and would decompress the air lock at a speed fatal to men.

My mate said: "We'll just have to chance it." When the bucket came down he jumped into it and told me to keep calm. The bucket started to rise, leaving me in that dismal wet prison.

Would he signal before they blew the air out of the air chamber with terrific force?

I watched my mate pulled through that air chamber . . . Would they think only the bucket was inside and decompress, killing my mate? But my mate grabbed a bolt that lay on the floor of the air lock and struck the side of the chamber.

A voice outside said: "Steady, Barney. Someone is inside." Then my mate, grasping the cut signal rope, gave the signal for the bucket to be lowered again.

Chalked on the bucket was a message written with a piece of fossil shell: "Get in and come up." I was drawn up into the air chamber, and my mate gave the signal for the men on the air valves to decompress us slowly.



"THE IRON DOOR cut the signal rope; it fell in a heap at our feet."

This took about fifteen minutes.

11/1/- to M. B. Collard, Megalong Valley, Blackheath, N.S.W.

SHORT and SNAPPY

ONE EXPLANATION

BEING the only woman teacher at a small State school I had to reprimand one of the elder girls . . . I had happened to leave my engagement ring at home.

I received a letter from the girl's mother next day which read: "Miss Teacher, you think you're smart; but next time you have a row with your boy friend, don't put your spite on to my girl."

10/6 to M. O'Meara, Burke Rd., Glen Iris SE6, Vic.

LETTER COINCIDENCE

LAST October my niece was presented with a little daughter named Jennifer. I wrote to a cousin at Campsie.

Three months later a letter arrived from Chicago. In it was my cousin's reply. My letter had slipped into an open envelope addressed to Chicago. The receiver opened my letter, read it, and sent it back to me with a personal note of congratulation. He also had a baby niece named Jennifer. The man who got my letter was Ted Poole, Australian speed driver.

2/6 to Miss Agnes Whisker, 30 Janet St., Fivedock, N.S.W.

TRICKED MEAN SQUATTER

THE owner of a western sheep station was well known for his "stinginess" with regard to free stock-feed. One day he was amazed to see a man approaching him "riding" a stick and leading another. The man told his stick-horses to "whoa" and asked the station owner if he could put his two horses in his paddock for the night. He kept telling the "horses" to "steady," and the station owner, concluding that the man was a lunatic, assented.

Then the "lunatic" led two real horses out of the scrub and turned them loose in the paddock.

2/6 to Miss Joan Munday, Carowie, Eubalong West, N.S.W.

FORGOT OWN NAME

MY married sister was visiting our home. She answered the telephone and the person asked for "Mrs. Smith." As we are often asked to take a message to a neighbor by that name, she immediately hurried across the road and called the lady. She then remembered that her own name was "Mrs. Smith." The phone call was for herself.

2/6 to Miss F. English, Hardy St., Hurstville Park, N.S.W.

To keep your make-up fresh and beautiful hours longer



— first tone up your skin with Pears' Tonic Action.

A month-long maturing process removes all harshness from Pears'—leaves it wonderfully mellow, transparently pure.



You can't put on a glamorous make-up over drawn, tired skin. Your skin must be made firm and smooth . . . radiantly fresh! So first give it a rousing wash with Pears' Soap. Pears' tonic action tones up your skin . . . prepares it for a gloriously lovely make-up that lasts for hours.

ECONOMY NOTE

There is no waste with Pears' Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to water thinness. The water, moisture, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake and becomes part of it.

A & F PEARS LIMITED

10,193.38

Caught by clam

WE were holidaying on the north coast of West Australia. My brother and I used to play "hockey" with a golf ball and my father's clubs. Usually we wore only swim-suits owing to the oppressive heat.

I hit the ball over the rocky headland into the sea and dived in after it. Having picked it up, I found I could not get out.

My foot was wedged in between the upper and lower parts of the shell of a clam. I was already up to my neck in water and the tide was coming in fast. My brother took an "iron" from dad's golf bag and prised open the shell.

2/6 to G. A. Sney, Batman St., North Fitzroy N7, Vic.

Saved by porpoise

WHILE I was living at Nelson's Bay, Port Stephens, a number of logs, used for building purposes, were secured by ropes to the Old Wharf.

Once one of four boys I was with suggested using the logs as rafts. Two of them and I were soon sitting astride the logs with our feet in the water, having the time of our lives.

I drifted apart from the others, and when about 200 yards from the shore I heard someone yell "Shark!"

Fifty yards away I saw the fin of a shark heading towards me. In my fright I fell from the log and started swimming for the wire-netting swimming enclosure.

I struggled to the top of the net utterly exhausted. Looking back I saw two large fish fighting in a great eddy of water. They disappeared leaving the water stained with blood.

I was told later by a fisherman who had witnessed the incident that my life had been saved by a porpoise, which had attacked the shark.

2/6 to Thomas Edgar, Todman Ave., Kensington, N.S.W.

Found old love-letters

MY mother lived in an English country town called Sudbury, in Suffolk, and like all young girls she had her little romances. Being a parson's daughter she was brought up very strictly and allowed very little freedom. But, in spite of this, she and her sister had their little love affairs and "billet-doux" were received.

They hit upon the idea of hiding them under one of the floorboards in their bedroom.

Some 50 years later, these same two sisters (then little old ladies with grown-up families) had a desire to revisit their old home town.

The old Parsonage was still standing and they obtained permission to re-enter and go upstairs to their old girlhood's bedroom.

On removal of the floorboard their eyes rested once again on the letters—just as they had placed them there half a century before!

2/6 to Mrs. E. Stevens, Ainsleigh, Hopetoun Ave., Mosman, N.S.W.

Bullets saved lives

MY mother and father were sleeping in a room away from the rest of the house, when they heard gunfire in the kitchen. My father got up and found that a fire had started in the kitchen.

My father went to get the hose, and my mother dashed through the flames and got us out of bed.

A box of cartridges left on the shelf near the stove had exploded, giving us warning.

2/6 to R. Keath, Hillfarm, Sunday Creek, via Broadford, Vic.

Anarchist plot

HAVING broken our journey to Switzerland at Homburg Vor Der Höhe, a small watering place, and the hotels being crowded, we had to stay at a pension!

What greatly impressed me was a huge and soldierly-looking man posted outside the garden gate, armed with a revolver which he carried in his belt.

To add to the mystery the chambermaid told us that there was a queer Russian upstairs who changed his bedroom every night, and that the sinister-looking man outside was his personal bodyguard. However, nothing thrilling happened, and we left Zurich.

A few weeks later we read in a Swiss paper the following headline: "Earl Witte's life saved by a miracle." It transpired that after the death of a Russian anarchist in the Frankfurt hospital the police had learned of a plot directed against the famous statesman and financier.

It was the anarchist's intention to blow up the pension where we had stayed with Earl Witte the night of our arrival.

2/6 to E. Bergl, Bromley Ave., Cremorne, N.S.W.

SEND IN YOUR REAL LIFE AND "SNAPPY" STORIES

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week.

For the best item published under the heading "Short and Snappy" we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Real Life Stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC. Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" column.

Full address at top of Page 3

TENNIS PLAYERS!

CLEAN YOUR SHOES

with
'NUGGET' WHITE

Get MORE for your money. This larger jar costs no more. For EVERY White Shoe — Kid, Nu-Buck and Canvas.

Middle-Aged—But Vital

★ Your digestion, upset by modern diet, fails to extract blood purifying minerals from food. A progressive decline of vital powers results. End this by taking COLOSEPTIC. Cleansing the colon of poisons and clogging waste, COLOSEPTIC then feeds precious, life-giving minerals to the starved bloodstream, and so reinvigorates your entire system. COLOSEPTIC 2/9 and 5/6, all chemists. Free sample sent on receipt of 3d. stamp to Box 3415R, G.P.O., Sydney.***

A Business Engagement

Continued from Page 34

So Lisa kicked off her shoes, and they danced to the tune of the hurdy-gurdy in the street below. When the music stopped, Gerald rushed to the window and flung out a handful of change; and they danced again, wildly, laughing at each other.

They were still laughing and going at top speed when the door opened and Miss Jenks, the cashier, entered the room. Lisa and Gerald stopped short, conscious of a critical amazement in the spinster's fixed stare. They stood facing Miss Jenks rather guiltily. And to make it worse, Gerald, because he was such an absent-minded young man, completely forgot to remove his arm from Lisa's waist.

"Well," said the spinster with emphasis.

"Miss Jenks!" gasped Lisa.

"Miss Jenks," said Gerald, "the truth is—and you'll be the first to hear it—that Miss Marvel and I are engaged. We've been engaged for the past ten minutes. Haven't we, Lisa?"

"Engaged?" shrieked the elderly cashier, and, "Gerald!" cried Lisa.

"So, you see," continued Gerald imperturbably, "that explains

everything. And now all that remains is to tell the world!"

He glanced down, with his ingenuous smile (which oddly enough seemed to accentuate the stubbornness of his mouth), at Lisa. "Leave that to me!" he said, and taking her hand he gallantly kissed it. "Get ready," whispered Gerald in Lisa's ear, "for the big rush. I'll bring over the engagement ring in the morning."

Then, snatching up his hat and walking stick he strode towards Miss Jenks, seized her hand, shook it heartily and vanished, somewhat precipitately, from the room.

"Engaged!" repeated Miss Jenks. "So you're engaged, Miss Marvel! And to that young man!"

"Yes, I— At least, I mean—I think so," stammered Lisa.

"Humph! Well, in that case, I should think the least he could do would be to pay us the money he owes us. That dollar seventy-five!"

"Oh! But he—he intended to pay it to-night! That's what he came for. I mean that's why he came to see me—"

"But he didn't pay it, did he? No! Well, maybe he'll give you that dollar seventy-five for a wedding present. And— Good gracious, Miss Marvel! What are you crying about?"

"I'm not crying!" protested Lisa. She turned and walked over to the window. In the street below the hurdy-gurdy still langed happily. "I'm not crying... I'm just a little tired, that's all. And Miss Jenks—"

"Yes, Miss Marvel?"

"I think that to-morrow morning you'd better hire some more waitresses and maybe an extra helper for the cook."

"An extra helper!"

"Because I've a sort of hunch that business is going to pick up in a day or two," said Lisa.

BUT that, as it turned out, was putting it mildly. Ten days later The Three-Leaf Clover tea-room was doing a business that may be described, roughly, as phenomenal.

On a certain Friday evening Lisa, alone in her apartment, was seriously considering the possibilities of flight by way of the rear fire escape when the telephone rang. It had been ringing steadily for hours. It had been ringing steadily for days. With fear and trembling she answered it. Another reporter, she thought, or perhaps that awful man who wants me to go into the movies!

But it was a familiar voice that came over the wire.

"Hello, Lisa?"

"Oh, hello. Is that you, Gerald?"

"Yes. How are you?"

"Sunk!" replied Lisa briefly and with feeling.

"So am I, Lisa. This darned thing hasn't worked out as I thought it would. I mean as far as I'm concerned. There are six reporters and ten photographers camped outside this house right now. The doorman's holding them at bay. But I haven't been out of my own living-room since Wednesday except to take a walk on the roof!"

"I'm locked in myself," said Lisa.

"Isn't it ghastly! How many people did you have to-day?"

"Two hundred."

"Well, that's something. It's saved your business anyway!"

"Yes," admitted Lisa, "but I'm not so sure that it's saved me. Oh, I don't mean to be ungrateful, Gerald. But when I think of how happy I was as a failure—"

"Lisa!"

"What?"

"Are you—are you wearing the ring I gave you?"

The girl glanced down at her left hand. Then quickly she removed from the third finger of that hand the ring that Gerald had given her.

"Wearing it! Alone in my room? Why should I?"

"Oh, I don't know, I—"

"Of course I'm not wearing it!"

What's the Answer?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

1. A couple of weeks ago—remember?—we checked up on the word on the back of an Australian £1 note. After that, it should be easy for you to pick from this lot the word (or words) on the back of a ten shilling note:
Ten shillings — Commerce — Manufactures — Legal Tender — Industrial.
2. A loganberry is a cross between a Raspberry and blackberry — raspberry and strawberry — strawberry and gooseberry — gooseberry and blackberry.
3. Who said "To err is human, to forgive divine"?
Socrates — Shakespeare — Pope — Bunyan.
4. Changing the names of familiar towns and countries seems to be a pet craze nowadays. One of the most recent re-baptisms is Maung Thai, which we used to know as Smyrna — Canton — Peking — Siam.
5. The planet nearest the sun is Mars — Mercury — Venus — Saturn.
6. How many humps has a dromedary?
None — one — two — three.
7. You'd scarcely imagine that overseas folk have any thoughts to spare for aviation records at the moment. Yet just in the past few weeks an enterprising aviator attempted to establish a new long-distance flying record across the South Atlantic. He was
A young Belgian — Colonel Lindbergh — an Italian pilot — the grandson of the King of Denmark.
8. If the differential of your car requires attention, you naturally look for it in the
Gear box — tool box — carburettor — back axle.
9. "Honi soit qui mal y pense" (Evil be to him who evil thinks) is the motto of
The British Royal House — the Order of the Bath — the Order of the Garter — the Order of the British Empire.
10. We all know of hay in the agricultural sense, but did you know that hay is also a term in the sport of
Archery — circling — polo — fencing.

Answers on Page 38

Since when have YOU been using GIBBS?

Since I learned what a smile could do!

Smiling lips look nicer when they reveal gleaming, pearly-white teeth—cleaned with Gibbs. So care for your mouth and teeth the sure, safe Gibbs way. Its refreshing, antiseptic foam penetrates into every crevice of the mouth, neutralising acids, killing germs, leaving teeth polished, safely clean—gums toned up and refreshed.

Gibbs lasts twice as long as ordinary tooth cleaning preparations.

CHANGE
TO GIBBS
TO-DAY

YOUR TEETH ARE IVORY CASTLES
... DEFEND THEM WITH

Gibbs Dentifrice

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES
Small Tins 1/-, Large Tins 1/6
Large Refills 1/3



Write your
name on your
own tin!

7.90.25

Pain
YOU CAN'T 'EXPLAIN'

Blessed New Relief for Girls who Suffer Every Month

When pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad that you can hardly drag your legs along... and you feel that all you want to do is sit down and cry... why don't you try a couple of MYZONE tablets with water or a cup of tea.

They bring complete, immediate relief from period pain, backache and sick-feeling—without the slightest "doping".

Nurses who used to suffer the most exhausting, dragging pain every month—and business girls who dreaded making mistakes because of "foggy" mind—say MYZONE relief is more quick, more complete, more lasting than anything else they've ever known.

The secret is MYZONE's amazing active (anti-spasm) compound... science's aid to nature. Try a couple of little MYZONE tablets, with a cup of tea... with your very next "pain". 2/- box. — All Chemists.

"MYZONE not only gives great relief, but seems to keep my complexion clear, as before I used to get pimples."
—Miss M.P.



Please turn to Page 38

KILL all insects
Quicker! Cheaper!



Ready for use—8 oz. size 1/2.
(Metropolitan Price)
But For Greater Economy
Mix Your Own Verm-X
Verm-X Concentrated Insect Extirpator
mixed with kerosene makes the same
efficient spray as Verm-X ready-mixed.
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For CONSTIPATION
Mother! Keep baby's habits regular and
bloodstream cool during teething by giving
Steedman's Powders. The gentle,
safe aperient used by mothers for over
100 years—for children up to 14 years.

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS
"Hints to Mothers" Booklet
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JOLLY HOLIDAYS FROM SYDNEY

These holidays include fares from Sydney and return and accommodation.

BUNDANOON 14 days	£5 6 0
Burrigorang Valley ..	£6 5 0
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Slight increase in prices at peak periods.

PERTH, 20 days ..	£24 10 0
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ADELAIDE, 14 days ..	£13 15 0
DAY DREAM, 14 days	£16 11 0

Holidays by Train, Boat or Car.
Book through your own Bureau.

WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

St. James Bld., Elizabeth St., Sydney.

Women Also Serve

Navy's womenfolk form friendly union



MRS. BILL TWISS typing circulars for Adelaide's Friendly Union of women interested in the Navy.

A BIG get-together of women particularly interested in the Navy is the description given by Mrs. Bill Twiss, of the Friendly Union of Wives, Mothers, Relatives and Friends of Naval Men recently formed in Adelaide.

Mrs. Twiss is the attractive daughter of the District Naval Officer in S.A., Commander S. R. Symonds, and is honorary secretary of the city branch of the union.

Relatives and friends of Naval men meet on the fifth floor of the State Bank Building on the first and third Fridays of each month.

Everyone brings along knitting, sewing and letters received from friends and relatives at sea.

Over afternoon tea news from private correspondence is freely exchanged. In this way members are kept in touch with men on the various ships and discover what comforts are needed.

The gatherings are quite informal, and small children often accompany their mothers.

"We are out to help each other and our menfolk, too," said Mrs. Twiss, "and the organisation will be particularly important if bad news should come to any of our members."

Tireless workers at military camps

REST rooms in various military camps in Victoria have been established by the Catholic Welfare Organisation.

Energetic women members have taken on the job of creating a cheerful, homely atmosphere in these rooms where the soldiers can drop in for cards, ping-pong or quilts at the end of the day.

There is a rest room hut at Mt. Martha camp and another at Puckapunyal which cost £1800. This is particularly well equipped with every sort of indoor game, comfortable chairs and writing materials.

Though primarily built for use by Catholic boys, these rooms welcome all soldiers.

Typical is the one at Melbourne Show Grounds camp run by the Flemington branch of the organisation. Here a band of tireless women headed by the wife of the president, Mrs. J. Collins, take turns to be hostesses in groups of four each evening from 6 to 10 p.m.

Returned nurses help soldiers' club

AT least three members of the committee of women who help the R.S.S.I.A. to run the Soldiers' Club in Brisbane for soldiers on leave are returned nurses. Mrs. A. B. Steele, who is vice-president, is one, and others are Mrs. McWilliam and Sister Payne.

As soon as the R.S.S.I.A. realised the need for such a club members of the South Brisbane Comforts Fund offered their services, and their co-operation has already been appreciated.

Mrs. A. B. Steele has for many years been actively associated with the running of the Anzac Ball in Brisbane.

She left Australia in 1917 and was stationed in Egypt till her return to Australia after the Armistice.

Australian matron for anti-social evacuees

MISS DOROTHY ARLAND, an Australian social worker now in England, is in charge of a house for anti-social evacuated children, the first of its kind in the country. It is at Oxted, in Surrey.



Miss Arland

Miss Arland is well known in Australian Y.W.C.A. circles and did social work in Melbourne, Adelaide, and Perth before leaving for abroad. She has just obtained her first-class diploma at the London School of Dietetics.

As matron of the new home Miss Arland has to deal with children who proved too difficult to handle in the places to which they were evacuated.

They are carefully studied, cared for, and properly fed, and some have responded so well that they have been rehabilitated.

Most of them are boys ranging in age from five to thirteen.

The methods being used so successfully in this home will probably be adopted in other centres where problems have arisen out of the adjusting of city children to new conditions.

Miss Arland has to be versatile. She was called on to act as barber, so she began on the fair heads to ensure that the dark ones got a better cut.

Cookery book for war funds

WITH the dual purpose of raising money for war funds and of helping women to understand food values, Miss Gerda Harris, organising secretary of the Housewives' Association of South Australia, has just edited an interesting little cookery booklet called "Good Health."

There was an instantaneous sale of 100 copies.

The proceeds will go to the Women's Defence Services, which has sponsored the publication.

Lady Muriel Barclay-Harvey wrote a graceful little preface: "As patroness of the Women's Defence Services I very much hope that this book will be successful in its efforts to raise money for the very good cause for which it is being sold."

The first section of the book deals with food values in their relation to good health. Relative food values are tabulated. There is also an important chapter dealing with waste.

The recipes which make up the greater part of the book were mainly supplied by members of the Housewives' Association of South Australia.

Guidance was given by Mrs. Amy Wheaton, Director of Social Study and Training in S.A.

Wields hammer on cases of comforts

AT the headquarters of the Queensland Comforts Fund, in Brisbane, when there's a specially practical worker wanted they send for Mrs. H. Macaulay Turner.

She's a golfer, several times associate champion of Galles Club, and she's as adept with a hammer as a golf club.

Nailing up the cases of goods and clothing to be sent overseas from the Comforts Fund is typical of the jobs she has tackled.

She is one of the regular workers at the Comforts Fund depot, and brings a practical efficiency to anything she undertakes. She is on the Brisbane Golf Club associate committee.

She was just as active in the last war. Part of the time she was assisting in the Cooce kitchen, and her job was measuring ingredients for the cakes. It was just as strenuous as hammering nails, she says.



MRS. H. MACAULAY TURNER at the Brisbane Comforts Fund depot.

THE BRIDE'S COLUMN

By Mary Sheraton

"Can two really live as cheaply as one?"

The answer to this perennial conundrum is never the same.

The most sensible way is to budget your allowance in advance and adjust your spending power beforehand.

If either of you have a statistical mind you can plot your course now:

Monthly income £.....	Monthly Expenses.....
Food, grocer, vegs.....	
Milkman, baker, butcher, ice-man.....	
Gas and Light.....	
Clothing for two.....	
Rent.....	
Insurance, rates & taxes.....	
Furniture.....	
Travelling, fares, car.....	
Recreation, theatre, etc.....	
Extra household & garden items.....	
Other expenses & dues.....	
Savings.....	
ESTIMATED TOTAL	

To help you over the preliminary obstacles of planning a wedding I have prepared two publications. One is entitled, *The Bride's Book*—a complete compendium regarding the wedding. It has authoritative chapters on every topic an engaged girl should be conversant with. The other we called "How to Get Your Money's Worth When Furnishing," because that is the very task it fulfils. It takes you through a modern furniture store, and tells you everything you want to know about construction, styles and prices. If you cannot call and see me, fill in the coupon below, and I will send you the literature by return mail.



FREE!
Post
Coupon
Now

Miss Mary Sheraton,
Beechfield, Ltd.,
Opp. Town Hall, Sydney.

Please send me copies of the particulars I have marked with a cross, without charge or obligation.

() *The Bride's Book*
(for engaged girls only).

() *Furnishing Guide*.

NAME.....

ADDRESS..... W.W.3/2.

End tormenting HEAT RASH

Who can blame baby for crying so fretfully. Little fingers must scratch at that itching heat rash. But don't be distressed, Mother! Smear on Rexona Ointment. There! Crying stops immediately. Rexona's medications have soothed away all the itch and sting. Protect baby's skin by washing him with gentle Rexona Soap, which contains the same medications as the Ointment.



9.570-53

A Business Engagement

Continued from Page 36

"REACHED Brookhaven! It's completely prostrated Brookhaven! All your friends are so shocked and— Well, as I've considered myself your best friend, I thought it was my duty to come to New York and find out whether there was anything I could do—"

"So you came because you thought it was your duty?"

"Well, of course I wanted to—I was glad to come!"

"And I'm glad you have come! Because there's something I want done right away—to-night!"

The girl turned and picked up the ring lying on the telephone stand. "This is my engagement ring. I want you to take it back to him to-night."

Lisa gave him the address. "It isn't far from here. Just round the corner, in Park Avenue. And be sure to say you're not a reporter or you'll never get by the doorman!"

"I'll be back in fifteen minutes," said Tom firmly. He put the ring in his pocket, clapped his hat on his head, and walked to the door.

He went on his way as quickly as physical and mental being would allow. He was back, not in fifteen minutes, but in half an hour. Lisa sprang up eagerly as he came in.

"Well?" she demanded.

Tom smiled grimly.

"I've done it. I had a time getting in and a worse time getting out. This young Vance is a stubborn fellow. He refused at first to take the ring. Said he didn't intend to accept it from anyone but you. Wanted to know who the devil I was and what the devil I meant by butting in. So I told him."

"What did you tell him?" asked Lisa, rather breathlessly.

"I told him—in order to convince him that you were through with him—something that isn't exactly the truth. But I hope it will be the truth, Lisa!" Mr. Parsons paused, and then said quietly: "I told him that you were going to marry me."

"And what did he say?" cried Lisa. "What did Gerald say?"

"He said something rather cryp-

tic," replied Tom, blinking a little under her intense scrutiny. "He said to tell you that he was leaving for Uruguay in the morning."

"Uruguay!" breathed Lisa. "Yes, I understand. And now, would you mind, please, going away somewhere—to your hotel—anywhere!"

"Why, of course Good-night, Lisa. I'll see you to-morrow. I hope?"

"Yes! Yes, if you like. Good-night, Tom!"

When he had gone Lisa darted swiftly to the telephone. She called Gerald's number. After an interminable wait a voice answered.

"Hello!"

"Hello? Gerald?" cried Lisa.

"Gerald! I wanted to tell you that it isn't true, I'm not going to marry Tom Parsons—"

"Beg pardon, miss. You're not

doesn't matter. Thank you. Good-bye!"

The next day was Sunday. Lisa rose late, dressed, and went through the motions of eating breakfast. But nothing she did seemed to have any meaning.

Then her mental processes became utterly confused and chaotic, for as she sat there on the sofa the door of her flat seemed to open and Gerald Vance seemed to walk into the room.

"Lisa!"

She looked at him. His tall figure, framed in the open doorway, was so painfully familiar! She brushed her eyes with her hand and smiled vaguely.

"Gerald, is it really you?"

"Why, yes! Who'd you think it was?"

"But I—I thought you'd gone to Uruguay!"

"I did go," said Gerald, standing rigidly in the centre of the room. "At least, I got as far as Philadelphia. But I came back."

"Why?"

"Well I—you see, I found this in my pocket."

He came forward, holding out to her a crumpled slip of paper. "That luncheon bill of mine. It seems I've never paid it. Dollar seventy-five, isn't it? Have you change of five dollars?"

"No, I'm afraid I haven't," replied Lisa. "And the cashier won't be here till midday."

"Then I may as well wait. Er—that is—"

"Yes, do sit down, Gerald. You look tired."

He sat down on a chair, and Lisa sat on the sofa.

"I think," she said, "that it was very foolish of you to go to Uruguay so suddenly."

"Foolish! When you'd told me you never wanted to see me again?"

"I didn't say that!" she protested.

"You said you wanted to break off our engagement! You said we couldn't go on being friends any more!"

"But, Gerald—"

"And then," he continued indignantly, "when you sent my ring back by that bird—that Parsons chap you're going to marry!"

The answer is—

1. Ten shillings. Manufactures.
2. Raspberry and blackberry.
3. Pope.
4. Siam.
5. Mercury.
6. One.
7. An Italian pilot. (Colonel Angelo Tondi, Mussolini's personal pilot.)
8. Back axle.
9. The Order of the Garter.
10. Fencing.

Questions on Page 36

speaking to Mr. Vance. This is Mr. Vance's valet speaking."

"Oh!" gasped Lisa. "Then please may I... This is Miss Marvel. Will you please call Mr. Vance to the phone?"

"Mr. Vance isn't here, Miss. He's gone. He left five minutes ago."

"But he can't—I mean, I've got to find him!"

"Sorry, miss, I'm afraid it's impossible. He left very suddenly."

And all he said was that I was to pack for a voyage. He said he'd wire me later."

"All right," said Lisa dully. "It



SUZY'S COARSE natural straw with straight, shady brim and cherry ribbon twisted round the crown.

"Tom had no right to say that!"

"What?"

"He didn't understand. Men never do. They're incredibly stupid."

"Lisa!"

"Yes, Tom was stupid. But he isn't the only one!"

She looked at him with a curious vindictiveness, a curious anger.

"That impossible engagement of ours! Do you know why I couldn't go on with it? Do you, Gerald?"

"Lisa, I—"

"I'll tell you why," she said, leaning towards him, her black eyes looking searchingly into his. "It was because I couldn't bear to go on deceiving you!"

"Lisa!" he cried joyously. "Do you mean that? Were you really chasing me?"

"Yes! From the very beginning! At least, I—I think I was," she said in a voice that diminished rapidly to a whisper.

"Then, for Pete's sake, why didn't you say so? You knew I was crazy about you!"

Lisa sat bolt upright facing him.

"You mean that you love me, Gerald?"

"Of course I love you!"

"Then for Pete's sake," flung out Lisa, with an uncertain laugh, "why didn't you say so!"

"Because I found it out only last night! And anyway, I should think you'd have known. Girls," he added, taking her chin in his hand, "are so incredibly stupid!"

"Which makes it unanimous," murmured Lisa in the brief moment before he kissed her.

And in the brief moment Mr. Tom Parsons, of Brookhaven, appeared in the open doorway, closed his eyes tight, and looked again.

As Gerald jumped up from the sofa the other man exclaimed almost plaintively, "I thought you'd gone to Uruguay!"

"I came back," said Gerald, "to keep an engagement."

"A business engagement," gently added Lisa.

(Copyright)



LOSING MY LOOKS

... AND I BLAMED OUR SUMMER HEAT



THIS IS WHAT THE MIRROR SHOWED.

DANGER SIGNS OF TIREDNESS

1. DULL EYES.
2. DRAWN PINCHED LOOK.
3. PASTY LINES.
4. LIFELESS HAIR.



Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are tracking down **THE KID GLOVE KID:** Slickest crook on earth, who has sensationally robbed of jewels and bonds the safe of **MR. ROCKS:** A millionaire. By a trick Mandrake lures the Kid out of hiding, but he escapes into a dangerous

swamp. Lothar is in pursuit and is forced by the Kid to act as a guide over the treacherous mud, into which at last he falls. Mandrake rescues him, but in doing so gives the Kid the opportunity to cover them both with a revolver.

NOW READ ON:



Ten Little Niggers

Continued from Page 14

He took a letter from his pocket and tossed it onto the table. "This purports to be from an old friend of mine, Lady Constance Oulmington. I have not seen her for some years. She went to the East. It is exactly the kind of vague, incoherent letter she would write, urging me to join her here and referring to her host and hostess in the vaguest of terms."

"From all of which emerges one interesting point. Whoever it was who enticed us here, that person knows or has taken the trouble to find out a good deal about us all. He— whoever he may be— is aware of my friendship for Lady Constance, and is familiar with her epistolary style. He knows something about Doctor Armstrong's colleagues and their present whereabouts. He knows the nickname of Mr. Marston's friend and the kind of telegrams he sends. He knows exactly where Miss Brent was two years ago for her holiday and the kind of people she met there. He knows all about General Macarthur's old cronies."

He paused. Then he said: "He knows, you see, a good deal. And out of his knowledge concerning us he has made certain definite accusations."

Immediately a babel broke out. General Macarthur shouted: "A pack of lies! Slander!" Vera Claythorne cried out: "It's iniquitous!"

Rogers said hoarsely: "A lie—a wicked lie! We never did—neither of us!"

Anthony Marston growled: "Don't know what the fool was getting at!"

The upraised hand of Mr. Justice Wargrave calmed the tumult. He said, picking his words with care: "I wish to say this: Our unknown friends accuse me of the murder of one Edward Seton. I remember Seton perfectly well. He came up before me for trial in June of the year 1930. He was charged with the murder of an elderly woman. He was very ably defended and made a good impression on the jury in the

witness box. Nevertheless, on the evidence, he was certainly guilty. I summed up accordingly, and the jury brought in a verdict of guilty."

"In passing sentence of death, I concurred with the verdict. An appeal was lodged on the grounds of misdirection. The appeal was rejected and the man was duly executed. I wish to say before you all that my conscience is perfectly clear on the matter. I did my duty and nothing more. I passed sentence on a rightly convicted murderer."

Armstrong was remembering now. The Seton case! The verdict had come as a great surprise. And then, afterward, he had heard comments: "Judge was dead against him. Turned the jury right round and they brought him in guilty. Quite legal though. Old Wargrave knows his law."

"It was almost as though he had a private down on the fellow."

All these memories rushed through the doctor's mind. Before he could consider the wisdom of the question, he had asked impulsively: "Did you know Seton at all? I mean prior to the case?"

The hooded reptilian eyes met his. In a clear cold voice, the judge said: "I knew nothing of Seton prior to the case."

Armstrong said to himself: "The fellow's lying—I know he's lying."

Vera Claythorne spoke in a trembling voice. She said: "I'd like to tell you. About that child—Cyril Hamilton. I was nursery governess to him. He was forbidden to swim out far. One day when my attention was distracted, he started off. I swam after him. I couldn't get there in time. It was awful. But it wasn't my fault."

"At the inquest, the coroner exonerated me. And his mother—she was so kind. If even she didn't blame me, why should—why should this awful thing be said? It's not fair—not fair!" She broke down, weeping bitterly.

General Macarthur patted her shoulder. He said: "There, there,

my dear. Of course it's not true. Fellow's a madman. A madman!"

He stood erect, squaring his shoulders. He barked out: "Best really to leave this sort of thing unanswered. However, feel I ought to say—no truth—no truth whatever in what he said about—er—young Arthur Richmond. Richmond was one of my officers. I sent him on a reconnaissance. He was killed. Natural course of events in wartime. Wish to say, resent very much—alors on my wife. Best woman in the world. Absolutely, Caesar's wife!"

Lombard spoke. His eyes were amused. He said: "About those natives—"

"What about them?" Tony Marston said.

Philip Lombard grinned.

"Story's quite true! I left 'em! Matter of self-preservation. We were lost in the bush. I and a couple of other fellows took what food there was and cleared out."

General Macarthur said sternly: "You abandoned your men—left them to starve?"

Lombard said: "Not quite the act of a pukka sahib, I'm afraid. But self-preservation's a man's first duty. And natives don't mind dying, you know. They don't feel about it as Europeans do."

Vera lifted her face from her hands. She said, staring at him: "You left them—to die?"

Lombard answered: "I left them to die."

Anthony Marston said, in a slow, puzzled voice: "I've just been thinking—John and Lucy Combes. Must have been a couple of kids I ran over near Cambridge. Beasts! Bad luck."

Mr. Justice Wargrave said acidly: "For them, or for you?"

Anthony said: "Well, I was thinking—for me—but, of course, you're right, sir; it was bad luck on them. Of course, it was a pure accident. They rushed out of some cottage or other. I had my licence endorsed for a year. Beasts! nuisance."

DR. ARMSTRONG said warmly: "This speeding's all wrong—all wrong! Young men like you are a danger."

Anthony shrugged his shoulders. He said: "Speed's come to stay. English roads are hopeless, of course. Can't get up a decent pace on them." He looked round vaguely for his glass, picked it up off a table and went over to the side table and helped himself to another whisky and soda.

The manservant, Rogers, had been moistening his lips and twisting his hands. He said now, in a low, deferential voice: "If I might just say a word, sir?"

Lombard said: "Go ahead, Rogers." Rogers cleared his throat and passed his tongue once more over his dry lips.

"There was a mention, sir, of me and Mrs. Rogers. And of Miss Brady. There isn't a word of truth in it, sir. My wife and I were with Miss Brady till she died. She was always in poor health, sir—always from the time we came to her. There was a storm, sir, that night—the night she was taken bad. The telephone was out of order. We couldn't get the doctor to her. I went for him, sir, on foot. But he got there too late. We'd done everything possible for her, sir. Devoted to her, we were. Anyone will tell you the same. There was never a word said against us. Not a word."

Lombard looked thoughtfully at the man's twitching face, his dry lips, the fright in his eyes. He remembered the crash of the falling coffee tray.

Blore spoke—spoke in his hearty, bullying, official manner. He said: "Come into a little something at her death, though? Eh?"

Rogers drew himself up. He said stiffly: "Miss Brady left us a legacy in recognition of our faithful services. And why not, I'd like to know?"

Lombard said: "What about yourself, Mr. Blore?"

"What about me?"

"Your name was included in the list."

Blore went purple. "Landon, you mean? That was the bank robbery—London and Commercial."

Mr. Justice Wargrave stirred. He said: "I remember. It didn't come before me, but I remember the case. Landon was convicted on your evi-

dence. You were the police officer in charge of the case?"

Blore said: "I was."

"Landon got penal servitude for life and died in Dartmoor a year later. He was a delicate man."

Blore said: "He was a crook. It was he who knocked out the night-watchman. The case was quite clear against him."

Wargrave said slowly: "You were complimented, I think, on your able handling of the case."

Blore said sulkily: "I got my promotion." He added in a thick voice, "I was only doing my duty."

Lombard laughed—a sudden ringing laugh. He said: "What a duty-loving, law-abiding lot we all seem to be! Myself excepted. . . . What about you, doctor, and your little professional mistake?"

Doctor Armstrong, very much master of himself, shook his head good-humoredly. "I'm at a loss to understand the matter," he said. "The name meant nothing to me when it was spoken. What was it? Closes? Close? I really can't remember having a patient of that name or being connected with a death in any way. Of course, it's a long time ago. It might possibly be one of my operation cases in hospital. They come too late, so many of these people. Then, when the patient dies, they always consider it's the surgeon's fault."

He sighed, shaking his head.

He thought: Drunk, that's what it was—drunk, and I operated. Nerves all to pieces, hands shaking. I killed her, all right. But who could have known about it—after all these years?

There was a silence in the room. Everybody was looking, covertly or openly, at Emily Brent. It was a minute or two before she became aware of the expectation. Her eyebrows rose on her narrow forehead.

She said: "Are you waiting for me to say something? I have nothing to say."

The judge said: "Nothing, Miss Brent?"

"Nothing." Her lips closed tightly.

The judge stroked his face. He said mildly: "You reserve your defence?"

Miss Brent said coldly: "There is no question of defence. I have always acted in accordance with the dictates of my conscience. I have nothing with which to reproach myself."

The judge cleared his throat once or twice. Then he said: "Our inquiry rests there. Now, Rogers, who else is there on this island besides ourselves and you and your wife?"

"Nobody, sir. Nobody at all."

"You're sure of that?"

"Quite sure, sir."

Wargrave said: "I am not yet clear as to the purpose of our unknown host in getting us to assemble here. But in my opinion this person, whoever he may be, is not sane in the accepted sense of the word."

"HE may be dangerous. In my opinion, it would be well for us to leave this place as soon as possible. I suggest that we leave to-night."

Rogers said: "I beg your pardon, sir, but there's no boat on the island."

"No boat at all?"

"No, sir."

"How do you communicate with the mainland?"

"Fred Narraoott—he comes over every morning, sir. He brings the bread and milk and the post, and takes the orders."

Mr. Justice Wargrave said: "Then, in my opinion, it would be well if we all left to-morrow morning as soon as Narraoott's boat arrives."

There was a chorus of agreement, with only one dissentient voice. It was Anthony Marston who disagreed with the majority.

"A bit unsporting, what?" he said. "Ought to ferret out the mystery before we go. Whole thing's like a detective story. Positively thrilling."

The judge said acidly: "At my time of life I have no desire for 'thrills,' as you call them."

Anthony said, with a grin: "The legal life's narrowing! I'm all for crime! Here's to it!"

He picked up his drink and drank it off at a gulp.

Too quickly, perhaps. He choked—choked badly. His face contorted, turned purple. He gasped for breath; then slid down off his chair, the glass falling from his hand.

It was so sudden and so unexpected that it took everyone's breath away. They remained stupidly staring at the figure on the floor.

Then Doctor Armstrong jumped up and went over to him, kneeling beside him. When he raised his head, his eyes were bewildered. He said in a low, awe-struck whisper: "Great heaven! He's dead!"

They didn't take it in. Not at once. Dead? Dead? That young Norse god in the prime of his health and strength. Struck down all in a moment. Healthy young men didn't die like that, choking over a whisky and soda.

Doctor Armstrong was peering into the dead man's face. He sniffed at the blue, twisted lips. Then he picked up the glass from which Anthony Marston had been drinking.

General Macarthur said: "Dead? D'you mean the fellow just choked and—died?"

The physician said: "You can call it choking, if you like. He died of asphyxiation right enough."

He was sniffing now at the glass. He dipped a finger into the dregs and very cautiously just touched the finger to the tip of his tongue.

His expression altered. General Macarthur said: "Never knew a man could die like that—just a choking fit!"

Please turn to Page 42

"Like a MIRACLE"

De Witt's
Pills
ENDED
TERRIBLE



BACKACHE

Man and Wife
both benefit.

"I suffered in misery for a number of years with agonising pains in the back. After taking De Witt's Pills I was completely restored to health. I am more than grateful for the wonderful results."

Another letter from Mrs. O.C. . . . says: "My husband came home from work and could not straighten his back. He went to bed and I gave him your wonderful De Witt's Pills. In four days he was back at work. No matter who he meets he tells of the benefit De Witt's Pills gave—a miracle."

A MIRACLE! That's how one woman describes the case of her husband who, bed-ridden with backache, was able to return to work after four days, thanks to De Witt's Pills. She, too, suffered agonising back pains, but was completely restored to health by De Witt's Pills. Read her report on the left.

If you are a victim of backache or any form of kidney trouble get a supply of De Witt's Pills to-day. Take a dose to-night. In the morning discoloured urine proves that De Witt's Pills are cleansing your kidneys of poisons and impurities. But don't expect one or two doses to effect a miracle. Take them regularly for a few days and you will be delighted to find your pains disappear. You will regain the priceless gift of vigorous health. Now is the time to start with the remedy made especially for weak or sluggish kidneys.

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills

made especially to end the pain of Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains, Urinary Disorders and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Obtainable from chemists and storekeepers everywhere, prices 1/9, 3/- and 8/9.

TO BEAUTIFY YOUR SKIN IS IMPORTANT



HINDS soaks skin to new smoothness—lasting softness. Its quicker-acting softeners sink in deeply, lubricating the skin, keeping it fresh, fine and smooth. Use Hinds Cream regularly—morning and night. It's quicker acting because extra creamy—every drop works!

1/- and 2/- everywhere

The 2/- size contains four times the quantity of the 1/- size.

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HINDS Cream
HONEY & ALMOND

J. B. Priestley finds more 'good companions'

In "Let the People Sing" we meet the homely English having fun

Plenty has to happen in a radio serial, so J. B. Priestley's new book, "Let the People Sing," the first new novel ever to be broadcast before publication by the B.B.C., is crammed with action.

Mr. Priestley's book is a back-to-the-good-old-days crusade for people to defend their liberties and make their own fun.

IN a small English town, Dunbury, he stages a revolution of the people against routine lives created by industry and against the snobbish landed gentry who think they know better than the people themselves what is good for them.

A hilarious assortment of people are recruited for the battle—Timmy Tiverton, out-of-work comedian; a learned Czech professor; Daisy Barley, one-time darling of the variety halls; Fred Hassock, itinerant auctioneer and free entertainment entrepreneur; his pretty niece, Hope Ollerton; Hope's bashful admirer, Roger Bliss; Fern Mittingley, the factory girl who tries to look like a film star; Sir George Denberry-Baxter, hard-drinking, roaring ex-colonial governor; and Tom Largs, leader of the band, on the one side.

On the other—Lady Foxfield, "a soldierly-looking woman with big, craggy features that had been heavily powdered so that she looked not unlike a whitewashed sergeant-major"; the directors of United Plastics, an unbreakable ware factory; Col. Hazelhead, "a very tall, thin man who looked like some kind of bird that had found its way inside a tweed suit much too large for it."

Lady Shephard, so overdressed she was not unlike "a revival of the May Day processions with prizes for the best cart-horses."

Arch yes-man Mr. Fanningley; Major Shiptonhorpe, a "solitor in the gentlemanly interests;" and

Tired, Nervous at Middle Age

WORRIED, HEADACHY, SHAKY

"For a long time I have been very run-down, nervous and worried," states Mrs. J.T.C. of Murrumbidgee, N.S.W. "I had headaches, and any little worry would make me so shaky that I had to lie down. I hated anyone speaking to me during these bad times."

"I read that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were good for the ill-health middle-aged women frequently experience, and I also found these pills splendid. My nerves are well again, and the headaches and flushes have vanished. I am happier, feel full of energy, always ready for meals and can now do my own housework again."

At middle age, worry, pains, weariness, headaches and worn-out nerves make life a burden for many people. Understand that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills prove most beneficial and helpful, for these pills always help to revitalize the system with new, rich blood. Gain sound nerves, new strength and vigour now by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—3/- bottle, at chemists and stores.

SURFER'S FOOT
is RINGWORM

Treat it as such
with IODEX

If the skin between your toes is red and itchy or has turned dead-white, moist and sulky, it may be Surfer's Foot. If neglected you will carry this infection wherever you go barefoot and you may infect your family and friends. Treat this stubborn infection with IODEX, which kills the fungus and quickly soothes and heals the damaged tissues. Used by doctors all over the world.

From all Chemists PRICE 2/-

IODEX

Commander Spofforth, who believed in direct action—"A few people to give orders and the rest to obey 'em."

A series of startling events lands this odd collection in Dunbury.

Timmy, mistaken for an I.R.A. bomb thrower, escapes in a train goods-carriage and meets the Czech professor also hiding from the law as he has no permit. They decide to stand together, and, armed with a letter of introduction, call on the eccentric Sir George, spending an evening of wine and song with him that begins with Mozart and ends with "Roly Poly for Mrs. Moly," led by Timmy.

They leave hurriedly when police appear. On the road they meet Fred Hassock and his niece in their caravan and are ultimately engaged as entertainers to provide the programme that will lure the townspeople along to the auction sale.

In Dunbury they find that the entertainment licence for the Market Hall, originally built as an amusement hall for the people, has been withdrawn.

A diplomatic battle is being fought between the landed gentry who want the hall for a museum and United Plastics who want it for show-rooms.

After a rehearsal Timmy has to flee from the police, and at a roadhouse finds the proprietress is his old friend Daisy Barley.

Daisy joins the ranks of the army fighting for the people's rights.

More startling events lead up to the crucial day of battle.

Goaded into action

FERN leads a strike at United Plastics against speeded-up work. Dozens of husbands, usually lethargic about the people's rights, are goaded into action by wives who have lost their tempers because all the week-end roasts came in a shipment of tough meat. Betsy Swinton, shop assistant in the corner drapery store, gives Lady Foxfield a lesson in good manners, and Edward, employed in the hardware shop, does the same to Mr. Fanningley.

Finally the eccentric host of Timmy and the Professor, Sir George Denberry-Baxter, is asked to arbitrate in the dispute over the hall.

Sir George is side-tracked to Daisy's roadhouse, where he is fed on rich foods, generous libations of her best wines and suitable propaganda by the supporters of the people, and sent off to the meeting in fine form.

The arbitrator is not impressed by any of the speakers in the museum or the showroom groups, and tells them so rather forcefully.

He finds Lady Foxfield specially distasteful and disapproves of her ideas on British traditions.

To everyone's astonishment he calls upon the Professor to tell the meeting what he thinks are the great traditions of England.

"The great traditions of this country," cried the Professor in a loud, clear voice (and probably the voice also of Mr. Priestley) "are these: First, the liberty of the individual. So long as they do no harm to others, men must be allowed to develop in their own way. Second, that which goes with liberty—toleration."

"Third, voluntary public service. Fourth, a very deep love, a poetical love, rooted deep down in the unconscious, of England and the English way of life, of the fields and

woods, flowers and birds, of pastimes, of the poets and story-tellers.

"Fifth, which you find everywhere among the common people, humor and irony, and along with these a profound depth of sentiment..."

Sir George, awing but still dignified, begins an impassioned speech supporting the rights of the people, which ends incoherently in his views on what constitutes a good band.

"Let the people sing," cries a man in the gallery, coming to the rescue.

On this rallying cry the meeting breaks up in disorder, and, led by the hastily reorganised town band, the people march to take possession of the amusement hall that rightly belongs to them.

Mr. Priestley deplores the fact that machine-made entertainment is robbing people of the initiative to amuse themselves.

In the words of Timmy, lost in a world that seems "plain barny," "All machines now. Films—fun out of tin. Wireless—more machines. And now these Hitlers and Mussolins with their machines."

Both Mr. Priestley and the B.B.C. seem to have overlooked the ironic fact that his good-humored crusade

was practised from one of the very agencies of impersonal entertainment which he deplores!

In fact, Dunbury's revolution—the rallying of the defunct town band and the march of the Dunbury population to take possession of its own amusement hall—is so exhilarating that neither Mr. Priestley nor the B.B.C. should have been surprised if every listener in England had turned off or smashed his radio and rushed out into the village street to sing and dance. "Let the people sing."

"Let the People Sing" J. B. Priestley. (Heinemann.)



J. B. PRIESTLEY has been called historian of the homely English. Here he is in his own home atmosphere, carpet slippers and all.

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EMILY BRENT

said in a clear voice: "In the midst of life we are in death."

Doctor Armstrong stood up. He said brusquely: "No, a man doesn't die of a mere choking fit. Marston's death wasn't what we call a natural death."

Vera said, almost in a whisper: "Was there—something—in the whisky?"

Armstrong nodded. "Yes. Can't say exactly. Everything points to one of the cyanides. No distinctive smell of prussic acid; probably potassium cyanide. It acts pretty well instantaneously."

The judge said sharply: "It was in his glass?"

"Yes."

The doctor strode to the table where the drinks were. He removed the stopper from the whisky, and smelled and tasted it. Then he tasted the soda water. He shook his head. "They're both all right."

Lombard said: "You mean that he must have put the stuff in his glass himself?"

Armstrong nodded, with a curiously dissatisfied expression. He said: "Seems like it."

Blore said: "Suicide, eh? That's a queer go."

Vera said slowly "You'd never think that he would kill himself. He was so alive. He was—oh, enjoying himself! When he came down the hill in his car this evening, he looked—he looked— Oh, I can't explain!"

But they knew what she meant. Anthony Marston, in the height of his youth and manhood, had seemed like a being who was immortal. And

now, crumpled and broken, he lay on the floor.

Doctor Armstrong said: "Is there any possibility other than suicide?"

Slowly, they all shook their heads. There could be no other explanation. The drinks themselves were untampered with. They had all seen Anthony Marston go across and help himself.

And yet, why should Anthony Marston commit suicide?

Blore said thoughtfully: "You know, doctor, it doesn't seem right to me. I shouldn't have said Mr. Marston was a suicidal type of gentleman."

Armstrong answered: "I agree."

They left it like that. What else was there to say?

Together, Armstrong and Lombard had carried the inert body of Anthony Marston to his bedroom and had laid him there, covered over with a sheet.

When they came downstairs again the others were standing in a group, shivering a little, though the night was not cold.

Emily Brent said: "We'd better go to bed. It's late."

It was past twelve o'clock. The suggestion was a wise one, yet everyone hesitated. It was as though they clung to one another's company for reassurance.

The judge said: "Yes, we must get some sleep."

Rogers said: "I haven't cleared yet—in the dining-room."

Lombard said curtly: "Do it in the morning."

Armstrong said to him: "Is your wife all right?"

Ten Little Niggers

Continued from Page 40

"I'll go and see, sir."

He returned a minute or two later.

"Sleeping beautiful, she is."

"Good," said the doctor. "Don't disturb her."

"No, sir. I'll just put things straight in the dining-room and make sure everything's locked up right, and then I'll turn in."

He went across the hall into the dining-room.

The others went upstairs, a slow, unwinding procession.

If it had been an old house, with creaking wood and dark shadows and heavily panelled walls, there might have been an eerie feeling.

But this house was the essence of modernity. There were no dark corners, no possible sliding panels; it was flooded with electric light.

They exchanged good nights on the upper landing. Each of them went into his or her own room, and each of them automatically, almost without conscious thought, locked the door.

I

N his pleasant, softly tinted room, Mr. Justice Wargrave removed his garments and prepared himself for bed.

He was thinking about Edward Seton. He remembered Seton very well. His fair hair, his blue eyes, his habit of looking you straight in the face with a pleasant air of straightforwardness. That was what had made so good an impression on the jury.

Llewellyn, for the Crown, had bungled it a bit. He had been over-

vehement, had tried to prove too much.

Matthews, on the other hand, for the defence, had been good. His points had told. His cross-examination had been deadly. His handling of his client in the witness box had been masterly. And Seton had come through the ordeal of cross-examination well. He had not got excited or over-vehement. The jury had been impressed. It had seemed to Matthews, perhaps, as though everything had been over, bar the shouting.

The judge wound up his watch carefully and placed it by the bed. He remembered exactly how he had felt, sitting there, listening, making notes, appreciating everything, tabulating every scrap of evidence that told against the prisoner.

He'd enjoyed that case. Matthews' final speech had been first class. Llewellyn, coming after it, had failed to remove the good impression that the defending counsel had made.

And then had come his own summing up.

Hoarding his eyes, the judge smiled to himself. He'd cooked Seton's goose all right!

With a slightly rheumatic grunt, he climbed into bed and turned out the electric light.

Downstairs in the dining-room Rogers stood, puzzled. He was staring at the china figures in the centre of the table.

He muttered to himself. "That's a rum go. I could have sworn there were ten of them."

General Macarthur tossed from side to side. Sleep would not come to him.

I

N the darkness he kept seeing Arthur Richmond's face.

He'd liked Arthur; he'd been really fond of Arthur. He'd been pleased that Leslie liked him, too.

Leslie was so capricious. Lots of good fellows that Leslie would turn up her nose at and pronounce dull. "Dull!" Just like that.

But she hadn't found Arthur Richmond dull. They'd got on well together from the beginning. They'd talked of plays and music and pictures together. She'd teased him, made fun of him, ragged him. And he, Macarthur, had been delighted at the thought that Leslie took quite a motherly interest in the boy!

He'd loved Leslie. He could see her now. Her heart-shaped face, and her dancing deep grey eyes, and the brown curling mass of her hair. He'd loved Leslie and he'd believed in her absolutely. Out there in France, he'd sat thinking of her, taken her picture out of the breast pocket of his tunic.

And then, he'd found out! It had come about exactly in the way things happened in books. The letter in the wrong envelope. She'd been writing to them both and she'd put her letter to Richmond in the envelope addressed to her husband. Even now, all these years later, he could feel the shock of it, the pain.

And the business had been going on some time. The letter made that clear. Week-ends! Richmond's last leave. Leslie—Leslie and Arthur!

Curse the fellow! Curse his smiling face, his brist "Yes, sir." Liar and hypocrite! Stealer of another man's wife!

To be continued

Women welcome the Luxury of THE NEW *Super-milled* LIFEBOUOY

HERE IS A NEW LIFEBOUOY, extra mild and as gentle as a baby soap... a toilet soap that is New in its appearance, its lather and its beautifying effect on your skin....

SO SMART AND LUXURIOUS... See the new clean coral pink colour which is toned to grace the smartest of modern bathrooms. New Super-Milled Lifebuoy's silky, richer, caressing lather makes bathing a luxury, because it is so mild and deep cleansing.

AND YOU'RE PROTECTED SO DISCREETLY The discreet fragrance of New Super-Milled Lifebuoy is more than just a perfume—it helps to protect you, too. Refreshing as a Spring shower... clean and tangy as a sea breeze. And remember, New Super-Milled Lifebuoy makes you secure from even the slightest risk of offending with "B.O." (Body Odour).



★ Men often prefer "Regular" Lifebuoy. Buy a supply for Dad and the Boys.

THE HOMEMAKER

February 3, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

Dramatise the beauty of ... YOUR HANDS

MAKE them appealing—soft to touch, pretty to look at, fragrant and well-groomed. Wear tinkling bracelets or rings for glamor, and choose nail lacquers for attractive color.

The uncared-for, work-worn hand might indicate plenty of housewifely virtues, but it is the lovely, well-groomed hand that attracts the attention and causes the gaze to linger.

SO that if you are a woman and more than a year old you should already know that logic, an appeal to a man's mind, isn't nearly so potent as an appeal to his senses, if you want to attract his attention and devotion to yourself.

Begin with your hands, for example. Men notice hands.

Of course, then, make them look nice to his eyes. But don't stop there. It isn't enough just to prink up your hands to look pretty.

Make them sound pretty, feel soft, smell intoxicating—make them enchanting in every way.

You don't believe your hands can sound pretty? Why do you suppose the lovelies of Oriental harems wore silver rings hung with clusters of tiny bells?

Why do you suppose those tinkling bangles are in again? Why do you suppose the glamor girls are wearing them?

Go right out and hunt up some fascinating piece—a tinkling bangle, or, if you can find one—it might be in an Oriental jewellery shop—a

By JANETTE



USE HAND-LOTION regularly, especially after washing the hands, to keep them soft and white. Rub in as shown here.

ring that flaunts tiny jingling bells every time you move your hand.

These things can make your hands sound pretty.

Get yourself several bracelets, to make your hands sound animated and exciting. They will help to make men aware of your dynamic hands and you.

Then set about making your hands fragrant, ravishingly nice. Be sure, first of all, that they are free of the odors of your workaday hours.

The vegetables you peel, the washing-up water, the oil of your sewing machine or typewriter, even the medicines and milk bottles of a man's own baby, can smell sordid and unromantic on a woman's hands.

Use your antiseptic mouth wash to free the skin of such taint. Or put a pinch of perfumed bath salts in your hand basin. Or scrub your hands with lemon peel when you finish your day's work.

Nice toilet soap, good hand creams or lotions, all these will help to

banish the odors that are redolent of hand work, and leave a fragrance more conducive to hand romance.

And dramatise the sweetness of your hands by touching them with your perfume the last thing before you leave your dressing table.

A rich perfume, floating from your hands while you dance—a brisk herbal cologne from hands that sew or play games—makes the men about you conscious of your charms.

It is nice to have the gloves you wear, the books you read, the wool you knit, all carry a faint lingering fragrance of your hands.

And, of course, your hands must feel soft and velvety. Hands should feel womanish.

It is all very well to be capable and efficient, fine to do all kinds of grubby jobs as your share of homemaking for the ones you love.

But don't revel in your martyrdom with grubby hands, or you spoil the virtues of what you do.

And don't think of sallying forth

DAILY ATTENTION for hands and fingernails is part of the beauty routine of Marie Wilson, Warner Bros. star in the picture above.

to meet new people without smoothing your hands down to silky softness.

All kinds of beauty aids will help you. One kind is the hand cream or lotion—your chemist has it—that is ideal for last-minute use, dries quickly, acts fast, softens and smooths all the horny, scratchy, papery skin, yet leaves no greasy or tacky residue to spoil your hands for gloves.

Rich cream

THE other cream for soft hands isn't primarily a hand cream, but it is fearfully good and important for your hands. It's your richest, greediest, fattiest night cream for your face (the kind which wrinkles and dry skin just lap up).

If you'll rub and smooth and wring a lot of this into your hands at bedtime—when the greasy, tacky residue does not matter—you can keep your hands delightfully smooth.

Hands probably look prettiest with the subtle rosy shades of polish. But clothes fashions will influence your choice, so the degree of rosalness will vary according to your coloring and the color of your dress.

But keep in mind the fact that pale hands, pink-tipped, are the ideal of feminine prettiness, in men's eyes. That's your cue for appeal to his sense of sight.

Don't fail to watch your hands for awkward mannerisms. Especially if you are a high-strung person.

Keep tabs on your hands, to make all their movements appealing, not appalling.



LOVELY expressive hands, as beautiful as the jewelled cigarette-case they are holding. If you wear your nails long, then you must tend them assiduously to keep them even and impeccably polished, to make them look pretty like those photographed here. But remember that overlong talon-like nails are a women's fashion that only women adore. Men don't like them—they look catty and aren't really feminine, they say, especially if lacquered a bizarre color.



"Damp-Set" your hair with Velmol

IT works on hair of any texture . . . On any wave, natural or permanent . . . and takes but four minutes! It's the marvellous new way to "damp-set" your hair in deep, firm, sparkling waves or curls—and save many shillings, and many hours of time.

And it's so easy! All you need is brush, comb, and a little VELMOL. (A bottle is only 2/- at any chemist, or toilet counter.)

No more need to bunch hair under nets—"Damp-setting" keeps hair fastidiously fresh . . . keeps waves so firm and neat . . . yet never "stiff" or "greasy."

Holds finger-wave for days. Makes 'perm.' last a lot longer.

For garden color and beauty

GROW HIPPEASTRUMS

THESE amaryllis gems are most accommodating, for they are one of the few bulbous plants that can be retarded in order to make them bloom at almost any part of the summer.—SAYS THE OLD GARDENER.

WHILE the picture on this page gives a fair idea of the magnificence of this lily-like flower, it cannot depict the actual size or the varied colors of the modern, greatly improved types.

Australians have, in recent years, paid great attention to the hippeastrum, and some of the best varieties in the world were locally produced.

To see the old-fashioned amaryllis, as the hippeastrum used to be called, no one would imagine that such a regal flower could have been produced by hybridisation.

To-day we have blooms measuring eight and nine inches across, some bright almost to gaudiness, and others quietly colored and really beautiful.

Every year I lift a few of them from the soil and store them during winter in a box of dry sand.

They go to sleep and rest without making green shoots until about September or October, when I re-plant them, give them plenty of feed and water, and then they flower again about April, when colorful flowers are in demand.

They are gross feeders, and never make satisfactory growth if planted in poor soil. Good loamy soil that is rich in old manure and leaf mould suits them admirably.

Hippeastrums also do well in pots, but they require to be well drained, and do best if three or four are planted together so that they do not have too much room.

When grown in pots they require to be left alone for at least two years, hence the necessity for making the soil richer and stronger than



GLAMOROUS HIPPEASTRUMS, brilliant, richly-colored flowers that bloom in summer and often measure eight and nine inches across. They are a production of hybridisation from the old-fashioned lily-like amaryllis, and the resulting regal beauty is so remarkable that to describe the hippeastrums now as glamorous is apt indeed. Hippeastrums grow well in pots.

SHE OPENED AN UNSIGNED LETTER!



AN UNSIGNED LETTER! A cowardly thing, perhaps—but for Nancy—what a blessing! For in no other way would Nancy have realized that underarm odour was spoiling all her other charms—that she could easily be popular, with Mum!

It's hard for friends to speak to a girl about a fault like underarm odour. And yet it's easy to offend this way and never know it—to think a daily bath is enough for charm, when underarms always need special care!

No smart girl trusts a bath alone to keep her fresh and sweet. For a bath removes only *pass* perspiration—it can't prevent odour. Mum can! Remember, more women use Mum than any other deodorant . . . more screen stars, more

nurses, more girls like you! It's so pleasant, so easy to use, so dependable.

EASY! You can apply Mum in 30 seconds, before or after you're dressed. And even after underarm shaving, Mum actually soothes your skin!

SAFE! Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric.

SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odour for a full day or evening. In friendships—in love—complete daintiness is so all important that it's foolish to take chances with your charm. Get a jar of Mum to-day—and use it daily. Then you'll always be sure that you're sweet!

Obtainable everywhere. Purse Size, 9d.; Regular Size, 1/6; Double Size, 2/6.

WITH MUM YOUR BATH LASTS ALL DAY LONG



when they are grown in the open flower bed.

Just before flowering it is advisable to rest the bulbs for about two months, gradually reducing the water supply and giving them no more until the foliage has withered down.

Once the foliage has withered, water well, and the flower stems will appear. An old friend of mine plants his hippeastrums in the shade of hydrangeas. They get water with the hydrangeas, and then, in winter, when the shrubs are resting, he puts a fork into the soil all round where the bulbs have been planted and gives them a slight loosening up.

Water is then applied, and by the time the hydrangea shrubs are beginning to wake up the hippeastrum flower stems appear and the big trumpets open.

Repotting

WHEN repotting or lifting hippeastrums, shake off all the old soil from the roots and take off all the offsets. In three or four years these youngsters will flower. Some of the varieties set seed very well, and from these new varieties can often be obtained, but the process of raising new plants from seed is very slow.

Valiota purpurea is another member of the amaryllis family which can be retarded and made to flower at almost any time of the year.

I have about 100 bulbs in my garden growing at different stages, with the result that these bright scarlet flowers are almost continuously in bloom.

They need similar treatment to the hippeastrum, but they flower when their foliage is at its best.

Another bulb that does best when planted in January-February is the

Spanish Iris. They prefer a light, loamy soil that has been deeply dug and well enriched with old manure, and like most of the family do better if the soil has plenty of lime incorporated in it.

Lachenalias are another bulb for present-day planting. These pretty little Cape cowslips, as some people call them, have low-growing, dark, fleshy leaves, covered with chocolate spots, and their flowers resemble waxy yellow and red hyacinths.

They are particularly well adapted to fibre or pot growing, and for this purpose rich loam and some peat moss, a little sulphate of potash,

significant, but if the bulbs are set out in batches of half a dozen will make a fine display in the border.

They dislike being disturbed and should be left to remain in the border or bed for two or three years at least, after which the bulbs may be lifted, allowed to dry out and then divided.

Ranunculi are well known to the average gardener, but it may be seasonable to remind readers that February is the best month for setting out the claws or bulbs.

Loamy soil

THEY like well-drained positions and do best in loamy soil of a fair consistency. Well-decayed manure, some bonedust, and a sprinkling of superphosphate will produce vigorous plants.

Very big claws may be divided into two or three parts at planting time, but the division should not be too severe or spindling plants may result.

Sparaxis are very colorful dwarf-growing bulbous plants. They require a sunny position on the edge of the garden and are very easy to grow providing the soil is light and well drained.

Other bulbous plants that can be sown this month are snowflakes and *ixias*. Snowflakes are another member of the family that dislikes being lifted every year.

They flower profusely if left in thick clumps for years, and it seems to me that the stems are longer and stronger when the clumps are root-bound and crowded.

Ixias are useful for cutting, and are one of the brightest of the early spring flowering bulbs. They can be obtained in a variety of colors, yellow, mauve and yellow, tomato-red, and bright green.

FOR cool climates of the Commonwealth, tulips are ideal subjects, and in limestone areas, where the winter is long and cold, they flower extremely well.

They may be planted any time up to the end of March in Victoria, the cool parts of South Australia, West Australia, Tasmania, and the highlands and tablelands of New South Wales.

and some pulverised decayed cow manure will force them ahead.

Ornithogalum, or Star of Bethlehem, is another very useful bulbous flower that should be planted in February. The blooms, which are borne on long stems, are creamy-white, with yellow anthers and shiny black or green ovaries.

The flowers last well when cut, and as they open up from the bottom make a fine display when fully mature.

Sown alone they are rather in-

What a pretty picture Joan makes in her
Persil-washed frock!



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THE MAIN ENTRANCE. The door is of ribbed glass set flush in chrome, and surrounded by a wall of glass bricks. Main walls are white and railings ice-blue. Notice how the upstairs windows fit into the contour of the building.



THE FIREPLACE END of the lounge-room. The panel on the wall is polished golden putt pine and depicts the sea voyages and discoveries of an admiral ancestor of the owner. Upholstery is off-white and cushions are in dull blue, red, and old-gold. Curtains at the circular window are oyster brocade over white silk nixon.

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NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

A23

REMINISCENT of a great white-painted ocean-going liner is the picturesque home pictured here.

The house was designed by Mr. R. A. de R. Prevost as his own home, and is actually a splendid example of the beauty that can be achieved with planned architecture.

A feature of the design is the huge circular window in front of the house offset with porthole-like windows to one side.

Another large window in the long side of the house makes a complete circle. The front door, ribbed glass set flush in chrome, is surrounded by an enormous panel of glass bricks which allows the light to filter through into the entrance hall inside.

Great lounge-room

THE main feature of the interior is the great lounge-room, 54 by 80 feet. Its furnishings and decoration are a triumph of color and line blending.

Looking down the room from the fireplace end, the eye travels down an expanse of oyster-toned carpet flush to the walls, past cream-white walls beyond the glass brick entrance and front door, through a square arch into a circular sunroom with bow terminal window.

Here curtains of deep peach over oyster silk nixon fall from ceiling to floor, while chairs show ice-blue brocade and grey woodwork.

Keeping our stand by the fireplace and looking down the centre of the room the eye is arrested by a curving wall of pale blue. Actually this is the wall of a tiny dining-room. There is no door—the wall just ceases when necessary to allow egress and the blue wall is capped by a pale pink ceiling.

Through this cosy circular room with old mahogany furniture you pass through a door into a server; and then to the kitchen.



FRONT VIEW of the house, showing the big curving bow window, porthole windows on one side and sun decking. To the right, just beyond the entrance steps, you can glimpse a big circular window.



THE ENTRANCE HALL and sunroom beyond. The glass bricks around the door allow the daylight to filter through into the hall. The sunroom is decorated in deep peach and ice-blue. Carpeting is in an oyster tone. Walls are cream-white.

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1' BOX OF 12

Those holiday

SORE THROATS

WHAT MY PATIENTS
ASK ME . . . By a Doctor

PATIENT: Doctor, my little girl and the children she has been playing with have been complaining of sore throats. Do you think this is serious? Could sore throats have anything to do with diphtheria?

Doctor: Just lately, during the summer holidays, many children have been suffering from sore throats.

The trouble is not due to diphtheria, otherwise we should have heard all about it in the daily Press; it is probably the result of an infective tonsillitis due to the germs called streptococci.

There are always children, apparently well, who harbor these germs in their tonsils, and at holiday resorts, in bathing pools, and on our beaches they readily hand them on to their playmates.

Nobody has ever found out exactly why we and our children possess tonsils. We can get on perfectly well without them; but they may serve some purpose in entrapping the germs which enter our mouths and noses with every breath we take.

But they easily become infected, and when that happens the response is a very prompt swelling, with inflammation and pain, soreness, a great difficulty in swallowing, a high temperature, a rapid pulse, and a general feeling of illness. There have been a great many children with such symptoms during the recent vacation.

Will give trouble

AS I have said, the germ which is most frequently responsible for outbreaks of tonsillitis is the streptococcus, and when once the tonsils become infected with it they are likely to keep on giving trouble.

In tonsillitis, as a rule, the throat, when the inside is inspected, is purplish-red and swollen; whereas diphtheria causes the development of a greyish-white membrane.

That distinction is very important; the cure of diphtheria depends on an early diagnosis and the injection at the earliest moment of a proper dose of antitoxin.

But these children with what we may call the "Christmas holiday" sore throats should be promptly put to bed.

The doctor can always apply to the infected tonsils any one of a number of antiseptics which will kill the germs on their surfaces; and he can control the child's temperature.

As home remedies hot packs on the neck give great relief from the pain and soreness in the throat, and a gargle containing a small amount of bicarbonate of soda and of common salt (a teaspoon of each

in a pint of lukewarm water) helps to wash out the discharge and to make swallowing easier. But if these cases of acute tonsillitis in school-children are not properly treated they become chronic and are often dangerous because of their later effects.

That is the reason why doctors always recommend that tonsils which remain continuously inflamed and swollen should be removed by surgical operation.

Tonsillitis, of itself, is never a fatal disease; but the infection does spread.

It may spread from the throat into the delicate structures of the middle ears, causing deafness and chronic discharge; the streptococci in the tonsils may, and often do, travel through the blood stream to the joints or to the heart.

These things are serious disorders; they should warn us that a series of sore throats in a child of school age should never be neglected.

A very long time has passed now since the medical profession first realised that infected tonsils are closely connected with various serious diseases in other parts of the body; and tonsils are often removed simply because they are so enlarged as to interfere with breathing during the day and to cause snoring at night.

Chronic complaints

A GREAT deal of scientific work has been done which proves that infection in the tonsils may be carried to many other parts of the body and there set up dangerous conditions which may threaten life or make the patient a chronic invalid.

There are, beyond all doubt, patients with heart, joint and kidney disease for which tonsillitis is primarily responsible.

And there is also evidence which shows the close relation between tonsillitis, common colds, fatigue, nervousness and rheumatic pains.

IF doctors could prove that removal of the tonsils early in a child's life would completely prevent, or at least very much lessen, the number of grave complaints, then all doctors would perhaps recommend the removal of children's tonsils as a routine.

But there is at yet no proof that the taking out of tonsils would, alone, produce such benefits.

It is not only disease of the tonsils which is responsible for such infections as common colds, for continuous sore throats, for nervousness and fatigue.

The adenoid tissue, very much the same in its structure as the tonsils, which lies in the back of the throat, may also become seriously infected with germs in the same way as the tonsils, and cause infection in other parts of the body, as well as a general stunting in mental and physical growth.

And, to tell the truth, the doctor who removes infected tonsils will find, nine times in ten, that he must remove infected and enlarged adenoids as well.

There is no doubt that the removal of infected tonsils and adenoids early in life does greatly reduce the incidence of sore throats and common colds in the community; there is more than enough evidence to warrant the prompt removal of tonsils (and of adenoids) that are infected or greatly enlarged.

In two of the diseases that commonly attack children, scarlet fever and diphtheria, most of the symptoms are connected with the throat; and, in the future, doctors will have to consider whether removal of the tonsils will be of any assistance in preventing these diseases or in lessening their severity.

Children who catch diphtheria and who, at the same time, have enlarged tonsils nearly always suffer more than those whose tonsils have been removed.



And children whose tonsils have been removed, or in whom the tonsils are very small, very rarely suffer from sore throats of any sort.

What I have been trying to point out is that large, infected tonsils are a menace, not only to their owner, but to other children as well.

TWO SMALL GIRLS enjoy their playtime in the garden. However, if one should complain of a sore throat she will be kept away from contact with other children until she recovers. Sore throats are passed from one child to the other very easily.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM VARIOUS PARASITES

IN both the animal and vegetable kingdoms there are found numerous examples of "parasites."

These animals, plants, or organisms instead of remaining in their own habitat or environment use that of another species, getting a footing when conditions are suitable.

They then draw the nutriment for their existence from the sap or the blood of their victims, who in time can be affected and seriously weakened by these parasites.

Some of these types are fairly common and are sometimes met with in early childhood.

Early treatment is always the most important step in treating and getting rid of any parasites, but it is advisable to know the correct treatment in each case.

A special leaflet dealing with the problem has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. Any reader interested in the subject can obtain a leaflet free of cost by sending a request, together with a stamped addressed envelope, to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299 Y.Y., G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

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WRITER'S STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

Aquarians are planners of a better and nobler world

"GIVE us a better world to live in," say Aquarians (January 20-February 19). They are the reformers of the zodiac.

They belong to a sign which is ruled by the great planet Uranus, the planet that breaks down in order that it may again build up more securely than before.

This creates a rather radical, unconventional, unorthodox, and independent element in the nature, which causes many of the associates of Aquarians to regard them as cranks and trouble makers.

Aquarians really can deserve these names, of course, but the average Aquarian does not. His ideals are high and his motives (generally) pure. It is just that he likes to create an element of surprise and an urge for reform in all that he does.

It so happens that Aquarius is also governed by the great sobering planet, Saturn.

The people of this sign, when at their best, do wonderful work for the betterment of the world in general, and for the poor, down-trodden or unfortunate in particular.

Aquarians are those whose birth-days fall anywhere between January 20 and February 19. Also, though to a lesser extent, those in whose individual star-maps for the true moment of birth the moon was in the sign

Aquarius, or that sign was just appearing over the eastern horizon.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Many Arians can turn February 3 and 4 to good account.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Be sure your sins will find you out if you are rash or careless on February 7, 8, and 9. Extreme caution is advised. Also the avoidance of discord, changes, losses, partings, and upsets when possible.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): You have a chance to make good at this time unless your individual star-map happens to say otherwise. Be sure to keep busy and to start new ventures or changes on February 7, 8, and 9. Ask favors.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): Your job is to concentrate on outstanding routine work and to plan quietly for the near future. February 10 just fair.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): You can be your own worst enemies at this time, so take all precautions to avoid arguments, partings, losses, upsets, opposition, disappointments and other troubles. Especially on February 7, 8, and 9.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Get semi-important matters under way, unless they can wait some time. Indications just fair on February 5 and 6.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Lively Librans can turn the starry influences to good account in



WRITING HOME. Safe in the English countryside, these school-children crowd around the village letter box to post that daily letter to Mum in London.

their lives on February 7, 8, and 9 by commencing new enterprises, changes, advancements, asking favors, etc., then.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Good times are just ahead, but meanwhile you must live with extreme caution and wisdom if you would dodge the clasp of "Old Man Gloom." Avoid changes and new enterprises if possible, and con-

centrate on unimportant routine work on February 7, 8, and 9.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Quite fair for you on February 3 and 4. Get busy on outstanding matters not yet finalised. Small opportunities likely.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Just days for most Capricornians this week.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Hard work and wisdom will go far toward producing opportunities and advancements for many Aquarians at this time. February 7, 8, and 9 should not be wasted, for matters started then have a very fair

I'VE TRIED EVERY KIND OF REMEDY—IT'S ABSURD TO SUPPOSE A FOOD CAN RELIEVE MY CONSTIPATION!

BUT IT CAN!
 ONCE YOU REALISE
 WHAT CAUSES
 CONSTIPATION YOU'LL
 UNDERSTAND WHY

How a crisp, nut-sweet breakfast cereal ends constipation naturally—without drugs or medicines

MOST PEOPLE, when they are constipated—bilious, headachy, sour and depressed—turn to medicines for relief. Yet this, as any doctor will tell you, is but a makeshift way of dealing with a serious problem.

You see, constipation is caused by food, and must be relieved by food!

The reason food causes constipation is that most of it lacks "bulk." Meat, eggs, fish, white bread, potatoes and milk—all the staples of modern diet contain so little

bulk that they get almost completely absorbed by the system. The residue of waste left in the bowels is too slight for the bowel muscles to be able to "take hold of it." In consequence these muscles get so little exercise that they become weak and unequal to their task.

A food that strengthens the bowel muscles

That, briefly, is what causes constipation—and the way to correct it is simple. You must strengthen the bowel muscles so that they can act naturally.

Medicines won't do it. Harsh

purgatives and cathartics only weaken the muscles further by their violent action, and tend to make you more constipated. The only way is to eat food that gives the bowel muscles bulk to "take hold of." Vegetables and fruit will help—but there's a better way—Kellogg's All-Bran!

Kellogg's All-Bran, a nut-sweet, crisp breakfast cereal, provides the bulk necessary to keep your muscles exercised! When you eat

it regularly your bowels act of their own accord—you have no more need of medicines.

Eat 2 heaped tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's All-Bran every morning—either alone with milk and sugar or sprinkled over your favourite cereal. Eat it every day for a week—you'll be amazed at the results. You'll no longer be constipated and suffer from headaches and depression. Get a packet from your grocer today!



SOLD AT ALL
 GROCERS
 Eat it every day
 and "never miss
 a day"

This is the nicest time to be born!

Many people ask astrologers to name the best time of the year for their babies to be born. Many astrologers give the Aquarian month, between January 20 and February 19.

The Aquarian has within himself potential greatness and brilliance. . . also has radicalism and unreliability. The Aquarian-born child should be taught self-control, moderation, and stability.

Astrologers frequently contend that Aquarians are born 100 years before their proper time. They can seldom be fully appreciated in this life.

Those Aquarians who manage to train their clever, original brains along practical lines often become noted scientists, researchers, inventors, reformers.

chance of ending successfully. Be enterprising then.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Get routine tasks in hand now, for such will profit you most at this time of the year. Plan ahead, however, for your stars are coming closer every day. February 10 just fair.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

The Australian Women's Weekly

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss.

Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.



MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says: A piece of velvet or some soft material fixed round the broom head with drawing-pins will prevent bump marks on your skirting boards, stair treads, and furniture. As shown above, the velvet can be renewed when worn.

LEFT: Here is the proper way to fit loose covers. You cut out the various pieces and then pin the seams together with the wrong side out. This way you get a firm fit.

ELABORATELY-CARVED wooden furniture is very lovely, but loses its charm if dust is allowed to collect in the crevices. Dip a small paint brush in paraffin oil, shake off the superfluous oil, and apply the brush to all the crevices. Keep the brush clean by wiping it from time to time on a clean cloth.

IF your hall is very small—too small for a table—its appearance will be brightened by some corner wall-brackets or wall-vases in which you can place fresh flowers or potted plants—try cactus or ferns or spotted begonia leaves.

Miss Precious Minutes

● IT'S her mission in life to help you round the house . . . to give you valuable tips on home decorating . . . on keeping your clothes spick and span . . . watch for her on this page every week.

LINEN blinds that have become soiled can be cleaned at home. Spread the blind out on a large flat surface. Mix together equal quantities of salt and bathbrick, and sprinkle liberally all over the blind, then scrub the surface with a clean strong brush. Shake and turn the blind and repeat on the other side.

FLOOR rugs and mats often become frayed at the edges long before the rest is worn out. They can be mended and made to look as good as new by sewing webbing neatly and firmly all round the edges on the underneath side. If badly frayed the edges could be bound with webbing in some matching color.

WHEN tea-towels begin to wear thin you can keep them in use for some time by machine-stitching two towels together around the four sides. If badly worn, run a few lines of stitching across the centre to give added strength.

HOUSEWIVES who have moved to a more modern house or flat often wonder how they can fit all their equipment into the smaller space provided. To store all your dusters and cleaners conveniently, make a hold-all of bright gingham to hang inside a cupboard or behind the kitchen door. On to a piece of the fabric about two feet square sew several pockets of different sizes. Into these you can pop all your cleaning equipment, which will then be easily accessible and tidy.

FOR carrots that have become old and wrinkled and are difficult to scrape, use a potato-parer lightly and you can prepare them in half the time.

ANTS mysteriously disappear in a few hours if you mix dry borax and sugar and sprinkle it around the doors and floor.

FLOWERS will arrange artistically in wide bowls if the stems are placed into large-meshed wire that has been loosely rolled up in a ball to fit the bottom of the flower-container.

IF you find your tube of tooth-paste empty one morning, an excellent substitute until you can get some more dentifrice is a teaspoon of common salt dissolved in half a cup of water. This also makes an effective gargle or mouth-wash.

IMMEDIATELY you notice a fraying cord on any of your electric appliances — irons, radiators, toasters, etc.—have it mended or buy a new cord. Carelessness or false economy may mean a serious accident.

BATHROOM walls that are covered with a varnished wallpaper can be kept clean by wiping over with a soft cloth that has been dipped in a mixture of one gill paraffin to a bucket of water. Then dry and polish the walls at the same time with a clean chamola leather.

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You Will Put On Flabby Fat

If You Are Constipated

Sagging, flabby fat grows rapidly on people who suffer from constipation. The retention of digestive wastes and poisons in the system causes unhealthy fat, with loss of fitness, good looks, figure, and brings a crop of unpleasant ailments. Fatigue, sick headache, liver-weakness, pimples, bad breath and depression being just a few.

Get back your fitness and slenderness by correcting constipation. Pinkettes are ideal for the purpose. These gentle little laxative pills naturally and effectively clear away the waste accumulations, without griping and purging. Compound of safe, harmless vegetable ingredients, Pinkettes positively strengthen and exercise lazy bowels, stir the liver, assure a good flow of bile which is essential for the proper regular evacuation of food wastes. Disperse constipation and unhealthy fat by taking Pinkettes 10-day. At chemists and stores, 1/2 bottle.

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Think of the energy children use up in a summer's day—playing, working and growing. And remember, they are eating lighter meals at this time of year. That is why they need Virol—to replace spent energy and build up lasting vitality and strength. Virol is the food that provides all the different elements children need for healthy growth and protection against illness. Virol builds for life. Start now and give your child a Virol Constitution.



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DWW 38

These recipes are prizewinners!

SELECTED as the week's best by our cookery expert from the entries in our weekly best recipe competition—a fascinating contest open to all our readers. Send in your recipe.

OUR weekly best recipe competition is one of the simplest. To write out your favorite recipe, attach your name and address, and send in to this office.

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CHOCOLATE sponge sandwiches are always popular favorites, especially for afternoon tea and suppers. There is a recipe on this page, sent in by a reader, for a chocolate sponge.

consolation prize is awarded for every other recipe published.

To-day first prize of £1 is awarded to a reader for her recipe for Princess Cake, which you will find well worth trying.

PRINCESS CAKE

Five ounces sugar, 6oz. butter, 4oz. rice flour, 4oz. plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 3 eggs, 2 tablespoons sherry, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1lb. chocolate icing, and 6oz. royal icing.

Cream butter and sugar, add yolks, sherry, vanilla, then gradually sifted flour and baking powder. Fold in stiffly beaten whites. Put into 6oz. tin lined with paper. Bake 1 1/2 hours. When cold, cover with chocolate icing and decorate with pink royal icing. This is a rich cake but is most delicious.

The cake tin should not be too large or cake will be dry.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. D. Raphael, 164 Park St., Hobart.

CHERRY AND PINEAPPLE MARMALADE

Four pounds cherries, 1 medium-sized pineapple, preserving sugar.

Pick, wash, and stone cherries. Cut the pineapple (unpeeled) in quarters, then grate it; reserve all the juice. Weigh together both fruits, allow equal quantity of sugar. Put all in a preserving pan. Bring slowly to the boil, stir frequently, then boil 45 minutes or until the marmalade jells.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Bell, 19 George St., Steyne, S.A.

BACON ROLLS STUFFED WITH PRUNES

Stone some prunes which have previously been soaked all night in cold water. Place in the cavity of each an olive, from which the stone has been removed and anchovy inserted in its place. Roll each prune in a thin strip of bacon, securing with a skewer. Place the rolls closely on the bottom of a pie-dish (not greased), and bake in a moderate oven for 15 minutes. Serve very hot on hot buttered toast.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. O. Howard, 345 King William St., Adelaide.

CHOCOLATE SPONGE

Three eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup flour, 1 cup arrowroot, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 teaspoon butter, 4 tablespoons boiling water.

Beat eggs till stiff. Add sugar and beat until bubbles disappear. Sift well flour, arrowroot, baking powder. Stir in quickly. Melt butter and cocoa in boiling water, add to mixture and pour into well-greased sandwich tins. Put in a moderate oven, and cook for 20 minutes. Fill, and cover top with mock cream, sprinkle with brown coconut.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss J. Nairn, 31 George St., Mackay, Qld.

CHERRY FRITTERS

One cup flour, 1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 egg, 1/3rd cup milk, 1 cup pitted cherries (fresh or canned).



CHERRY AND PINEAPPLE marmalade. Have you ever tried this combination? One of our readers recommends it as an unusually delicious preserve.

Sift dry ingredients. Beat egg and milk. Add to dry ingredients; beat until smooth. Fold in cherries. Drop small spoonfuls into hot fat. Each fritter should not contain more than four cherries. Turn only once. Drain on unglazed paper. Sprinkle with powdered sugar. Serve as meat accompaniment. 16-18 small fritters.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. E. Street, Scotchholme, Bannawell Extension, Vic.

HAM CUTLETS WITH PUFFED EGGS

Three large slices ham, 1 beaten egg, 1 cup fine breadcrumbs, 3 eggs, salt, pepper.

Boil ham in water for 10 minutes, then drain. Dip in beaten egg, then in breadcrumbs. Fry in a greased pan till golden. Beat egg-whites very stiff, add salt and pepper to season. Place a little in three saucers, slip an egg-yolk in centre of each, and bake in a hot oven 15 minutes. Remove from dishes, serve on ham cutlets.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to O. McCormack, 35 Cassell's Rd., West Brunswick, Vic.

GOOSEBERRY CHUTNEY

Two and a half pounds gooseberries, 1lb. onions, 1 pint vinegar, 10oz. brown sugar, 6oz. seeded raisins, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon cayenne.

Top and tail gooseberries, wash well, prick each one with a fork and place in pan with the raisins, sugar, ginger, vinegar, salt, and cayenne. Cook gently, keeping well stirred until sugar is dissolved, then bring to the boil and simmer slowly for 1 of an hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss G. McCure, Altona, Ararat, Vic.

GARDEN LOAF

Put 1 cup, cooked peas, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 cup cooked malted carrots and 1 cup cooked rice into

a basin. Stir in 1 cup tomato pulp and 2 well-beaten eggs, season to taste and mix well. Grease a large cake tin, fill with the mixture, press down well and bake in a moderate oven 1 hour. Serve with cold meat.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Gladys Hunt, 5 Wardell Rd., Peterborough, N.S.W.

AFGHANS

Six ounces butter, 6oz. self-raising flour, 3oz. brown sugar, 3oz. cornflakes, 1oz. cocoa, a pinch of salt.

Cream butter and sugar, add salt, then dry ingredients, sifted together. Add cornflakes last. Place tea-spoons on a cold greased tray and cook in a moderate oven 15 minutes. Allow to cool before removing from tray. Ice with chocolate, and place half walnut on top. These are different and delicious.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Beth Haywood, 362 Park Rd., Paddington, N.S.W.

PRUNE AND APRICOT UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE

Quarter cup butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 5 tablespoons shortening, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, stewed apricot halves, stewed prune halves, 2/3rd cup sugar, 1 beaten egg, 1 cup milk, 2 1/2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt.

Cream butter and brown sugar; add lemon rind; spread on bottom of cake pan 8in. by 2in. Arrange apricot and prune halves to form design on top of sugar mixture. Cream shortening, add sugar slowly, then egg; beat well. Add milk alternately with flour, baking powder, and salt sifted together. Mix thoroughly. Pour batter carefully over fruit in pan, bake 50 minutes at 350 deg. F. Turn onto serving dish upside down.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Marjorie Smith, 21 Melrose St., Mascot, N.S.W.

HANSEN'S JUNKET TABLETS
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Make ice-cream at home — half-price!
HANSEN'S ICE-CREAM MIX

Fare for that friendly AFTERNOON TEA PARTY

THE tea hour—that happy period of the day when friends gather to chat—is all the more delightful when there is dainty fare to eat and refreshing tea served in fine china.

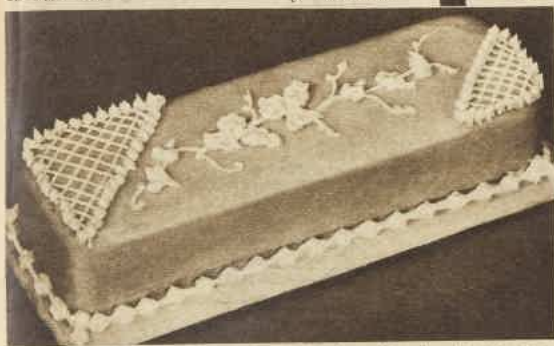
IT'S a friendly time of the day—tea-time. An informal meal, freshly-brewed tea and pleasant company all make a welcome interlude in the routine of things. It's good relaxation, too.

Then there's the special afternoon tea party when your best friends come to chat. On these occasions you like to serve something a little different—fare that will rate you high as a good hostess.

Here are some menus, for simple afternoon teas:

1. Olive-anchovy rolls, chocolate cream puffs, buttercup layer cake.
2. Salmon and cucumber sandwiches, bubble bread fingers, cakes, magpie sponge.
3. Brown scones, savory cheese horns, rollettes, spiced marble cake.
4. Savory eclairs, nut loaf, melting moments, princess sponge cake.

THREE-TIERED tea waggons like this are useful for holding afternoon tea dainties, cups and saucers and other tea-serving items.



IF YOU FEEL ambitious make a spiced marble cake like the one pictured here. It will look most attractive on your tea-table.

SPICED MARBLE CAKE

Six ounces flour, 4ozs. butter, 4 ozs. sugar, 2 eggs, 4 tablespoons milk, 1 level teaspoon baking powder, 1 tablespoon treacle, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ground cloves, 1/8 teaspoon ground nutmeg, 1/8 teaspoon vanilla.

Line a small oblong tin with two thicknesses of greaseproof paper.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten eggs, then milk gradually.

Add sifted flour and baking powder. Divide into two equal parts.

Put treacle and spices into one part and add vanilla to the other.

Place a tablespoon of each mixture alternately into prepared tin, then draw the blade of a large knife through the middle of mixture to give a marbled effect. Bake in a moderate oven 375 deg. for about 1 hour.

Ice with vanilla frosting.

Vanilla Frosting: Beat 2 tablespoons butter till softened, stir in 1 cup sifted icing sugar by degrees. Beat till smooth, add vanilla to taste. Thin with 3 dessertspoons cream, adding it slowly and carefully. If added too quickly the frosting will be spoilt. Cover cake and decorate as desired.

PRINCESS SPONGE CAKE

Four ounces flour, 4ozs. sugar, 2 eggs, 1 dessertspoon melted butter, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon carbonate soda, 3 tablespoons boiling water, two small packets of 1 large packet orange jelly crystals, 1 gill whipped cream, wafer biscuits. Grease a recessed cake tin with melted butter and dust with 1 teaspoon icing sugar and 1 teaspoon flour sifted together.

Separate whites from yolks. Beat whites stiffly, add sugar and beat till thick, then add yolks. Add sifted flour and cream of tartar, folding it in lightly. Add melted butter and boiling water in which soda has been dissolved. Stir evenly through mixture. Pour into prepared tin and cook 20 minutes

in moderate oven 375deg. F. Turn out carefully, so as not to break rim of cake.

Dissolve jelly crystals, and if liked use a little sherry instead of all water. When just beginning to set, pour into depression in cake. Spread sides of cake with whipped cream and stand wafer biscuits round the cake. Decorate jelly with remainder of whipped cream. Chill thoroughly before serving.

MELTING MOMENTS

Four ounces butter, 1 tablespoon sifted icing sugar, 1 tablespoon corn-flour, 4 tablespoons plain flour, carmine, vanilla.

Beat butter and icing sugar together, then add flour and corn-flour sifted together. Divide into two equal parts, color one pale pink and add vanilla to the other. Place each portion separately into bag with a rose pipe attached, and force roses of the mixture on to a buttered Swiss roll-tin. Cook in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 10 minutes. Join a pink and a white rose together with icing sugar mixed with lemon juice. Store in airtight tins.

BUTTERCUP LAYER CAKE

Half cup butter, whites 3 eggs, 1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup sugar 1 1/2 cups flour, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Filling: 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 large lemon (rind and juice), 1 egg-yolk, 2ozs. sugar.

Icing: 6ozs. icing sugar, 2 egg-yolks, few drops lemon essence. Butter two sandwich tins 7in. in diameter.

Cream butter and sugar, add milk slowly. Add flour and baking powder sifted together, then stir in lightly the stiffly-beaten egg-whites and lemon rind. Mix all well but lightly together and place in two buttered sandwich tins. Cook in moderate oven (375deg. F.) for about 20 minutes. When cool join together with filling made by placing



SOMETHING NOVEL for tea-time — a magpie sponge which is flavored with coconut. Recipe for making is given on this page.

all the ingredients in double saucepan over boiling water and cook until thick, allow to cool, and spread on cake and join together.

Icing: Sift icing sugar, add egg-yolks and essence, and mix to a smooth paste. Spread on the cake while still hot. It sets with a glossy surface, and is much easier to cover the cake.

MAGPIE SPONGE CAKE

Two ounces butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon spice, 5ozs. flour, 1 level teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon carbonate soda, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, dissolved in 1 dessertspoon boiling water, and add milk to make 3 tablespoons in all.

Filling: 1 tablespoon butter, 2ozs.

icing sugar, white 1 egg, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 teaspoon cocoa.

Butter two sandwich tins 6in. in diameter.

Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten eggs. Sift flour, cream of tartar, and carbonate soda and spice together. Add one-third at a time to mixture, add milk, etc., and mix lightly. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes.

Filling: Cream butter till soft, add icing sugar gradually, then spice and cocoa, and lastly stiffly beaten egg-white. Spread between layers when cake is cold and join together.

Mix icing sugar with a little water, place in an icing bag, pipe edging on cake, and write "Magpie Sponge."

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Under Strange Orders

By
Andre Armandy



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— ① —
Australian Women's
Weekly NOVEL,
February 3, 1940

Under Strange Orders

By Andre Armandy



MONSIEUR ARISTIDE BARBIER, minister of the merchant marine for the French republic, brought the toe of his handsome boot on the button which, like a brass mushroom, sprouted from the thick Gobelin carpet.

The metallic vibration of a buzzer shattered the silence of the ante-chamber outside, and in answer the haughty mask of an elderly usher appeared between the tall, felt-edged rolling doors.

"Dominique," the minister spoke in that rich, resounding voice that had brought him many triumphs when addressing the legislative chambers of the nation, "bring in Lieutenant Lesperon as soon as he arrives. And I'm not in for anyone else."

"Very well, your excellency," Dominique nodded his white head. "Not even for senators and state deputies?"

"Especially not in for them."

"What reason shall I offer—cabinet meeting or committee conference, your excellency?"

"Let's give them something novel," the minister said. He mused for a few seconds. "I have it. Tell them I am presiding at the wedding of the first rivet in the first steam dredge to make Paris a seaport."

"Understood, your excellency," The old usher smiled discreetly between the white sideburns adorning his wrinkled cheeks and closed the doors softly.

The minister then waved his principal secretary and right-hand man, Commodore Casanoe, to a comfortable armchair, and resumed the conversation interrupted by the usher's appearance.

"What sort of a man is this Lesperon, whom you recommend so highly?"

"A real man, your excellency, and a splendid sailor. I had him under my orders during the war, when I commanded the Salamandre. He was only a midshipman at the time. Nevertheless, as a ship proves her seaworthiness in a storm, a man, no matter how young, proves himself in an emergency. I know of countless exploits that prove him a most daring man."

"And the man we select to sail on the Celtic must be daring."

"He must be, your excellency."

"Then you do believe that yarn."

"You must admit the coincidences are startling."

"Bah! That's only because attention has concentrated on the shipwrecks reported from that region. As a matter of fact, were we to count the ships that have disappeared during the past three years in each one of the earth's seas, I am sure one would obtain similar averages. From that to believing that there was foul play in each case, and

accuse the shipowners of sinking their ships, is a wide leap."

"I do not blame the owners," Casanoe argued. "But it is easy to understand that the marine insurance companies, heavily hit by those repeated wrecks, are seeking someone to hold responsible. That is only an opinion, a chance shot, for the shipping companies concerned are old, solidly established firms, the integrity of their directors above suspicion. Their reputation is excellent, intact."

"As for the absurd claim of insurance people, that the captains were accomplices, let us remember that there were no survivors. What man would let himself and his ship be sunk for the profit of the owners?"

"Then nothing remains on which to fasten the guilt save the normal perils of the sea," the minister concluded.

The tanned face of the commodore still showed doubt, and the executive slapped his palms down on the spacious mahogany desk. "Then, according to you, what would be the cause?" And when the other did not reply immediately, the politician went on, laughing: "Piracy?"

Casanoe did not smile. "Why not?"

"Do you seriously believe in scavengers of the seas, in corsairs, buccaniers, Brethren of the Coast, during our age of submarines, airplanes and wireless? The dividends of the shareholders in pirating ventures would be light indeed!"

"Two months ago," the commodore said, "two British cargoes, steel hulls, knocking out 12 knots from their very modern engines, were boarded, captured and ransomed in the Gulf of Petchili, by Chinese pirates in an open junk, rigged with straw mats for sails."

"Admitted. But the events that concern us took place in the Southern Pacific. You had not informed me, Casanoe, that you spent your leisure hours composing movie scenarios."

"The fact remains that in the space of three years, five very large sailing vessels, with veteran crews, vanished from the surface of the seas, without leaving a trace. All five in the same zone. Such coincidence cannot be the result of ill luck alone. And why did those disasters always befall sailing vessels?"

"To which I shall quote from the brief of the insurance companies: 'Why did the disasters hit the same two shipping firms?'"

"That's easily explained. They are the only two companies in France which charter sailing vessels for prolonged voyages. But why did the disasters befall only such ships as sailed under the French flag?"

"The zone of disappearance stretches from the South Seas to that region of the Pacific between Australia on the east and New Caledonia on the west. In this vast area, crossed by the ships of a dozen companies, no trace of a derelict has been found. More-

over, three of those five ships had auxiliary motors. Even having lost masts and spars, even badly crippled, they could have reached the nearest port."

"Here we strike the most puzzling point. The lost vessels were equipped with radio apparatus for sending and receiving. Even though their calls were heard until they reached the presumed spot of their disappearance, no station picked up distress signals from any of them."

The minister rose suddenly, paced back and forth between the tall window and the desk.

A weighty, thoughtful silence hung over the two men. It was interrupted by a knock on the door.

"Lieutenant Alain Lesperon," the usher announced.

A tall young man entered, wearing the service uniform of the navy, one hand flat against the scabbard of his dress sword. He saluted with ease, without exaggerated stiffness. His eyes were clear blue, resolute and expressive. They met the minister's glance of approval squarely. And the politician beamed cordially, offering his hand.

Then Casanoe greeted his subordinate warmly.

When Lesperon was seated, the minister spoke.

"Lieutenant, you have a precious, but at the same time dangerous, friend, in my principal secretary, Commodore Casanoe. All that I know about you I learned from him, and from consulting your record in the files. And I have decided to assign you to a mission that is not without danger."

"I should thank you, then, both yourself and the commodore. Sailing back and forth over the same rounds is monotonous, and I shall welcome opportunity for action." His voice was strong, vibrant, and increased the first impression of dependability.

"Unfortunately, what I expect from you is not what a young officer usually relishes. It cannot contribute much to your promotion, to your official record." The minister added, "It must remain absolutely secret. You shall not even wear your uniform."

"Spying?" Lesperon asked, reddening visibly.

"Were it a question of espionage, would you hesitate?"

"I am in my country's service, and at your orders, Monsieur le Ministre," the lieutenant replied, evidently surmounting his first hesitation.

"This will not be espionage in the ordinary sense of the word. You must travel on a commercial ship, as a civilian passenger. This craft, a sailing vessel, may be menaced by some secret peril, to which five other ships have succumbed, the precise nature of which we do not know."

"You will have to watch the entire ship, excluding neither passengers, crew nor officers. You must know and foresee every-

thing from within the ship as from without. If necessary, you shall be empowered to employ force to take command. Full credentials will be given you. The boat is French, subject to our control. Is the undertaking to your liking?"

"Thank you for selecting me. I am much honored."

"Casaneol, tell the lieutenant what has happened."

Commodore Casaneol opened a voluminous folder stuffed with typed reports and handwritten information, sketches and maps.

"Listen carefully, Alain. The only notes that you can make will have to be memorized. You must have no papers."

"On May 16, 1920, a three-masted barque of 2800 tons, the *Caledonia*, outfitted by the Franco-Oceanic Co. left the port of Nantes with a mixed cargo for Noumea, with orders to call in at Adelaide, Sydney and Rockhampton, travelling by way of Cape Green, Cape of Good Hope, and Southeast Cape. She had half a load arranged for the return trip out of Noumea, and was to have come back by Cape Horn, to pick up the other half at Montevideo—wheat and coffee. Like the majority of the ships of the company, she had aboard a few passengers, people taking that long, leisurely voyage for their health."

"She was signalled passing the Canaries, May 23, reported seen by the Mamelles light-house, off Dakar, May 30, passed Cape of Good Hope, June 20, reached Adelaide August 10, leaving that port on the 13th of the same month. Mail from Adelaide reached France, and there was no word of any trouble—save for a few days of reported bad weather in the southern ocean. The wireless station at Sydney received a radio announcing her arrival on the 20th or 22nd. She was at that time off Tasmania. Since then, nothing has been heard of her."

"What reports came from the weather bureau?" Lesperon asked.

"No heavy weather, no cyclones in the region. Sky overcast, which is not unusual in the South Pacific at that time of the year."

"Condition of her hull?"

"Steel hull, no seams to open in dry weather. I continue."

He gave details of four other almost identical disappearances; then concluded:

"The insurance companies, rightly worried by these mishaps, refuse to insure sailing ships for those two lines, and demand an investigation. Have you any questions?"

"Only one—the skill of the captains?"

"Excellent sailors. Brave chaps, with thorough knowledge of the Southern Pacific."

Arlside Barbier came into the conversation, giving Lieutenant Lesperon definite instructions.

"Five days from now, the *Celtic*, a five-master of the Albatross Shipping Company, sails from Bordeaux for Sydney, Brisbane and Noumea, returning by the Horn. It is a new, luxuriously fitted-out ship, with a deckhouse for passengers. The insurance companies have refused to renew her policies, and I had to have her covered by a governmental commission, at a high premium, to enable her to leave. You shall be a sort of secret super-cargo."

The minister drew breath. "Your instructions are simple, but they will demand constant attention. You will send a radio message every day, in a code supplied to you. Moreover, you will carry an order bearing my signature, giving you full power. I give it to you with the understanding that you will not make use of it save in absolute

emergency. But we will stand behind you in everything you do."

"Carte blanche? A free hand?"

"Absolutely."

"Thank you for your confidence," the young naval officer said, rising. "You shall not regret it, I hope."

"Your quarters have already been reserved on the *Celtic*," the minister went on. "Cabin 15, starboard bow, near the watch-room. Captain Casaneol will give you funds for the voyage, and six months' advance pay to be drawn from the secret funds allotted this branch of the government. The insurance companies have promised a reward to the man who clears up the mystery. I will see that you gain a grade in the Legion of Honor. As you are a knight already, it will mean the rosette of officer."

"I shall do my duty."

"And before you leave, have you a suggestion, a request, to make?"

"One. I have an orderly, Monsieur le Ministre. The chap is greatly attached to me, and I may say that the attachment is mutual. His assistance would be valuable. Yves Kerboal, enlisted at Lorient, attached to the Great Naval Station, Matricular Number 07810."

"Our sailors are known for their freedom of speech and action," the minister said, with a smile. "I fear that he could not pass as your valet, would be identified as a service man. Suppose he signed on as a member of the crew?"

"That would be better still," Lesperon admitted. "It would mean another source of information."

The minister turned to Casaneol. "Doubtless, the crew is complete. Ask the port inspector at Bordeaux to inspect the sailors of the *Celtic*, and hold one of them. You can arrange for Kerboal to replace him. Is that all, lieutenant?"

"Yes, many thanks, your excellency."

"My best wishes go with you," Aristide Barbier concluded.

MOORED to enormous rings on the Quay of Queyries, on the Garonne river, the *Celtic* heaved on the swell of the incoming tide. Her hull was white, with black checkers below the rail, like an old frigate. Five tall masts reared into the sky, with the masts of yards, stays and cordage.

She seemed to scent the open sea outside the crowded port of Bordeaux as a wild beast smells the jungle. The winches grumbled, hoisting aboard the baggage of the passengers, lowering it into gaping hatches.

The boom lifted another load, which included two new trunks, marked with the initials A.L. A stocky sailor, as wide as he was tall, shoulders padded with muscles, kept his blue eyes on them. Sliding down like a spider at the end of its web, the load struck the side of the hatch, and the sailor leaped up, waved his hands, and shouted: "Clumsy idiot! Go easy with those trunks! Where did you learn your job? Fisherman!" In a voice mighty enough to swell a sail.

The man at the winch looked up and snarled an answer.

"Ha! The stocky man resumed. "You know those trunks—"

"Sailor!" a cold, crisp voice said behind him. "Would you be so kind as to show me to cabin 15!"

The sailor spun on his heel and brought up one hand in a smart salute.

"You fool!" the passenger whispered as he followed him to the cabin. "If you're going to give everything away like this, you'll stay ashore!"

The sailor stood sheepishly.

"Sorry, captain—"

"Listen to me and get this through your thick skull. If you let on that you know me as anything save a passenger, if you allude to my naval rank, I'll get rid of you."

"All right, captain—sir!"

Gunner's mate Kerboal, become a mere seaman on a merchant vessel, did not like this civilian's mission. And he expressed himself clearly on the subject. But he did not wish to abandon his chief, and begged to be forgiven.

"All right. Shift your cud seven times before you speak, then. Report to me every morning and every night, without attracting attention. Keep your eyes open."

"And watch for bad weather, eh? Understood, sir?"

Kerboal left, and before Lesperon could do more than open a first bag, two raps resounded on the teak-wood door, and a man in uniform entered the spacious cabin.

"Purser Cadalens," he introduced himself, smiling in his curly black beard. "I have the honor of addressing Mr. Alain Lesperon?" He grasped the hand offered warmly, and flooded out a torrent of words: "I came to ask if you found the cabin to your liking, sir. Is the bed comfortable? When you open this panel, you bring down the bathtub, hot water here, cold water there, this handle is for sea water, also hot or cold. This lever controls the heating. This actuates the fan. Here are the switches for the lights, reading lamp and so forth."

"Will you breakfast in your cabin or come to the dining-room? Breakfast 7 to 10, luncheon at 12, and dinner at 7. The meals are served at small tables, four to six persons to each. Consult the passenger list posted up in the salon, and inform me if you have a preference. Do you sing? Dance? Gamble? First-class companions on this ship. The American bar is behind the deckhouse. Briggs, the Cocktail King, is in charge. I recommend his 'Celtic agnogn'!"

Lesperon stated that he would take his meals in the dining-room, his baths in the ship's pool, that he would be pleased with any table companions chosen for him. He did not gamble, nor did he sing, and danced seldom. He would taste the *Celtic's* cocktails willingly.

"When do we leave?" he asked at last.

"We were to sail on to-night's tide, but a telegram held us up to pick up cargo for Brisbane. The stuff is at the railroad station and will be taken on in the morning. Consequently, we leave on to-morrow's tide, at midnight. The passengers may remain aboard, but Bordeaux is not a dull city, and for a bachelor—"

"I'll sleep aboard," Lesperon replied, smiling.

The belated cargo was taken aboard the next morning, stowed into the holds. It consisted of large wooden cases, stencilled "fragile," and bearing as consignee's name D. I. Fraser & Co., Brisbane, Australia. Then the hatches were closed, the tarred tarpaulins battened down.

The passengers arrived from 10 o'clock on. Some came alone, others accompanied by parties of friends. There were the merry leave-takings of tourists, of people who travel for pleasure and not from necessity. The stewards and the maids handled the hand baggage.

A steward walked about the decks, clanging a bell.

"All ashore—the gangway is going to be hauled in—ladies and gentlemen, please—the *Celtic* is ready to leave—all ashore—"

"Washing decks, shining brass, splicing cables, bending sails! Call that a special mission! Bad luck, that's what it is! If I ever get my paws on the guy who started this I'll strangle him!"

"Complaining that you have nothing to do?"

"I'm bored with this, I'll tell you!"

"Know Harriman?"

"The red-mugged Australian? Yes."

"Watch him. We're entering the waters in which the ships vanished. I may be mistaken, but I think he has something to do with the business. Don't lose sight of him. I give you a free hand."

"Right, sir. If he makes the wrong move I throw him over the rail."

"No, you idiot! I mean, you can forget ship's regulations for the crew, if needed. I'll back you up. I want to avoid the danger, find out what it is, where it comes from, in time to prevent it. Get that, you thick-head."

"I'll watch out, sir."

"I'm counting on you, old man."

"And, believe me, sir, you're right!"

SAILS furled, propeller turning slowly, the Celtic drew away from the brilliantly lighted quays of Sydney Cove, progressed slowly down the harbor, and passing between North and South Heads spread her many sails like white wings, stopped her motors, and headed north-north-east before a light breeze.

The passengers had made the most of three days ashore. Harriman had escorted Miss Sobral, and seemed particularly attentive to her now, for he was leaving at Brisbane within two days.

Two days, and the only person suspected by Lesperon would land. The watchfulness of the lieutenant and Kerboal had not been rewarded. And the second day of Sydney passed as quietly as the first.

The heat of the sun had been oppressive. At sundown, a thin mist oozed over the horizon like a veil of mauve gauze, which thickened to form an opaque screen over the pale aure of the sky.

The twilight was short. The barometer went down perceptibly, the wind dropped to nothing. The vessel wallowed clumsily on a leaden sea furrowed by languid billows, sails flapping loose.

The captain ordered the motors to be started to gain time.

Ten o'clock, 11 o'clock struck without a light showing on the horizon. A certain uneasiness suddenly reigned aboard.

When eight bells sounded, Captain Mestrezat, who had been on the bridge constantly, came down to the saloon and informed his passengers that there was no hope of reaching Brisbane that night, as the overcast sky made it impossible to get bearings, to identify landmarks.

The passengers retired one by one. Lesperon, worried, passed the night on the forecastle, peering into the darkness. He had placed Kerboal on watch at the Australian's door. Confused thoughts crowded in his mind. He wondered once more whether his instinctive dislike for Harriman did not cause his suspicions.

One by one he thought of all the passengers, officers, and sailors aboard, and did not reach any conclusion. He did not like the harman, Briggs, but could find nothing against him, Cadalene, the purser, was a harmless chatterbox.

The captain? In the wheelhouse, the only lighted room aboard, he could discern

the tall silhouette of Captain Mestrezat, beside that of the chief officer. The commander's clean-shaven face was lined with care, his eyes, pale blue as if worn out staring at remote horizons, struggled to pierce the gloom, to spy the lights of Brisbane.

"Come," Lesperon mused, "an accomplice, that man? His is not the face of a pirate. Then—who?"

The Australian? Lesperon went toward his cabin and did not find Kerboal. But a faint whistle made him look up, and he spotted his comrade, stretched upon the mainmast boom. The Breton slid to the deck, noiselessly.

"What news?"

"Ruah! He's out."

"Where?"

"Spardeck."

"What doing?"

"Don't know. Climbed up to watch him."

"Get back up there. I'll have a look, also."

Kerboal hoisted himself back to his observation post.

Lesperon ascended the aft companionway quietly. When his eyes reached the level of the deck, he saw Harriman lighting a cigar. Then he vanished down the forward companionway. Lesperon inspected the deck, looked under the lifeboats, and peered into the ventilators. There was nothing abnormal that he could find.

On his return, Kerboal reported that the Australian was in his cabin. Then the light went out, and the rest of the night passed quietly.

Dawn broke, grey, dull, with no land in sight.

The horizon was masked, and the captain tried to get his bearings by obtaining the azimuth with the use of the compass and a bucket filled with tar. The results were doubtful, for no position was indicated on the sailor's chart. The lead sank 60 fathoms without touching bottom.

At noon, the wind rose, and the motors were stopped. But as it shifted constantly the crew was harassed by constant manoeuvring.

Lesperon checked the course of the ship with his pocket compass. The captain seemed to be running at random, heading west stubbornly, seeking a landmark of the Australian coast. Upon due reflection, this was the only thing to be done.

When night came, without a sign of land, the lieutenant decided to send a radiogram advising his chief of the delay. He had waited a long time, unwilling to have an alarm broadcast to the French cruisers, in those seas, unless he was sure that something was wrong.

The door to the wireless-room was locked, but a light burned within. Lesperon rapped.

"Who is it?" a suspicious voice asked.

"Alain Lesperon, to send a radio."

"Impossible. The captain ordered me to stop all messages unless he passes on them." Nevertheless, the door opened, and the young operator appeared. "I'm awfully sorry, sir. In any case, the captain's visa would be useless, for I have been unable to get an answer from any station for 40 hours. My apparatus must be out of order. Look, I'm taking the set apart."

From the doorway, Lesperon saw scattered on the table the coils and couplers. Alarmed, he rushed to the wheelhouse, and found Captain Mestrezat in the chart-room, which he had not left for 24 hours. At

the door he met Harriman coming out, and received a sarcastic smile.

The captain greeted him coldly.

"No—my order suffers no exception." And as the young officer protested, he showed him the door. "A captain is master aboard his ship. If you have complaints, write to the company."

Lesperon would have acted in the same manner in Mestrezat's place. He did not use the letter from the minister, reluctant to humiliate the veteran sailor, who was doing his best with a ship which a bewildering sequence of events had rendered mute, deaf—and blind.

TO still the growing restlessness of his passengers, Captain Mestrezat came down to preside at dinner, turning the ship over to the chief officer. He smiled in answer to questions, explaining that the vessel had drifted in the fog, but that they would awake in Brisbane river the following morning.

He ordered champagne to be served to all, and seemed calm and in good spirits. But Lesperon noted that one of the officers came to report each hour, and that, try as he did, Captain Mestrezat's face revealed worry.

Shortly after midnight, the commander rose and left. Harriman followed soon after, lighting a cigar as he passed the door, as if he were going on deck for a quiet smoke. Lesperon kept him in sight. Suddenly, a voice called out from above.

"Lights—off the port bow!"

Exclamations greeted the call of the lookout. A young officer, glasses slung over his back, scaled the rigging to the mast-head, and his joyous voice confirmed:

"Brisbane! The river at Brisbane! There's the entrance light, the channel blinker, the red and white lights of Fisherman's Island!"

The crew took new heart. The passengers crowded to the rail, peering into the night.

Slowly the lights emerged over the horizon, at first blinking and furtive, then steady and clear. They were greeted with cheers.

Lesperon did not share the general joy. Although his motives for suspicion seemed to have been proved groundless, there remained an unshakable premonition of evil. Thinking matters over, he could not understand how a vessel after drifting two days in the mist, chanced to reach the desired destination by a lucky coincidence! All his naval training was against such a supposition.

Nevertheless, there was no doubt but that those lights were the lights of Brisbane. Again, he consulted his compass. They appeared to be west, in accordance with the charts. Puzzled, he went to the forecastle-head with his glasses.

As he leaned over the rail, a sea struck the flank of the ship and spray drove into his face. Only then did he perceive that the wind was much stronger and that the swells were crested with foam.

"About time we entered the river, unless I am much mistaken, or to-night will see a nasty blow."

He inspected the sky with a mechanical glance. It was no longer grey and foggy. Low, thick, dark clouds sped, ragged, across the livid horizon. And suddenly he started. In a rift of the clouds, aft he discerned the Southern Cross distinctly!

He rubbed his hands across his eyes, looked again. There could be no doubt. There were the four bright stars, Alpha, Beta, Gamma, and Delta, forming the

luminous cross, among the Legs of Pegasus. "But—if that is Brisbane," he murmured, bewildered, "and Brisbane is west of us, the Southern Cross should be to port, and not aft. What can this mean?"

Kerboal was at the wheel, following the instructions of the officer on watch. The two men started when Lesperon rushed in, and bent over the binoculars.

"What's the idea?" the officer asked sharply.

"You're a sailor, an officer? Where would you locate the Southern Cross?"

"South, naturally!"

"Well, if that compass is correct, it's east. Come and see!"

Grasping the man's arm, Lesperon urged him up the ladder to the bridge. Then the two faced aft and scanned the horizon eagerly. But the clouds had closed and the sky was starless.

"I haven't seen a rift in those clouds for a couple of days," the officer said with veiled sarcasm. "Are you sure that—"

He evidently thought of the champagne which had been served in the salon. Lesperon, aware that further hesitation was dangerous, did not argue. He drew his official letter from a wallet, and placed it before the officer's eyes.

"Naval Lieutenant Alain Lesperon," he said, "on official mission aboard this ship. Please ask the captain to come to see me in the chart-room. At once."

"But—the wheel?"

"I'll attend to it," Lesperon assured him. He added, still courteous, but brisk: "Act quickly, my friend. The safety of the ship is involved."

The officer left, and Lesperon addressed Kerboal.

"What's been the maximum variation during the last 15 minutes?"

"Headsed straight for the lights. Four or five degrees right or left to compensate the swell."

"No change of direction?"

"None."

"All right. Be ready for anything."

A few minutes later, Captain Mestrezat entered the chart-room obviously angered. "Let's see that paper."

He read the letter, frowned, and drew himself up.

"You are a very young man thus to humiliate an old sailor. In your eyes, 30 hours on watch do not grant me the right to rest a while before the pilot comes aboard! To take away my command!"

"No question of that, captain," Lesperon said with firm politeness. "But facts not within your knowledge justify my suspicions. Are you quite sure those are the lights of Brisbane harbor?"

"Young man," Mestrezat replied with a shrug, "you probably were not born when I took my first ship into that port. Moreover, being a sailor, consult the list of lights, the charts—"

"I just saw the Southern Cross aft—"

"When I was even younger than you are, I saw the Flying Dutchman," the old man retorted ironically.

"Will you tell me, captain, why Mr. Harriman has been sending out the ship's position each day since we passed the Cape of Good Hope?"

"If you'll tell me why you, yourself, have sent a radio each day, in code, to a fictitious address? Useless to deny it—I made sure while at Sydney."

Lesperon understood that Harriman had forestalled him.

"I was carrying out orders."

"Harriman can claim the same thing," Mestrezat said angrily. "Moreover, I don't know the minister's signature. There is a consul at Brisbane. If he guarantees that signature, I'll turn the ship over to you. Not before, sir!"

"Captain—I want the captain—" The door opened and the wireless operator rushed in. "Captain, I've found the trouble, repaired it—"

"What was it?"

The young man hesitated, looking at Lesperon. The captain ordered him to speak.

"Someone cut the lead-in wire, along the mast. The insulation was replaced, the wire taken out. I found it by chance."

"Then, can you transmit and receive?"

"Yes, captain!"

"Send this, immediately." He wrote a phrase in English, on a pad. The operator took it and left as quickly as he had come.

"Captain," Lesperon insisted, "time's passing. Get hold of Harriman, arrest him!"

"Be patient, sir. In five minutes we'll know what's what."

A great outcry burst out in the night. "May you never regret your delay, captain," the naval officer said gravely, as they hastened over the deck.

Before the door of his cabin, the operator was gesticulating.

"While I was gone, captain, look what happened here!"

They looked and started. All wires had been severed, torn loose. The whole set had been smashed, dislocated.

"It did not take him five minutes," Lesperon remarked. "Are you convinced now?"

Mestrezat gaped, but a cry of stupefaction interrupted his answer, and sent them leaping toward the bridge.

"Captain, captain—look—"

The master of the Celtic felt the blood freeze in his veins. Where seconds before, the lights of Brisbane had adrifted there was left only windswept obscurity.

"I ask your pardon, sir," the old captain said, with clumsy dignity. "My crew is at your orders."

Already Lesperon was on the bridge.

"All hands on deck, men aloft. Stand by to come about!" The ship's bell sounded loudly, the sharp blasts of the boatswain's whistles transmitted the orders. "A man at the sounding line! Cast and report, keep sounding. Call out the depth each time!"

The captain, consulted by the glances of his officers, nodded grimly. A hand rested on Lesperon's arm.

"Captain" (in the French Navy a man with the rank of lieutenant is called captain by the sailors.) "I think I might be better elsewhere than at this wheel."

"Find him," Lesperon agreed. "Sounding?"

"Fifteen fathoms!"

"Fifteen fathoms! Keep sounding!"

"Keep sounding!"

The splash of the lead into the water was heard, and the whispering of the waxed cord upon the spool. Lesperon had taken the wheel.

"Shallows nearby," he said to the captain. "Land's near. We must come about, get to the open sea."

"Ten fathoms!"

"Ten fathoms!" Lesperon repeated. "Thunder! We're going to run aground!" He swung the wheel. "Coming into the

wind! Sheet the brigantine and clew up the sails!" The whistles repeated the order. The heavy canvas cracked and slapped.

"Six fathoms!" cried the man at the lead.

"Six fathoms!"

The depth was diminishing steadily.

"Cut them down if you must!" Lesperon cried to the men taking in sail. He swung the wheel hard over.

The Celtic came about slowly, for a ship of her tonnage under way does not answer readily.

"Five fathoms—coral bottom!"

A rumor of excitement rose from the panting crew.

The sea was swirling around the Celtic. She was battered by phosphorescent combers.

"Sounding, there!" There was no answer, and Lesperon cried again: "Sounding."

"Leads gone—line cut—on corals—"

The looming storm broke suddenly, a long, lugubrious streak of fire slashed the enormous mass of clouds, and during the fraction of a second that its livid glow illuminated the chaotic panorama of the sky, those on the Celtic saw distinctly, perhaps a mile away, the sharp and black cliffs of a gloomy island.

At the same moment, with a sinister grinding of her steel hull, the Celtic listed and grounded.

THE wind shrieked through the rigging, the sails slapped like cannon shots. The seas smashed thunderously against the resounding hull of the helpless vessel. The decks swarmed with frightened women, stretching their hands toward the sailors, holding out jewels; men held wallets and cheque-books, offering ransom for their lives.

The officers, very calm, tried to stem the panic. But the storm, the lightning, increased the general terror.

"You were right," Captain Mestrezat said to Lesperon. "I take full responsibility for this disaster. But now that it has happened, allow me to do my duty—to try to save my ship!"

Lesperon nodded. The captain gave his orders clearly, like the old sea-wolf he was, aware of the value of courage and time. The chief engineer went down with his men to start the motors and back away. Two longboats were manned, bearing anchors which would be dropped in the open sea, to haul the Celtic from the reef if possible.

But the waves smote the ship broadside on, driving her further upon the rocks. The wind tore away the remaining sails. Men climbed on the yards, hacking stays with hatchets. A sail, giving way, carried off several men.

"Man overboard!"

And a new clamor added to the panic, when the two longboats put over the side capsize under the weight of anchors and chains, spilling their human load into the sea. Luminous buoys were thrown overboard, lighted on contact with the water. Their light flickered on the pale tragic faces of the struggling men. They vanished.

One after another, desperate messages reached the bridge.

"Captain, the motors are out of commission—somebody cut the feed-pipes."

"Captain, the hull is pierced. Water is rising in the hold!"

Lesperon saw Kerboal dragging a man

through the crowded deck. The Breton knocked his prisoner down with a mighty punch in the face.

"Here's our man, captain! I caught him when he tried to get away in the yawl. What do I do with him now?"

Then darkness settled down. Water had reached the dynamos.

The wind screamed madly, and the combers smashed against the water-logged hull. Mad terror gripped the passengers.

"No one on deck! Go to your quarters!" Mestresat shouted through the megaphone. "The ship can't sink, since she's aground! Let no one go near the boats!"

Rockets were sent up, five of them one after another, and their red gleam flattered before the wind. A barrel of tar was set afire, and cast up a great, scarlet flame, twisting and snoring, spilling a ruddy glow on the decks. But no answer came to these distress signals. The coast of the unknown island remained mute, dark.

Passengers, mad with fear, tried to put a boat overboard. Their unskilled hands dropped it, and bodies fell into the ocean. Other buoys were thrown, clutched by too many hands, sank. Instantly, sailors were placed on guard at the remaining boats, with orders to use force if necessary to restrain such undertakings.

Lesperon followed Mestresat to the deck. Passengers were crowding toward a boat. "To your cabins," the captain ordered. "For the last time—let's go—we want to go."

"No. You'd go to your death—"

A shot was fired. The flame lit a tanned face, which was blotched with red. Captain Mestresat went down.

"Who fired?" Lesperon asked.

"Shut up!" a voice rose. "You want to die here? Don't you understand that the crew has agreed to keep the boats from us?"

"It's you," Lesperon said, starting forward. "Take him in charge."

"Stay where you are, all of you," Harriman ordered. The dwindling light of the tar barrel glistened on the steel of his weapon. "As for you—"

A second shot resounded. Then there was a scuffle, a cry of pain, and the pistol clattered to the deck.

"You swine! Did he hit you, captain? If so, I'll—"

"I'm all right, Kerboal."

"Good. Come on, lads, let's tie this man to a mast. Don't fret about tightening the ropes—"

A comber swept the deck. The shrill cries of the women fused through the roar of the storm. The chief officer, the engineer, and a mate, surviving officers, gathered near Lesperon.

Try to get them to go to their cabins," he said. "We must check this panic."

Kerboal was fastening Harriman.

"There you are, old pal," he concluded, with the last knot; "the waves can carry you off only with the mast. Don't rejoice—it's made of steel!"

DAZED, worn out with sheer terror, the passengers followed the officers toward the deck-house. A woman laughed hysterically. Many of the others were praying. The waves struck the bulkheads and spurted through the doors. A tremendous sea lifted the ship.

For a moment she seemed to float, her tall masts lashing across the sky, then the long hull crashed back upon the reef.

A sinister cracking echoed. The Celtic heeled over.

That spelled the end. The terrorised board poured back to the deck, sliding, clutching, stumbling, rolling, and reached the remaining boats on the lee side. A comber carried away a cluster of people. Then there was frenzy. The instinct for survival turned civilised beings into an inhuman troop. The mad crowd climbed into the boats, pushing aside the officers.

"You're crazy, all of you," Lesperon shouted. "I order you to stay—"

Already, ignorant men were hacking at the moist ropes with penknives and pocket-scissors.

"Stop them! Stop them!"

"Murderer, murderer," they screamed.

"You want to keep us here to die!"

Lesperon released his grip, his hands bleeding from blows. Then a wall of water swept the ship. He heard a great clamor. Then water was in his throat, choking him, and he rolled away with the flood.

MINISTER BARBIER spoke to Casanoel, his chief secretary.

"A sort of madman. If I listened to Mr. Janicot, he would no doubt unveil the secret of the sea serpent or expose a plan to keep oysters from gaping! I cannot be bothered with the fellow! How long since we have heard from the Celtic?"

"Nine days," Casanoel replied, gloomily. "The last radiogram was dated May 18. The Celtic, having left Sydney, set sail for Brisbane. Since, no message. No one reports her, neither lighthouse, cable office, wireless station, nobody ashore or at sea. No distress signal has been picked up, no wreckage found."

"Ah!" the minister gestured helplessly. "What ill-luck those lines have! And who knows but—"

Loud voices in the ante-chamber attracted his attention. Suddenly there was a scuffling of feet, impacts against the doors. As Casanoel rose to see what was happening, the panel opened, and a small, alert old man sprang into the office.

"Janicot! The madman!" the minister exclaimed.

The little man took off his hat and bowed. With his round shoulders, his large nose, his baldish head, he was like a grey flamingo. But his tiny eyes were quick and alive behind his thick glasses, and his hands were lean, nervous.

"I'm overjoyed to speak to you at last, your excellency! I am Cyprien Janicot, retired, and at your service. I am certain that you will excuse me when you hear—"

"Really, sir! Then put it in writing, and remember that I see strangers only by appointment. Doorman, show this gentleman out."

"All right, put me out. But then—not another word will I ever speak to you about the Celtic!"

"The Celtic?"

"Yes, the Celtic! Also the Caledonien, the Deux-Caps, the Amedee-Charles le Roux, the Kergulen, and the Capricorne. Do I stay?"

"Leave us, Dominique," the minister ordered. "But stay nearby."

Janicot sat down, and crossed his legs.

"To start with," he said, "I must explain how I came to take interest in this mystery. Mystery may not be the word. We have two suppositions to make. Either the disappearance of the ships is natural, and there is no mystery—"

"Then what have you to say?" the minister exclaimed.

"Or—the disappearance was planned, and in this second case there is no mystery either, because I know how it came about. From earliest childhood, my mind was attracted by scientific pursuits. I studied much. I acquired a taste for the sea during a vacation on the Breton coast. On the beach of Rotheneuf, I studied the transparent water at the bottom of which are visible a complex vegetation of seaweeds. I wrote a theme that won me the gold medal of the Royal Society of London."

"You are then a naturalist?" Barbier asked, trying to control his impatience.

"On occasions, just as you are a minister," Janicot replied, impertinently. "Encouraged by this reward, I made a study of the flora and fauna found at the bottom of the sea, particularly of medusae, corals, and other polyps. I took up navigation, spent nights on marine charts. I followed six cruises each of them equipped to round the two capes, Good Hope and Horn."

Casanoel looked with closer attention at this timid little citizen. "I didn't expect to find you a veteran sailor!"

"I have never set foot on a ship," Janicot said, with vehement conviction. "And I never shall. I am seasick easily. I travel at home, as did Jules Verne and Xavier de Maistre, among others. I have gone over the entire world on large scale maps. I follow the ships I select with tiny flags to indicate their courses."

"It so happens that for three years my taste ran to the South Sea. And fate led me to sail—figuratively, of course—on each of the vessels of which we have no news, so that I kept informed from day to day. Now, gentlemen, according to you, which of the ships vanished first?"

"The Caledonien, August 17, 1920," Casanoel said.

"You're wrong," Janicot beamed. "The Caledonien was the second. The first was the Hangoe."

"The Hangoe?" the minister wondered. "No ship of that name appears on the list of the national marine."

"She was not French," Janicot explained.

"In fact, she flew the Norwegian flag. But I am not sure that wasn't a fictitious nationality at that. The Hangoe was a private yacht, of odd build, of which no known shipyard claimed the construction in the Lloyd or Veritas registers. The little that could be learned about her was that she was a floating laboratory, fitted out for a scientific cruise by Dr. Markarlantz. You may have heard of him?"

"Not that I recall," the minister said. Casanoel could but shake his head at his own ignorance.

"This Markarlantz, whose nationality was as problematic as that of his ship, pretended to be a fountain-head of science. Which he thought gave him the right to be uncharitable to contributions of more modest colleagues. Proud as a peacock, he was very stubborn in his opinions. I am somewhat stubborn in mine. We clashed often in scientific reviews and in research societies' bulletins of the whole world."

"He brought to those contests a bitterness, a bad faith, a narrowness of conception that forbid his being numbered among those I esteem."

"A charlatan?" Casanoel asked.

"Not at all. I would not deny his scientific knowledge, his dangerous achievements, I'll say more. He was a sort of genius. The type of genius that is near to madness but which, nevertheless, is a power to be feared because of its absolute amorality, which made him rather careless of humane considerations."

"Rumor attributes to him certain experiments fit to make one shudder. His departure was more or less compulsory because of the scandals such experiments caused. He left Europe on September 13, 1919, aboard the Hangoe, with a motley crew composed of many nationalities.

"The passage of this odd ship was reported two months later in the Celebes Sea, east of Borneo, then at Macassar, where she took on supplies, then by the signal station on the island of Melville, north of Australia, which she passed by without answering. She vanished for a time, to reappear in the river at Brisbane, staying from November 23 to 28, 1919. That date is the last when she was heard of. Her disappearance, therefore, preceded that of the Caledonien by nearly nine months."

Neither the minister nor Casanoei thought of sending away the little man now. Janicot watched their sudden attention with obvious satisfaction.

"My dear sir," the minister said, "does this mean that we must add another name on the list of disasters?"

"Not at all," Janicot retorted. "On the contrary, everything points to the fact that the Hangoe and her owner still exist, and that it is because they still exist that the other ships no longer exist!"

"You see, Markariantz worked it out that there existed a generative current of energy. According to him, the earth is really a gigantic electric battery, the power of which is measureless. It was to capture and store those waves that he labored."

"What definite goal was he seeking?" asked Casanoei.

"What you ask there, my dear sir, is the unknown quantity of an equation. First, I'll tell you what I know. Then we shall seek the solution."

"Among other things, the Hangoe carried in her hold a huge parabolic mirror made of tellurium. Tellurium is a rare metal, of which the existence was demonstrated by spectroscopy. But it has never been isolated, and its properties remain unknown to science. Markariantz, therefore, must have succeeded in isolating it and, moreover, in using it for an unknown purpose."

"I also know, by scanning the customs statistics of the various ports, that all the sailing ships missing carried certain scientific instruments, chemical products, and electrical apparatus ordered from various French firms."

"We know that, too," the minister said. "Remarkable," Janicot spoke with mock admiration. "And did you notice that the consignees for these very special articles were alternately the same?"

"Customs statistics mention only the country exporting—"

"But both manifests and bills of lading name the consignees," Janicot declared.

"They are, first, the firm of D. I. Fraser and Co. of Brisbane, then the firm of Cairns and Kilikwano at Rockhampton. Have you ever wondered why the stuff, which could have been purchased in England and shipped on British steamers, all faster than the French sailing vessels, went on our ships and was bought in France?"

"That might be explained by a flattering preference for French products," Barber suggested.

"Wait a minute! Thirdly, although not one of the sailing ships reached Brisbane or Rockhampton, the subsequent orders never included the articles believed lost. Could they have been found to be unnecessary in the meanwhile, all of them?"

This time, Casanoei, excited, agreed with Janicot.

"You're sure of that?"

"Absolutely certain. I checked up with the shippers."

"Go on," Casanoei said.

"Fourthly, I know that the orders were given, before each trip, by different agents, whose names can be found later on the list of passengers, thus showing that they were escorting the goods they had purchased. For the Caledonien, it was Armida, of Baltimore, U.S.A. For the Deux-Caps, Weephal, of Santos, Brazil. And so on for each ship."

"And although these agents were different, the consignees remained the same?"

"The same."

"That's odd."

"No, most natural, on the contrary. For the agent, under various names and various nationalities, was always the same. How do I know? Childish! To obtain a passport, two photographs must be supplied, and one stays in the files. I went to the consulates. The photos are not the same, but the man is the same."

"And," Casanoei asked hurriedly, "the merchandise was of the same sort? Some of it was loaded on the Celtic?"

"On the last day. Departure was delayed to wait for it."

"And the man was aboard?"

"He was," Janicot said. "This time under the name of Stanley Harriman of Brisbane." He nodded. "And, although all the ships had wireless, not one of them used her set when the disaster happened."

"Is that all, sir?" Casanoei pressed.

"All the facts, yes. Now that we have established our equation, let us find the unknown quantities. First, unknown: The apparatus and products that were lost were never recorded. Shall we answer it by saying that they reached their consignees? Their secret consignees?"

"Agreed, that's logical," the minister said.

"Second unknown: The Australian firms, although they never receive the cargo ordered, persist in using French ships. It means that there are accomplices. Their role is to lure the ships into certain waters, and to obtain, from the insurance companies compensation for costly material received elsewhere, which thereby costs nothing, really."

"Logical again—"

"Third unknown: The same man under different names represents them in France. Therefore, the disasters, if there are disasters, were never complete, for there always remained one survivor. Fourth and last unknown: That man, hiding under different names, never spoke of the lost vessels. Therefore he is, if not the cause, at least an accomplice, and it is he who, on board, must second the mysterious power that destroys or captures the ships, doubtless, by wrecking the radio sets."

"That man," Casanoei said anxiously, "he's Markariantz, is he not?"

"What?" Janicot stared at the naval officer, astonished. "No, not at all not at all!"

"Then, I confess that I no longer understand," the minister said, sadly. "What connections have the acts of this man with Dr. Markariantz and the mysterious Hangoe?"

"They connect in every fashion," Janicot said with irritation. "You know only one side of the problem. If you'll follow me carefully we shall pick up the other. Have you thought of ascertaining the geometrical spot where the ships involved were lost track of?"

"We know that the points of the disappearance lay between the 45th and 30th

degrees latitude south, between the 150th and 165th degree longitude east," Casanoei said.

"Vague indications; not worth this graph I composed," Janicot snapped.

He took from his pocket a chart of the South Seas, which he unfolded upon the table, on which he had traced the routes of the various sailing vessels. For each vessel, the line vanished suddenly, with a date at the end of the dwindling line of pencil dots. The three men put their heads together over this graph.

"The geometrical situation of those spots seemed to be limited by Australia, New Zealand, and New Caledonia on the south, New Guinea, Solomon Islands, and the New Hebrides on the north. That makes for a very spacious stretch of sea, most difficult to explore."

"The entire southern zone is crossed by regular steamship lanes. Thus it seems probable that with six vessels lost (I am leaving out the Hangoe), one of the steamships would have located some wreckage. Thence we eliminate that zone, if you permit! On the other hand, the northern zone is constituted by an almost deserted sea, because it is so studded with reefs that the services of various nations gave up making an accurate chart: It is the Coral Sea."

"And this Sea of Coral is feared by ships because it has a remarkable peculiarity. Islands grow there like mushrooms."

"Oh?" the minister said, doubtfully.

"That's true," Casanoei admitted.

"Of course," Janicot snapped. "The islands grow in two ways. First, by the teeming of polyps, objects of my original studies, which, bathed in these tepid waters, multiply rapidly to form enormous blocks of coral. Their growth ending when the surface is reached, those islets are then covered by the excrements of seabirds, which make good soil for vegetation. The wind brings seeds; humus accumulates, and raises them higher, creating what are called atolls. That is the slower growth."

"There is another way of growth, almost instantaneous: the submarine soil, in that region, is volcanic. Because of ceaseless earthquakes, those islets often emerge suddenly."

"So in that deserted Coral Sea, an island may have emerged that does not figure on charts. Another point: the Coral Sea is limited on the south-west by New Caledonia. The law of March 23, 1872, prescribed that Ducos peninsula, Pines and Mare Islands be used as a penal base for deported prisoners."

"It so happens that from a time coinciding almost exactly with the disappearance of the Hangoe, a genuine epidemic of escapes reigns among the convict population of the islands, and they are never heard of again once they have left. And here, gentlemen," the old fellow's eyes were alight with triumph now, "I think we have the solution to the mystery—"

IN the east, a tenuous streak of mauve suffused with pink separated ocean and sky.

The receding tide had bared the spiny belt of reefs of the atoll. Stranded on her side, riggings straggling loosely, the Celtic traced her outline against the dawn, the tragic silhouette of a murdered ship.

The island emerged from the darkness. Its forbidding cliffs rose straight above the flood foaming below.

Lesperon, half-nude, stretched his bruised, lacerated hands toward the sun as he climbed desperately. Kerboal imitated him.

"Hard going!" he grumbled. "But—where are the others?"
"Sharks," Lesperon uttered.
"No harm in giving a shout or two to find out if—"

"Shut up!" Lesperon gestured for silence. They hid in the rocks, as they heard voices drifting as if out of the sea. Then, suddenly, a longboat slid upon the water, seeming to emerge from the cliffs themselves. Manned by twelve oarsmen, it headed for the derelict. And when the words became clearer, the two looked at each other, in mute understanding.

"Ease up on your flippers, pals!" said a huge, gorilla-faced man at the tiller. "Maybe they're not all croaked, and we don't want to get bumped off. Remember the Kerguelen!"

Four men were in the bow, with carbines ready, covering the decks of the stranded ship.

There was a chorus of sarcastic exclamations.

"Don't faint, please, lady! A cup of tea, darling? Little imp, you! What did they have in their veins, the people you knifed? Strawberry juice?"

"Can that stuff, you guys! I am a victim of the law—I have always said I hadn't done anything!"

"Sure thing—to save your bean from the gulliotine, eh?"

"Clam up and look over there!" one of the rowers stood up and pointed to the cliff. They all stared.

"They've spotted us," Lesperon said.

"You got a knife, captain," said Kerboal. "Give it here. I'll stick a few of them before—"

Lesperon shrugged—a knife against four guns!

A firm voice came from the crest of the cliff, addressing the boat's crew.

"Orders are to bring survivors to the governor—who'll decide."

"You heard that, mister," one of the rowers called. "Don't try rough stuff. Come down here and get aboard!"

The two obeyed. Then the craft followed the cliff some distance and turned into a sort of grotto, barred by the receding tide.

Before long, the keel of the boat rasped on the bottom, and the men leaped overboard to draw it higher. The two prisoners got off in turn, and were led up the inclined floor of the tunnel to an iron grill. From the condition of the metal bars, it was easy to reason that they were covered with water as high tide. A steel chain and a solid bronze lock fastened this gate.

Soon, light revealed the end of the tunnel.

News of their capture had spread, and they were taken in charge by a second group, while the boatmen went back to sea. The captors evidenced much savage joy, though restrained by the presence of a very tall, heavy man with a shaven skull and the pale eyes of an albino. It was he who had ordered the riflemen not to shoot. Lesperon recognised his voice.

As they walked, Lesperon recognised the normal construction of the Pacific atoll. The island formed a ring of tall cliffs, which sloped inwardly to a small lake. It was no more than a mile in diameter.

A cubical structure, which seemed made of cement, rose beside the lake. Only one door showed, made of iron. Above it rose a quadrangular pylon of steel beams, somewhat similar to a wireless mast, although there was no sign of wires or antennae. A sphere of red copper, bristling with spikes of the same metal, like an enormous chestnut-burr, crowned the top. That sphere

was on a level with the top of the cliffs, and must have been invisible from the sea.

The prisoners and their escort crossed a camp, where rose portable wooden barracks.

The summit of the cliff, higher than the others, was reached through a series of terraces, connected with movable stairways that could be hoisted up at will. These successive platforms were filled into vegetable gardens. All this work had obviously been done with drill and explosives, for the traces of both were visible.

When they had reached the first terrace, the big albino had dismissed the escort, despite protestations, keeping only six guards. The top of the cliff formed a sort of plateau which sloped gently to the outer brink, making the third terrace. The side of the cliff itself had been dug out and windows opened in the rock.

At the sound of their approach, a woman appeared in a doorway.

"Maybe I'll like it here!" Kerboal said cheerfully.

Although rather bold in manners, the girl was a superb person. Slender without being too tall, she wore a kimono of scarlet satin, from which emerged round, white, shapely arms. Her face had an intense expression: firm, full lips, thin, sensitive nostrils, her green eyes were shaded by long lashes.

She came forward with easy, nonchalant, graceful strides.

"Your place is not here, Mado," said the chief, as he passed.

She looked at him haughtily, showed her teeth in a swift grimace of contempt, shrugged, but did not reply.

The prisoners were led into the dwelling. Crossing the threshold, they entered a corridor cut in the coral mass. This led to another door, before which they waited with the guards while the leader went inside. He returned and waved them in.

The room was a sort of cave shaped like an irregular circle, lighted from the ceiling. The floor was covered with flagstones. For the rest, it had been furnished with expensive furniture and ill-assorted works of art which gave it a strange appearance.

Behind a huge mahogany desk a startling being was seated. A long, skinny body, weakened by age, under which were folded knock-kneed legs, supported a head bearing a yellowish skull seamed by distended blue veins, tufted with whitish hair. A long, thin nose jutted from the face, between oddly keen eyes which belied the first impression of age and weakness. The sum of the personality was sickly, sly, and above all, cruel.

A thin, lipless mouth mumbled in a gentle, feeble, toneless voice.

"Why all these people, Dixmer? I don't like to be disturbed."

"Two prisoners. Six guards," the albino replied shortly.

"Weapons, knives! Do you fear they'll escape?" a harsh chuckle rasped in the flaccid throat.

"No. But some of them may have to be taken back."

"Since you seem to be master here," Lesperon said, stepping forward, "pray inform us where we stand?"

The colorless eyes swept him.

"What were you aboard? Passenger? Sailor? Officer?"

"Naval-Lieutenant Alain Lesperon, on mission—to investigate the unexplained disappearances of ships in the last three years!"

"A dangerous mission." The tone remained gentle, though the eyes grew brighter. "And one which the French Government may regret. I don't like in-

terference in my affairs." He stilled Lesperon's movement of anger with a gesture. "Talk softly, please. My ears are sensitive, and my nerves overtaxed."

Upon a nod from him, two men rested the muzzles of their carbines on the officer's chest. The sinister old man resumed: "Let us talk calmly. If I understand you, the French Government has at last paid attention to the wrecks? It worries me a lot." He smiled. "And you were to discover the cause? Would it be indiscreet to ask you what you found out?"

"Before such courtesy, I cannot but answer frankly," Lesperon said ironically. "I conclude that the cause is an undertaking, well organised I admit, to wreck and loot defenceless vessels."

Just then, a short, obese man scuttled into the room, greeted everyone with nods, bows and waves of the hand. His skull was pink in a girdle of grey hair. He wore moustaches like walrus tusks, the tips merging into a beard. Glasses straddled his stumpy red nose.

"Am I needed?" he asked.

"No, Gandibleu. But you may stay. Dixmer, why isn't Disco here?"

"Must be still aboard," the albino replied. "The prisoners were caught on the rocks. The boat has left to explore the wreck."

"You knew the passengers?" the doctor said, worried.

"Naturally," Lesperon retorted.

"Was there anyone aboard by the name of Stanley Harriman?"

"He's still there," Kerboal replied.

"Why is he late?"

"He'll be later, unless someone brings him."

"Brings him?"

"Yes. He's dead!" Kerboal spoke simply. The ivory-hued face of Dr. Markariants grew whiter. He rose, his hands quivering.

"Dead? Disco? You lie! Out of pity for yourself, say he did not go—I don't want to believe he went."

"Saw him dead on the beach," Kerboal said.

"My whole task endangered," Markariants murmured. "Everything to do over again!"

Voices were heard outside, and Dixmer went to open the door. Two men entered bearing a stretcher. Speechless with emotion, the old man staggered with horror, signalled that the sheet be lifted, then cried:

"Take that away! Take that away!"

The body was removed from the room. Shaken by the convulsions of rage, the old man sank into his chair, waving his hands like talons.

"What about these two prisoners?" Dixmer inquired.

"Take them away!"

"They admitted lying up Disco. Couldn't we first—"

"No, no. No blood," the old man said, horror in his tone. He went on, with the old, tragic gentleness: "No blood. But they can be taken away to the beach at low tide, to see the flood come in."

The guards laughed loudly.

"You mean you are sending us to death?" Lesperon asked.

"Not that word!" the old man shook his hands in the air: "That word is forbidden here."

"The word frightens you, you old reptile!" Kerboal lashed him. "But not the deed! It will get you, too, and before long—death will!"

"Stop him," the doctor cried, livid. "Take them away, take them away."

The guards were about to obey, when a clear, cool voice said: "That's how something stupid is done!" And, very calm, the beautiful Mado, elbow on a tall coffer, puffed at the cigarette she had taken from her lips to speak.

"Why are you butting in?" Dixmer challenged.

She blew smoke into his face. "When men act stupidly, a woman's duty is to tell them so. I'm just telling you."

"Let her explain," the doctor said.

"Save for Bronsky, needed on the Hangoe, not one of you understands marine matters. An expert is needed to handle certain things. If you keep one of these men, he can replace Disco. It's up to you to persuade him, and I think you could manage to. Taking them away removes the opportunity."

"But they killed Disco!" Dixmer objected.

"They did. But if you start putting hatred over general interest, I have no more to say."

The old man struggled against his desire for revenge and his devotion to his mysterious scientific goal. He was left at peace. His face relaxed after a space.

"Didn't you tell me you were a naval officer?" he asked Lesperon. "You would know how to navigate a ship?" When Lesperon nodded he resumed: "My dear Gandibleu, explain to the gentleman what is expected of him. If you persuade him, he shall replace Bronsky on the Hangoe if necessary. The latter shall replace Disco. Thus, we shall have a full staff again."

Lesperon dodged Gandibleu's outstretched hand.

"What of my companion?"

"Useless to us, I regret to say. Take him away."

"Kerboal is my orderly. Where he goes, I go."

The old man seemed angry, but controlled himself.

"That's right—you cannot be deprived of your servant. It shall be as you wish." He turned to Gandibleu. See that the newcomers are comfortable. "They'll lodge with you. Of course, the quarters will be temporary in case, which is doubtful, they refuse to execute the tasks expected of them."

Gandibleu took the prisoners in charge and led them to the door, saying: "At last, I will have men of my own class to work with."

Lesperon halted near Mado.

"Thank you," he said.

The girl looked at him, hostile and resentful.

"Don't mention it," she concluded.

THE quarters reserved for chiefs were located in the maze of the coral grotto. Gandibleu occupied a sort of apartment which communicated with the lodgings of Markariantz only through a hall closed with massive doors.

Although Lesperon had determined to be astonished at nothing, he was startled when Gandibleu, turning a switch, flooded the place with glaring electric light shed by a number of wall-lamps and ceiling globes. The bathroom, adjoining the main room, surprised him also. Basin and tub could be filled with running water, and an electric heater warmed the fluid if desired. A private telephone connected every room with the office of Dr. Markariantz.

Gandibleu left the two prisoners alone. Worn out by a strenuous night, both fell asleep. Kerboal awoke his chief at dusk. He had brought in the officer's linen, a naval uniform, cap and a pair of shoes. In reply to Lesperon's question, he said:

"I must tell you, captain, that those crooks are scrambling over the old Celtic like crabs on a dead fish. They call it transferring cargo. It occurred to me that we had nothing to wear, and I asked them if we could not get our belongings, even offering to get them myself."

"They wouldn't let me, but Rubber-skull, I mean Gandibleu, took down our cabin numbers and had the hand baggage brought here. The hold baggage has been spoiled by water. Plain to see that a good many hands had already gone into our valises. But here's what's left."

It was with deep satisfaction and a sense of relief that Lesperon donned his uniform. He felt once more part of a whole company of men with traditions carried through generations.

Little Gandibleu was waiting for them in the main room, various bottles taken from the Celtic's bag on the table nearby. Lesperon noticed at once that he wore one of his own tuxedos.

"Captain," he said, "you are at home here. All I have belongs to you."

"Allow me," Lesperon said. And, delicately, he removed the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor from the tuxedo's lapel. Gandibleu did not lose his poise for so little.

"An oversight," he confessed. He poured out old port into tumblers. "Ah, my dear sir! You cannot imagine the pleasure it affords me to be your host. What a keen satisfaction for a man of the world to find himself among his kind! Just think that for almost 20 years my constant companions have been convicts!"

"Convicts?" Lesperon exclaimed.

"My word, yes—convicts! Save for Dr. Markariantz, his second, Dixmer, the captain of his yacht, Bronsky—we must omit poor Disco, now—the population of this island is composed of convicts. Far be it from me to deplore such a social status. Certain people find themselves ill at ease in that cramped society we call civilisation. They are, for the most part, men and women of action, energetic, resolute, little inclined to care for arbitrary conventions called laws."

"A backward administration wasted such spirits at thankless labors in the penitentiaries of Bourail, Ducos, La Foa and Pines Island. Using the Hangoe, with great precautions, Markariantz went to fetch them. What we have done with them here shows what could be done everywhere by submitting them to iron discipline. Those who do not obey are taken away."

Intrigued by the words, so often used on the atoll, Lesperon asked for an explanation, which came readily.

"You probably noticed the iron grille closing the tunnel? When a man is undesirable here, he is taken away, placed on the opposite side of the grille, which is then locked. The tide executes the sentence, and the sharks form the burial cortege. The doctor is a very nervous man. Rigid in his actions, the words naming them frighten him. So he coined an expression to express the process, banal words to express something not banal. Hence, we say taken away, or taken back."

"Thus," Lesperon changed the subject

tactfully, "everyone you met for the past 20 years—"

"Convicts! Oh, yes! And if I feel indulgent for their peccadilloes, on the other hand I have suffered much from their utter lack of education."

"You were doubtless sent as a supervisor into the penitentiaries?" Lesperon said, with a straight face and veiled irony.

"Sent—might be the wrong word," the amiable Gandibleu was somewhat embarrassed. "Deported might be better. For I was the victim of 12 ignorant fools, convinced by the glib speech of the prosecuting attorney. Since fate seems to bring us to live together, we might as well be clear. I was practising in Toulon."

"Evil chance caused certain of my patients to end fatally—an end which their condition justified, in any case. Bad luck had it that they were wealthy and that their fortunes had tempted some hasty persons eager to inherit. I was victimized. Justice condemned me, but I have on my side someone who cries out louder than my accusers against one of the greatest errors of the century—"

"Who's that?" Lesperon wondered.

"My conscience!" Gandibleu said modestly.

"Ah, you reassure me!" Lesperon said with calm amiability.

"Do you like your quarters?" Gandibleu resumed.

Lesperon expressed himself satisfied, and added that he had been astounded to find an electric installation.

"A special process of our beloved doctor," Gandibleu explained. "Perhaps some day he will tell you the secret. I advise you, however, not to attempt to force his confidence. He doesn't like to be urged."

Kerboal entered to announce that dinner was served.

The dinner was well prepared. Lesperon identified the dishes on which the courses were served as those of the lost vessels. They bore the company crest. There were fine wines, of which the doctor partook handsomely.

"I recommend our chef," Gandibleu said jovially. "He's Courouble, the famous poisoner, an extraordinary cook. The doctor lured him away from the kitchens of the Governor of Noumea, where he was in charge."

During the meal, Dixmer entered with a tray on his hands.

"Ah," Gandibleu said with annoyance in his tone, "for this special dinner, reception of noted guests, the doctor could really have avoided this—"

"Orders!" the giant grumbled.

"I'll make it clear," Gandibleu said, tasting the dishes one by one, drinking from a glass on the tray. "Dr. Markariantz has trusted me with his health, and he has such faith in my prescriptions that he never touches a dish, never drinks from a bottle until I have declared it good for him to eat or drink."

When they lighted cigars and remained alone—Kerboal had gone to the kitchen—Gandibleu puffed thick smoke toward the ceiling, relaxed and started the conversation.

"What do you think of Dr. Markariantz?"

"You tell me."

"Markariantz is at one and the same time a prodigious genius and a misunderstood philanthropist." And when Lesperon started, Gandibleu continued: "I said, a misunderstood philanthropist. It is from his extreme love for humanity, from his

ardent desire to see it beautiful, happy, perfect, that his will to destroy was born."

"Go on. I'm listening," Lesperon said lightly.

"Society as at present constituted is a monster. Life is badly tuned. Nothing comes at the right time. Everything comes when it is too late to enjoy it—money, glory, Gold, that metal of conventional value, with little practical utility, is more than king."

"Some truth in that," Lesperon was forced to admit.

"According to Markariantz, man himself is to blame for this state of things. Instincts exist in him. Civilisation, fermenting them venomously, has denatured them, depraved them. Of kindness, it made weakness; of charity, ostentation; of pride, vanity, and so on."

Lesperon laughed. "Agreed that this world is badly managed. How are you going to improve it?"

"Wipe it out!"

"Rather radical, difficult to carry out."

"Wrong. Markariantz, a genius, has discovered a way!"

"Ah? What is it?" Lesperon was sceptical.

"That is what I don't know," Gandibleu declared. "But don't doubt that it exists, and that every act of the doctor tends to prepare its realisation."

Not at all convinced, but for the sake of argument Lesperon resumed: "I admit as a fact this method of destruction. Humanity is wiped out. Who will recreate it?"

"Carefully selected specimens will be the source of this new humanity which, submitted to the laws decreed by Dr. Markariantz, will be perfect."

"A New Ark?"

"You said it!"

"So he's preparing a new deluge?"

"I can't answer that, despite friendship for you."

"Pleasant prospect," Lesperon commented, smiling. "The universe repopulated through the convicts I have seen on this island!"

The little physician took another drink, tapped Lesperon's knee affectionately. "I feel, my dear friend, that we shall get along. You allow me to call you friend?"

"You honor me!" Lesperon assured him without blinking. "But all this doesn't inform me as to what is expected of me."

"We're getting to that. It's simple; you take command of the Hangoe when required and take her near the coasts where the doctor's agents have business. Arrivals and departures take place at night, in conveniently deserted waters, at spots agreed in advance. The Hangoe is a ship with much to interest you, as you'll see. No risk to run. The doctor is old, time pressures him, and you have every chance in the world to please him."

"In other words, I become his accomplice," Lesperon stated.

"An ugly word! Because of being alive, after hearing what you have heard, you are separated from the world. Better make the best of it."

Lesperon was silent a while. He believed he was dealing with lunatics, lucid and dangerous lunatics. If he refused openly, he would die, while if he pretended to fall in with their views, he would have opportunities to interfere.

"I accept the position, my dear doctor; you convinced me."

"Dear friend," the doctor exclaimed happily, "how you please me! May I confess that I rather feared that your recent con-

tract with stupid civilisation had burdened you with foolish scruples? You are the man we need, I congratulate you. We shall inform our dear chief at once."

They had to pass before the watchful Dikmar before seeing Markariantz. The doctor received them in his study, cluttered with books, globes, bizarre instruments, walls covered with maps. He wore a loose dressing gown.

When the jubilant Gandibleu ceased speaking, the pale eyes of the savant fastened on the young man's face.

"You are a French officer, you said?" He smiled as he added: "Your word of honor to guide the Hangoe according to my orders and not to try to escape."

"In exchange for yours that my comrade shall be safe."

"My word of honor?" Markariantz smiled again. "You have a better guarantee in the fact that I have need of you."

He nodded, signifying the interview was over.

THE next few days, Lesperon enjoyed comparative freedom, although Gandibleu kept near him under pretence of great friendship.

He was wise enough to show lively admiration for the organisation of the atoll, which, the purpose forgotten, justified it fully. As he had suspected, the island was what he had presumed, a large coral reef, sprung from the sea in a submarine convulsion.

As is Nature's rule in such formation, the atoll was surrounded by rings of coral reefs, which emerged at low tide for a half mile away from the cliffs. A deep channel, the classic lagoon of the Pacific atoll, connected the shore with the reefs. The outlet to the open sea was narrow, facing southward, invisible from the ocean.

The lake within the atoll formed a sort of basin to receive rain water dripping from the cliffs. The mysterious pylon on its shore was not the only piece of apparatus puzzling the officer. At the extreme southern tip of the island, perched atop the cliff, but concealed from the sea, was another building, the entrance to which was also forbidden. There Markariantz spent the bulk of his time, and it was lighted far into the night.

Another cause for curiosity was the work done by the escaped convicts. They were digging a maze of trench-like ditches in a thick deposit of guano situated near the lake. This deposit had been formed by the droppings of the sea birds which had lived on the island before the coming of men.

A pathway wound on the crest of the cliffs. The rabble below had no right to come upon it, but, on the other hand, Lesperon could not go down among them.

The population of the island was distinctly divided. The staff lived above, the workers below. Dikmar linked the two, transmitting orders. A man called Courouble was in charge of supplies, which, including those looted on the ships, were stored in a cave, with an opening on the second terrace.

As the connecting ladders were kept hoisted out of reach at night, Markariantz had thus made sure that there would be no concerted mutiny, for he controlled the food supply.

In the course of his investigation, Lesperon located the lights which the unlucky Captain Mestreat had mistaken for those of Brisbane river. They were merely

lanterns with prismatic lenses, electrically operated, and disposed among the rocks so as to simulate the port lights of Brisbane. No wires were visible.

Aside from the set of "Brisbane" lights, there were other groups, but, lacking perspective and leisure, the officer could not identify the ports they represented.

His own sufferings might not have influenced his loyal, frank, sailor's character. But this cowardly trick revolted him, for he was a seaman, and his hatred was aroused. He determined to learn more of the madman's secrets, though he had to pay with his life. And he understood that the struggle, to be successful, must be waged with deceit and trickery.

TO AVOID Gandibleu, his speeches and his bottles, Lesperon had retired to his room after dinner, pleading a headache. He had obtained several books from Markariantz's library, which, being composed for a large part of tomes on Nordic philosophy, was not precisely light reading. Yawning in advance, he opened a volume by Schopenhauer.

A light scratching at his door attracted his attention, and he heard Kerboal whisper: "Captain, captain!"

Lesperon walked noiselessly across the room and opened the door. The Breton did not speak until he was inside and the bolts had been slid home. Then he said: "News!"

"Rather risky, what you're doing, Gandibleu may have seen you."

"He's with Courouble, both snoring under the table. And I have padded the blankets of my cot, so that's all right. They'll think I'm on it, if they look. I wanted a chance to talk to you alone. Courouble likes me, because I can drink hard. Every day he goes down among the deer-forest."

"What are they?"

"The guys in camp. Seems they call each other that in the penitentiaries."

"Cut it short, Kerboal, and talk French."

"Beg pardon, captain! Here's the yarn. The other day, seeing my pal going down with supplies, I thought: Why don't I go down with him and see the things you can't see from up here. So I said to Courouble that he had too much to carry, and he said that the doctor wouldn't let anybody come up to help him, and that meant a lot of trips up and down, up and down."

"After a while, he thinks it over again, and asks me to help him. I mention the old guy's instructions, and he says, 'To the devil with him, he's busy all the time, he won't get wise, and if he kicks, I'll send in rotten food for a while. I'm a chef, you bet, and he won't do anything to me.' I tell him that if he asks me, it's all right with me. And he takes me into the stores."

"Talk about a larder! Tinned stuff for a whole regiment; barrels of flour and biscuits to feed a battleship for a round the world cruise! A lot of queer-looking instruments and tools cases and crates still closed, and—what do you think—seeds! Collections of seeds, of all sorts, labelled and in numbered bins. I ask Courouble: 'Is the old guy trying to win medals for agriculture?' No, he tells me, those seeds are for later. Not much later. Soon, he says."

"He said soon?" Lesperon inquired quickly.

"Nothing else. Loaded like donkeys, we went down to dish out the stuff. While he was playing store, I start talking with an old dame who's grinning at me, kind

like. I ask her where you buy tickets to visit the monument, showing her the pointed thing that looks like a battleship's mast.

"You fool," she says, nicely; "that's the transformer, not a monument. Some gadget worked out by the old guy to get electricity from the moon." "Electricity?" I tell her. "Who's you kidding, fair lady?" "No," she tells me, "I ain't kidding you a bit. My man worked making the ditches when they were laying cables all over the island, some even in the guano heap. The devil can have me, if I know why, though."

"As her man was coming over to see what she was talking to me about, I drifted to the building—"

"Did you get in?" Lesperon asked.

"No. The door's made of steel, fastened. I listened. Not a sound inside! I know the purr of dynamos. Nothing like it. Absolute silence. I walk around—no window. Between the stays of the pylon, there's a big gutta-wrapped cable which comes down from that sea-urchin business on top."

"Didn't get a look at the inside?"

"No. Not even a key-hole to look through—solid steel door. I stroll around to the trenches in the guano. That damn was right. They were laying cables, big red copper cables, stretched side by side and held together like the teeth of a comb by cast iron boxes. Smaller cables run right and left, like the bones of a fish."

"What do those cables connect with, Kerboal?"

"Nothing—they stop in the ground. I turn around, come back to the camp, and just then I hear a lot of yelling and I spot Dixmer coming down from the terraces, taking the stairs four at a time. I knew that he was after me. He heads for me, rolling his eyes like a drunken Russian rabbit, and he asks me what I am doing there."

"I turn to the cook and start yelling because he had got me into trouble. Courouble was surprised when I said he was getting me to do work I wasn't supposed to do, but Dixmer just asked him: 'He didn't leave you, did he Courouble?' 'Not a minute,' Courouble raises his hand as if taking oath. Dixmer told him never to bring me down again, and escorted me back. Was I wrong?"

"No, you did excellently; thanks. Better go now."

Lesperon, left alone, thought over the new facts.

What did the pylon portend? One thing was certain; electricity was used on the island, to cook, to heat and to light. There were no dynamos anywhere. What was its source? He recalled the words of the woman—"To get electricity from the moon." That was the simple explanation of primitive minds. From the moon? Impossible—and yet it came from somewhere.

Admitting there was no alternative, that electricity came from the pylon, what was the purpose of the cables in the guano? He sought in his memory for the reaction of an electric current upon nitrates.

"Nitrates—" He thought of the elderly professor lecturing, of his grey beard and acid-stained frock-coat. Then the words brought back the evil memory of the war.

Nitrates? Could the old man mean to blow up the world? Nonsense! First, it would need an enormous amount of explosive—enough to form a continent! Then the old fool would blow up with the rest. What then?"

But one fact remained, undeniable, tangible. Markariants had been able to catch and rule electricity from an unknown source. Probably, a natural source. And that alone was enough to frighten the naval officer, for he now comprehended fully that all was not madness in the maniac's brain. He did not rest easily that night.

VERY early next morning, Lesperon took advantage of the fact that Gandibleu was sleeping off the effect of his apres to follow the cliff pathway to the north-east.

It was there that in a section of the lagoon completely protected from the sea by the girdle of coral reefs, the Hangoe was moored. The spot had been selected as to be invisible from the open sea, for no strange vessel would attempt to circle in that direction, where the water foamed on the rocks.

Lesperon had come to the conclusion that the island's electricity might be produced aboard her. He was seeking to make sure of this, to reassure himself with a plausible explanation.

But a close examination of the ship did not reveal anything more than he had already learned. The Hangoe seemed to be a steamer of 3000 to 3500 tons. A canvas screened the entire length of her decks. Her funnel was protected with leather, as is often the case with ships in the yards, a sort of hood. There was no life aboard, no small boats nearby.

Seen from the crest of the cliff, the water was quite transparent. Lesperon could see long streamers of seaweeds floating around her hull, which showed that she had not been used for many months. The anchor chains, sinking into greenish shadow, were covered with marine moss.

His ear strained for sound. Lesperon stretched out on the edge of the cliff, facing the void. Precipitate steps made him look up as he felt himself dragged back violently.

"You are mad! What are you doing?"

Mado Marani was bending over him, panting, very pale, clutching his coat with both hands. He rose, rather disgruntled to be caught spying.

"You see—inspecting the ship I am to command."

"You are sure of that? You were leaning over pretty far!" She reddened. "Excuse me, I was afraid you would fall!" The meaning of her words could not explain her obvious emotion. "If the ship intrigues you so much, I know you will be taken to her soon. I heard—"

"May I mention again that without your intervention, madame, I would never have been commander of the Hangoe? Thank you once more."

"You're not sincere," she said harshly.

"In thanking you? Why should you doubt it?"

"I don't mean the thanks. In being glad that you are to play the role of captain—"

you accepted with a purpose—" she hesitated. "To escape—"

She turned and left. Her red gown shone in the sun.

Lesperon looked after her, puzzled.

"Queer girl—"

Gandibleu had told him her story. She had been a famous adventuress in France. Another misunderstood creature who lived in a society with which she was at odds. As in the era of cavemen, her friends quarrelled about her. Then, one day, her proud heart had been stirred, and as the man of her choice had other ties she had simplified mat-

ters by killing her rival. In former days, she might have been celebrated in songs, being termed a heroine. Instead, she was sent to Gulana as a ward of a benevolent government.

Transferred to New Caledonia with a number of other women sent there as prospective wives for lonely convicts, the lord and master provided for her was not to her liking. Consequently, she brewed him a cup of very special coffee. And he died.

Markariants had managed her escape, while freeing many others. It was well known that Dixmer loved her. Her friendship—for Lesperon saw that she was interested in him—might be of help. But it would bring about Dixmer's enmity.

THAT same day, Markariants sent for Lesperon and Kerboal. The lieutenant had not seen the old man since the day of his capture. Although the voice was no louder, he appeared quicker, stronger. He had another man with him.

"Bronsky," he introduced without formalities, "the captain of the Hangoe. You'll replace him. I have instructed him to show you certain peculiarities of the ship. Have you ever served on a submarine?"

"I've commanded two," Lesperon answered, surprised.

Markariants appeared very pleased.

"That will simplify your adaptation to the task," he stated. "Perhaps you will find aboard certain machines and instruments, apparatus, which will be beyond your technical training. Bronsky knows the principles, so I authorise him to tell you, as it is necessary for the proper handling of the ship."

He spoke a few words to the captain, in a language at once guttural and musical, in which the very soft "r's" changed phrases to a sort of cooing.

"So," he addressed Lesperon in French, "to-day, you will only circle the island inside the reefs. Later, the channels will be shown you, to get to the open sea."

The slanting eyes and the high cheekbones of Bronsky moved in a smile of greeting, but there lingered something distrustful and treacherous in his glance.

Dixmer escorted them outside. It was low tide, and the sea was leaving the tunnel. They boarded the longboat, the oarsmen plied vigorously, and soon they were beyond the cliff, circling the island. At last they came alongside the Hangoe.

Lesperon noticed at once that the vessel he had judged to be abandoned was well kept up. The canvas had concealed this. Two men lived aboard with Bronsky.

Although the outward appearance of the ship was that of a yacht, the superstructure was that of a tanker. There was the same whale-back deck, made of thick steel, narrow hatches that looked securely, the navigating bridge and chart-room could be made watertight.

Everything above deck level, with the exception of those rooms, was movable. The masts, of steel, could be telescoped into the hold. The funnel was hinged like that of river tugs. Everything else, rails, ladders, dummy ventilators could be stripped off with ease.

Lesperon's surprise became uneasiness when he saw that the wheel-house was provided with a gyroscopic compass besides the ordinary binnacle. The chart-room was supplied with bathymetric graphs, indicating depths. Finally, the pilot's station was provided with three horizontal controls as well as those normally found on a steam vessel.

"We're on a submarine!" Kerboal exclaimed.

Dixmer and Bronsky laughed, with as much satisfied pride as amusement. A dismaying thought occurred to Lesperon.

"Does the commander's duty include sinking ships?" he asked.

"Oh, no!" Bronsky exclaimed, with his stinging accent. "The Hangoe never has attacked a ship, and never will attack one. Even if it were armed for that purpose, it would be useless—you can't take cargo from a ship that's sunk. The purpose of the Hangoe is purely scientific. If you could have seen all the instruments we transferred to Dr. Markariantz's laboratory, you would never doubt that!"

"What purpose is she used for, then?"

"I have been instructed to teach you how to run this ship," Bronsky said, politely; "but not to tell you her purpose."

They went below.

The vast hold was divided into stories around a central gallery, brilliantly lighted. Runways edged each story, and narrow, yet comfortable, cabins opened off them. Lesperon counted 200.

"Regular barracks!" Kerboal said.

"The New Ark!" Lesperon thought. Already, his irony was vanishing before worry.

At the step of each mast there was a special compartment, and Lesperon understood that the masts were in reality periscopes. The hold forward was a great store-room, in which numerous cases were already placed. The upperpart was divided into smaller sections by iron grilles, like so many cages.

The relative simplicity of the engine-room struck the two Bretons. They were accustomed to the clutter and the apparent disorder brought about by the complex and voluminous equipment of ordinary submarines. Instinctively, their eyes sought for the organs which they deemed indispensable:

"There is no need of batteries," Bronsky declared. "The same motor is employed on the surface and submerged."

"Impossible!" Lesperon stated confidently.

"With a Diesel or gasoline motor," Bronsky admitted "it would be impossible. With this machine, no."

"What fuel is used, then?"

"Sea water," Bronsky explained quietly.

Lesperon flushed with resentment, and Kerboal grumbled that it was no time for joking.

"I wish you would explain that," Lesperon said. "I should be much obliged if you would!"

"With great pleasure," Bronsky replied courteously. "Due to necessities which I shall spare you, it was required that the Hangoe be spared the usual refuelling. It was imperative, therefore, to discover a means of locomotion employing fuel of which there always was a supply at hand, any time, anywhere. Dr. Markariantz found a handsome solution in the use of sea water."

"But sea water is not a fuel," Lesperon snapped angrily.

"In its natural form, it isn't," Bronsky went on. "I admit that. But it's different if it is decomposed, and nothing was easier than this undertaking to a man like Dr. Markariantz, who has contrived to capture an inexhaustible source of electrical energy."

He plunged proudly into amazing technical details of the doctor's strange formula.

"Does it work?" Lesperon inquired dazedly, at the end of the recital.

"See for yourself."

A mere turn of a crank started the motor.

"That motor can't fail to start, can't stall—operates by light." He pushed down a lever, the motor turned at reduced speed. "You two stay down here," Bronsky told his companions. "I'll take these gentlemen up."

He led the way to the navigating-room. Dixmer following Lesperon and Kerboal closely. Bronsky sat down before a keyboard on which were rows of push-buttons.

"No orders to utter," he explained, "everything functions automatically. We're going to start."

He pushed down one of the buttons and the muffled humming of the motor increased. He pressed a second, and the chains hoisted the anchors, wound on the winches. A third button started the propeller, and the Hangoe cut easily through the quiet waters. The cliffs fled by in a savage panorama.

"Here's the throttle," Bronsky indicated, "but we can't use it in the lagoon. You can go 12 knots on the surface, which is enough."

The Hangoe ran down the east coast, turned the southern end of the island at slow speed. A strange sight attracted the naval officer's attention—along a length of three hundred feet a row of portholes pierced the cliff, slanting like those of a sinking ship. Much higher, the presumed altitude of masts, lights were suspended.

"What's that for?" Lesperon asked. He suspected, but still hesitated.

"Never mind," Dixmer snarled.

Bronsky smiled. "Having gone this far, what's the use of being mysterious? Those can be lighted at night. Add to them, a well-timed SOS, when a ship is about, and guess the result."

Lesperon and Kerboal, both Bretons, both sailors, exchanged glances of helpless rage. When the Hangoe reached her moorings, Bronsky asked Kerboal to toss a line to the crew of the longboat.

"Yes sir, right away, sir, at your service!" the sailor answered, with an amiability that surprised everyone. Lesperon knew that someone, some time, would pay for this unexpected gentleness.

"Next time," Bronsky said as the naval officer climbed down into the boat, "I'll show you how to dive."

"Thanks," Lesperon said. And he added, mentally: "Some day I'll show you a dive that you never expected to take!"

ALONE in his quarters that night, Lesperon tried to bring order to his incoherent thoughts. What he had seen of the Hangoe, with what he had learned already of the mysterious might of Markariantz, tormented his brain.

The man—or the monster—who had been able to create that ship, to discover this atoll, to people it with ruthless creatures ready for any crime, to transform it into a gigantic trap for lost ships, was capable of worse things. And in Lesperon's mind rose that singular episode which had preceded the wreck of the Celtic—the variation of the magnetised compass indicator 45 degrees eastward.

He had blamed it previously on Harri-man's presence on board, thought the so-called Australian had tampered with the compass. But his recent experiences offered new possibilities.

A plan of action shaped in his mind. The primordial need was to locate, on a chart, the exact emplacement of this atoll in the Coral Sea. He knew that unless there was an imperative reason, no vessel would risk herself in the region.

His knowledge of maritime affairs was extensive enough for him to be aware of the existence of the great equatorial stream passing nearby. If he succeeded in locating the island it would be easy to write messages which could be placed in bottles.

First, he must find a sextant. He could not use the instruments aboard the Hangoe without attracting attention. But as all naval officers, all mates of the merchant service, own their own sextant, he could find one in the cabins of the Celtic's staff. Obtaining one offered difficulties, however. How could he get aboard the derelict?

The occasion offered a few days later. Kerboal reported that he had heard from the cook that the shell of the Celtic, stripped of everything usable, was to be blown up the following day.

"Here's a chance to prove you have some brains," Lesperon said. "I need a sextant. There must be one aboard in the officers' quarters. You'll have to get aboard some way and contrive to get one."

Thus challenged, Kerboal reacted as Lesperon had thought he would.

The masterly chef, Courouble, was awakened the following morning by a robust hand shaking his shoulder. "Hey there, mate! Are you a guy who'll stand by and see three cases of whisky massacred without moving a finger to defend them?"

"What brute is going to do that?"

"Our beloved pal, Dixmer, when he blows up the Celtic!"

"They're aboard?" Courouble wondered.

"How come we didn't find them?"

"Barman's private stock," Kerboal explained. "When we happened to be near an American ship in port, you could swap them for cigars and tobacco. Will you let it go to the fish?"

"No," the chef said resolutely. "Tell me where they are and I'll get them."

"Couldn't tell you so you'd find them. Why not ask the old sawbones to let you take a last look around to see that all supplies have been taken off. I was one of the crew, so it's plain I should be along to steer you a bit."

Courouble agreed, and Markariantz, who did not like to displease his cook because his stomach ultimately paid, gave permission. Kerboal pulled a wry grimace when he heard that Dixmer would accompany them. But he had to make the best of it.

BREAKFAST over, Gandibleu turned to Lesperon. "Since you have been won over by the prodigious genius of our doctor, would you like to witness an experiment new to you?"

And he explained that it would consist of the production of explosives to blow up the derelict. The young officer accepted.

They went down from the terraces together. The convicts had taken from the heap of guano several spadefuls of the natural fertiliser and according to Dixmer's instructions had piled them on a sort of copper-wire screen. Two electric cables connected this heap with the pylon building.

When this was done, Dixmer went inside the structure and remained more than an hour. In vain, Lesperon tried to obtain further information from the little doctor.

"All that I can tell you," he declared,

"Is that by running an electric current for a definite lapse of time, at a proper tension, through those nitrates, Markariantz obtains a powerful explosive. You shall be able to judge."

Dixmer emerged from the building and closed the door with a quick push, before Lesperon or the doctor had time to peer within. The guano had taken on a yellowish hue after the electric treatment and its clods were flaking. Dixmer took some, which he placed in a box with many precautions. Gandibieu and Lesperon followed him to Markariantz's office.

"Pardon our presence here, doctor," Gandibieu said. "But our new captain is expressing a lively interest in your experiments and—"

"Dixmer, they didn't go into the transformer?"

"I know my orders," the big man said simply.

"Since it is to see result and not the process of manufacture, I see nothing wrong in your seeing the tests."

They left the room and went outside. Lesperon saw that the goal was the laboratory. He was disappointed, for only Markariantz and Dixmer entered. When they came out, Dixmer carried a steel box.

"That explosive is not perfect," Markariantz explained. "At least in its actual rudimentary form. I have to observe certain precautions, for it is sensitive, and its detonations in the open air, even in small quantity, would be enough to cause the spontaneous combustion of the treated material elsewhere. Nothing would remain of the camp."

Dixmer put a pinch of the powder in the steel box, attached a detonator and a fuse, and buried the container. When he had lighted the fuse, they went away hastily. A few seconds later the explosion occurred, and the lid of the box burst through the earth piled upon it.

Markariantz picked up the box and examined it. White traces appeared inside.

"That's all—you can go ahead," he told Dixmer.

The experiment left Lesperon aghast. From a fertiliser, the terrifying scientist could make a powerful explosive in the space of an hour! He was convinced now that the monstrous man possessed a formidable secret, of which he had as yet revealed little. More than ever, he resolved to watch, to learn, and to learn, he must pretend admiration.

"There is no shame," he told Markariantz. "In admitting oneself vanquished by genius. Until now, I doubted. Now, I do not. Your power is without limits, and I firmly believe that you have the means to achieve your ends."

The phenomenal vanity of the madman was flattered.

"So you didn't know that simple process?" he smiled. "It is rather old. I have found much better since. By prolonging the experiment, one can obtain something else?"

"What?" Lesperon insisted.

"Something else," the doctor cut short, in a tone that discouraged further questions. Markariantz went back to his laboratory. "What a prodigious man!" Lesperon told Gandibieu in an awed voice.

"I knew you'd admire him."

That evening, at 5 o'clock, a heavy explosion shattered the wreck of the Celtic.

THE crafty Kerboal brought back the sextant for his captain. He had contrived to avoid Dixmer's watchfulness while

aboard, and had concealed the instrument inside a pall of lard.

And, after checking his figures several times, Lesperon composed a message:

"Forward to minister of the navy—Casabiel—Paris.

"15-5-37 lat. S.—162-16-3 long. E.—S.O.S. 'Lesperon—Celtic.'"

He placed the slip into an empty bottle, corked and sealed the container. Then, with it under his coat, he went for his usual afternoon stroll. The crest of the cliff facing the west had several spots which could not be seen from a distance. First, Lesperon threw away the sextant, which had served its purpose and would only arouse suspicion if discovered.

Then, as it was high tide, he sat down and waited for the ebb. After a time, the current shifted, and the level of the lagoon sank, as the waters rushed through the passes to the sea. Lesperon was ready to throw his bottle when a shot rang out on his left. He hid it quickly.

A second detonation resounded. A gull spun down in the limpid air. Lesperon turned, and saw Mado Marani standing on the rock, shouldering a shotgun. She started when she saw the officer.

"Nice game," he commented. "Why massacre those birds?"

"They're free; I'm not."

"I thought you liked it here."

"You were mistaken." She turned to load her gun again.

Lesperon, fearing the arrival of Gandibieu or Dixmer, grew hasty. He took advantage of her inattention to throw the bottle over the edge of the cliff. A remote shout startled him. He turned and saw that he had been spied upon from the laboratory, the upper windows of which were visible.

Mado looked at him. "Quick, don't let what was in that bottle?"

Dixmer was signalling to those below, shouting for the boat to be launched. The bottle would be found, picked up. Lesperon knew himself to be lost. To humiliate himself with a lie seemed needless. He smiled defiantly.

"Not much—the location of this atoll and a call for help."

"You fool—"

Mado shouldered the shotgun and fired twice. A cloud of lead whipped the water, and the shattered bottle sank. Dixmer was coming up, gasping.

"Where's the fire?" Mado asked him, calmly.

"He threw something—into the sea—what was it?"

She laughed, reloading. "Is that any reason to alarm the whole camp?" Before Lesperon could interfere, she added: "I made a bet with the captain to smash that bottle in flight. I failed, and broke it in the water."

"Look out with that gun," Dixmer said, for the girl's weapon was pointing at his chest. "I heard no shots when the bottle was in the air—"

"The safety catch was on, as it is now," she replied with a laugh. "I didn't know it was on, and tried to shoot."

He looked down into the sea, then at both of them, and shrugged. Then he went, to order the boatmen to return.

"Thanks. But why did you do it?" Lesperon asked.

"Woman's whim," she said playfully. Then her features contracted, her lips quivered.

Ready to cry she said quickly: "I wouldn't want you to leave—"

And she ran off.

Later that day Lesperon was summoned to Markariantz's laboratory with Dixmer.

Reaching the mysterious building, Dixmer interposed his great shoulders between Lesperon and the door, to screen vision. His fingers found a secret lock, the steel sheet swung open.

Lesperon stepped into a vast space dug out of the coral mass. A skylight, facing the south-west, opened in the flank of the cliff. The walls were lined with glass enclosed cabinets containing jars, labelled phials, instruments of various designs. Tables were littered with test-tubes, retorts and chemical apparatus. A great slab of marble studded with plugs, switches and levers was bolted against a partition each control bearing a designating number on ivory plates.

Among the oddly-shaped instruments, Lesperon identified a few, which he had used as a student—a large selenoid, a condenser, a Bunsen spectroscope, a solar microscope. Most of them were unknown to him, served purposes he could not guess.

In particular, at the extremity of the room, before the skylight, there was an enormous parabolic mirror, made of polished, bluish metal, which, mounted on swivels supported by a pedestal, could be faced in any direction, at any angle desired. Lesperon felt uneasy before this imposing array of scientific apparatus all tending toward destruction.

A single lamp, with a mobile green globe, threw an unreal light upon the coppers and crystals. An electric oven, turned on low, glowed on a stone stand, and cast a red light upon the bony silhouette of Markariantz.

"Leave us, Dixmer," the old man said in his peculiar, gentle voice. "Go back to the grove. I shall call you if needed." And as the big fellow hesitated, the skinny hand of the doctor indicated the door.

After Dixmer had left, the doctor fused a while near the oven, then indicated a chair to Lesperon. He sat down near the switchboard, adjusted the green globe of the lamp so as to leave his face in the shadow, then cut into the quick of the subject without loss of time.

"I had you come because the time is getting near when I shall dispatch Bronsky to accomplish the last mission necessary before the great work. The Hangoe shall land him where he is needed. Bronsky will teach you how to handle the ship during the trip out. Particularly will he train you to dive, which may be necessary if you encounter other ships. You will bring the Hangoe back here."

With a quick, unexpected movement, he threw the light of the lamp full on the officer's face. Lesperon's eyes did not flicker. "It is understood that I have your parole. To avoid your temptations to communicate with foreign stations, you will remain a prisoner in your cabin, on the trip out."

"A superfluous precaution," Lesperon assured him.

"The superfluous may be the necessary. It will be as I said, if you'll forgive me! On the return trip, you will conform to the instructions given you by my lieutenant, Dixmer, under whose control you will be placed, and who will alone handle the wireless set. He alone will also have the code

used to communicate with this island, and the navigating instruments. I dare trust that his control will remain nominal, and that you will make his task easy. It is the rule aboard to tolerate neither indiscipline nor indiscretion."

"I take note of your orders," Lesperon answered. "Permit me, however, to object to certain details. A captain is usually the sole master aboard his ship. He must be obeyed, especially when the crew is made up of—persons with peculiar mentality such as those composing yours. I fear that my being subjected to another may have a bad influence on my prestige."

"Rest at ease," Markariantz said, with a sardonic smile. "You shall be obeyed. I promise you. Dixer's orders cover the whole crew, and precedents have been established to make me sure that discipline shall reign."

"All right, but how will I steer without compass, maps or sextant?"

"I did not say without compass," Markariantz corrected. "In fact, that instrument shall suffice, since your only order will be to steer obstinately toward the north that it shall indicate without consulting sun or stars. I might add that I have the means to follow from here the course followed by the ship. Dixer could soon be ordered to dismis you."

He paused, then explained: "What influences the compass? Telluric waves. Mankind has employed them merely to run those little things, compasses. I harnessed them, a limitless source of power. This lamp glows because of telluric waves, captured, amplified, applied."

"Marvelous," Lesperon said sincerely. "But how can they act at a distance on the direction of a ship, aside from their normal origin, the pole?"

"And you're one of the presumably educated, intelligent men, one of the elite!" Markariantz shrugged with scornful pity, and rose to look at the oven. When he turned, his hand touched by accident a great jar which was carefully sealed, and appeared filled with dark green oil. He bent with evident apprehension, inspected the container, and replaced it with care. When he sat down, his face still showed lingering traces of some powerful emotion.

"What is the peculiarity of waves?" he resumed. "First, to spread: those in the water, those in the air, those in the ether. Our obtuse senses detect but a few, because they are not attuned to the vibrations of the others."

For a few seconds, a very faint whistling sound had come from the corner where the doctor had gone, near the oven. Neither Markariantz, absorbed in his lecture, nor Lesperon, listening attentively, noticed it.

"We do not hear light," the scientist went on, "because our ears are not built to do so. We do not see sound because its waves vibrate a million times slower than our eyes can perceive. Certain waves we no longer detect because they become too rapid or too slow."

As Markariantz spoke, a singular animation showed in his waxen face. He lost that appearance of a dying man clinging to life. His colorless eyes flashed often, his voice rose into whiplike cracks, and his skinny hands gestured profusely.

That animation, by a bizarre contagion, seemed shared by Lesperon. He felt that his lungs were filled with a fresher, more

vivifying air, as if he were breathing the atmosphere of the open sea.

Lifeless things seemed affected by this activity. The oven glowed redder. The whistling increased in intensity.

"Ah, ah! This begins to be interesting, ah!" Markariantz cried out, gesticulating fiercely. "Do you realize the small brain of our contemporaries? What is the peculiarity of waves, my young friend? To be reflected! The reef reflects the billows—a rock reflects the echo, which is a sound wave. Why should there not be a substance to reflect telluric waves? Ah! Ah! There is something to start from!"

"Ah! I don't claim it was easy! I groped a long time. It took up the best years of my life, but there it is—there it is!" He struck with his bony knuckles the great parabolic mirror, which emitted a sonorous note, and swung on its swivels.

"There you are, young man," he made wide gestures with his ape-like arms. "That's what permits me to create, where I wish, a false north. In the zone it sweeps, the north no longer exists. Only this mirror reigns, and draws the indicators of the compass to itself. But I have done even better, I swear, even better—"

Oddly, Lesperon was aware that his excitement kept pace with the doctor's. He was panting, found difficulty in breathing, and he suddenly thought of the time when, as an aviation observer, he had flown at a high altitude over the trenches of the Yser. Yet that air, which seemed rarefied, made him drunk as alcohol might.

"I have done better!" Markariantz howled. "That primitive beam emitted from my mirror. I refracted it in a smaller one that one of my men disposed on the ship according to my instructions. I thus was enabled to cause that ship's compass to shift so that, believing herself on the right course, the vessel followed the one that I designated for her!"

"That's why poor Disco is dead! That's why you, luckier than many others, are not inside a shark! Better still, I can by employing a different method follow mathematically, in a zone of two thousand miles around this atoll, the ship I aim at."

And the light shed in Lesperon's brain by this revelation was so violent that he laughed and thought aloud: "That's why Harriman stopped sending radios after we left Sydney!"

"Of course! I held the Celtic within the mirror's beam!"

"And those unexplained shifts of the wind?"

"The wind was steady, but by changing the indications of the compass, I forced the rudder to follow them."

Stentorian laughter shook Markariantz's emaciated body. Lesperon felt his brain about to snap. His eyes swam, the whistling filled his ears, as the oven shot forth intense heat.

He unhooked the collar of his tunic, loosened his collar, wiped his forehead. He saw, without being aware of it, a trickle of dark green oil ooze from the bottom of the jar which the doctor had disturbed. The scientist rose, went to the oven, and reached into the furnace with an iron tool to trim the burners.

"The little mirror was not found aboard," he sang. "Disco's little mirror was not found! But I'm manufacturing another, another—another—and Bronsky'll take it—take it on the last ship!"

And suddenly, the steel tool in his hand

took fire! It blazed up like a mere matchstick, emitting unbearably brilliant light and acrid, tawny vapors. The old man howled now, striking test tubes and retorts with bleeding fists.

"Ah! Ah! you wanted to know what could be made by prolonging the electric treatment of the nitrates? Hear this, Janicot, you fool! Explosives in an hour, to start with. But five hours later—" he laughed madly, "there shall remain on this planet only those I shall preserve on my Hangoe! The New Ark! I shall then reverse the telluric waves, and I shall re-create the human race!"

Lesperon saw only as if through a red screen. An infernal gong resounded in his skull. Blood oozed from his nose and ears. But he laughed in turn, pointing at the glass jar, now emptied of its oil, and containing a block of azure-tinted crystals.

"The azolith—ha the azolith—"

He saw Markariantz drag himself toward the cracked jar. The rarefied atmosphere stifled him and the air penetrating his lungs burned like fire. As in a dream, he saw the skylight curve inward under the pressure of the outer air, heard the muffled explosion when it broke, the tinkling of glass all over the laboratory. Then he slid from consciousness when he gulped in the first sweep of good air.

"WHAT sort of night did he have?"

"Not too restless. He slept."

"That's better. Delirious?"

"A bit, but no longer violently so."

"I'm puzzled," Gandibleu said, speaking for himself more than for Mado. "I have never seen such an odd case of asphyxiation, such unusual symptoms. Aside from loss of consciousness, I failed to find the ordinary indications, such as a swollen face, or protruding eyes. Nothing like that in Dr. Markariantz's case either. It is true that the doctor was less severely hit, for he regained consciousness the second day. The whole thing's strange, and I maintain my knowledge is insufficient."

"That may be for the best," Mado said quietly, "and nature will act alone."

"Did he speak in his delirium?"

"Nothing that could be understood—incoherent words."

"You know how much the doctor wishes to know—"

"Then he should have watched him himself," Mado said, with unnecessary violence.

Gandibleu did not dare antagonize Mado, who wielded a great influence on the much feared right-hand man of Markariantz, Dixer. He apologized lightly: "The strain has made you nervous. You should rest."

The sick man stirred uneasily, and mumbled.

"Get out," Mado ordered. "You know your presence will only make him nervous. He's coming around now. Don't let him find you here."

"The doctor ordered me to question him."

"I'll call you when he's rational. Go."

She threw the door open, and Dr. Gandibleu went out. When she was alone with Lesperon, she drew the window screens shut.

"I've been sick?" the officer said, dully.

She talked to him a while, explaining.

"I remember—where's Kerboal?"

Kerboal, he was told, had been pressed into service to take the Hangoe out, despite

a desperate resistance. Mado had managed to see him before departure, and she had a private message for his chief.

"He said not to worry about the bottle, that he'll attend to it on the way." She saw that he worried nevertheless, because she might have understood the purpose of a message. "Don't be unjust—if I had wished to repeat your secret thoughts, you'd be dead now. Don't judge me as the Mado of yore. Trust me, please. You'll see I deserve it."

"Forgive me, Mado, I owe you much."

"You'll have to see the doctor, Gandibleu. It is best not to appear unwilling to talk."

The little physician bustled in very soon after.

"At last! I've waited days. What an ugly patient you were! You hated me during your delirium. Truly, I prefer your feelings for me when you are aware of what you are doing to your subconscious reactions! Let us forget about it, now that you are convalescing." The warmth of his tone, his protestations of continued friendship, were suspicious. Mado caught Lesperon's eye warningly. "Now, we shall elucidate the cause of that accident."

"He's weak, doctor," Mado pointed out. "You'll give him a temperature."

"I can talk," the officer said.

"What do you recall of that horrible evening?"

Lesperon held his forehead between his palms. "Here—I am in the laboratory. We're speaking about the departure of the *Hangoe*. Dr. Markariantz gives me instructions. I make objections—which he overrules."

"That's the conversation," Gandibleu cut short. "But the causes of your collapse? Do you remember anything that can guide me?"

"He explained the ceiling mirror—then he struck a jar while near the oven—"

"You remember the jar?" Gandibleu asked, blandly.

Again, Lesperon caught Mado's glance of warning.

"That's the last I remember. A jar, or perhaps a tube or a retort—sounded like cracking glass—I passed out soon after."

Gandibleu replaced in his kit an injection-needle he had been preparing and motioned to Mado to remove the phial of ether which he had employed to clean Lesperon's arm.

"After all, you may not need strengthening, nature will be the best doctor," he said. "No camphorated oil for you, my friend. Depend on your own strength." He emptied the syringe in the sink. And the little doctor trotted away with a last gust of cheering words.

Lesperon took Mado's hands and pressed them, gratefully. He wrinkled his nostrils and smiled. A sugary odor had invaded the room.

"Smells like bitter almonds," Mado said. "That injection was to kill you if you remembered too much."

STRETCHED on a couch, his waxen complexion accentuating the purple shadows under his eyes, Markariantz heard Gandibleu.

"He recalls nothing important. His blood richer, younger, felt the effects more quickly, more violently. The burns on his mucous were deeper, more serious. It is evident that he was already unconscious when your delirium revealed the atollith."

"You should have acted, just the same," Markariantz murmured. "He had only one use—to guide the *Hangoe* on her last trip. After that, Bronsky resumes command. The haste that my own condition imposed on me caused me to trust the ship to a mere sailor. The officer is useless to us."

"You forget," Gandibleu protested, "his youth and strong constitution. I have thought that the haste which Bronsky must bring to gathering the samples of your future humanity could be harmful to the perfection of his selection. When you have the choice, we can easily eliminate the officer."

"That's true—"

"And then," Gandibleu added, "one must always reckon on fate. Suppose Bronsky falls, suppose the ship bringing him back does not reach our reefs, that a previous disaster deprives us of our technical expert? Lesperon shall be here—half-won to your science. The rest would be easy—I take it on myself."

Markariantz weighed the arguments a while. "Approved. But watch him, know what he thinks. At the first hesitation on his part, do not hesitate." And while Gandibleu congratulated himself on the success of his undertaking to preserve at least one gentleman as a companion in a new world, he added: "The *Hangoe* cannot be very far. Have you followed my orders?"

"To the letter," Gandibleu said. "I have set the mirror on the sector you indicated, and here are the latest radiograms picked up on our automatic receiver."

Gandibleu gave his chief a cylinder of paper streaked with dots and dashes, like a meteorological record. Markariantz decoded them.

"You have two days to get me well enough to walk. See that you do," he murmured.

"You'll be up then," Gandibleu promised.

"Each night, light the channel lights to ease the *Hangoe* arrives. Switch number 17, on that board, controls them."

Gandibleu jotted down the instructions and left.

FOR several days, the *Neree*, commanded by Commodore Casanoel, had been cruising north of the Capricorn tropics, between West Australia and the New Hebrides, searching the horizon, exploring atolls, navigating cautiously in those seas bristling with reefs.

The *Neree* was a submarine-cruiser constructed for long sea voyages, and she had been sent out post-haste after Janicot's visit to the Minister.

Commodore Casanoel, whether on watch or not, seldom left the conning-tower. He had given up hope that Lesperon was alive. He was out for revenge as much as for the solution of the mystery.

As for Cyprien Janicot, he now cursed his interference, and spent the rare moments of leisure allowed him by his stomach counting the thousands of miles separating him from his stuff. And he quailed at the thought that he would have to live through the return trip.

Seated on the edge of his bunk, legs hanging lumpy, he stared at his haggard, yellowish face reflected in a small mirror. He answered a rap on his door with a feeble permission to enter.

"Well, my dear professor," Casanoel said, entering. "The sea is like a millpond to-day. I had canvas stretched over the deck. Will you join us for lunch?"

This was an unfortunate remark. The thought of food, of eating solid stuff, of loading his stomach, nauseated Janicot. He launched into a long protestation against the minister, the navy, the sea, and everything and everyone connected with them.

"Your illness is imagination," Casanoel encouraged him. "This deck is as steady as a floor."

Someone rapped on the door. A lieutenant entered, saluted, held out a paper.

"Excuse me, captain—but this seems urgent—"

The commodore cast his eyes on the slip, grew white. And he read aloud: "Casanoel—Neree—via Noumea."

"Have received by cable text document found off Chesterfield Islands by fishermen—15-5-37 lat. S.—162-16-3 long. E.—SCS Lesperon—Celtic—"

The message came from the minister. "Our position at once, Lieutenant."

"I have given orders that it be ascertained immediately. Unless I am mistaken, someone is bringing it now."

Another lieutenant reached the cabin and saluted.

"21-6-13 latitude, and 153-11-2 longitude, captain. Checked twice."

Casanoel made for the conning-tower.

"Chart of the region?" he snapped.

"Ready," said the officer on watch. "I have marked the two positions."

They bent over the chart.

"Right in the middle of the Coral Sea," Casanoel said.

"That's what I said, eh?" Janicot said coming near. He had forgotten his sickness and strutted importantly.

"Five hundred miles or so, in a straight line," Casanoel commented, wielding dividers. "Thirty-six hours on the surface. But we may have to avoid reefs, dive to escape discovery—let's say 48 hours! Gentlemen, we now have a goal. We must attain it at any cost."

"From now on, the watch in the conning-tower is doubled. A permanent look-out on the mast. Two men at the microphones. Two on deck with the lead. As long as the bottom is over 50 fathoms, full speed. At 30, proceed with the lead, slowly. Avoid shallows while seeking a channel. At the smallest island in sight, at the least smudge of smoke, dive immediately and proceed with the periscope. See that the batteries are charged. Inform me of any development."

THE officers scattered to execute the orders. And as Commodore Casanoel bent over the charts, Janicot tapped him on the shoulder.

"Now for luncheon—I have an appetite!"

But Janicot sat alone at the table. The officers had their meal brought to their stations. This did not discourage Janicot, who ate heartily. His hatred for a rival he was so close to beating had vanquished seasickness.

The sun sank behind a calm, deserted horizon. The look-out, equipped with splendid glasses, had reported nothing.

The officers, with the exception of the lieutenant on watch, joined the rejuvenated Janicot for dinner.

"If your deductions are exact, professor," Casanoel said, "and no one here doubts them, what is your estimate of the population on the unknown atoll?"

"If we included the original crew of the *Hangoe*," the scientist answered, "and add to it the list of those escaped from New Caledonia, we have a total of 100 or so. But we must take into account

deaths, natural or otherwise, which must have occurred in a lapse of three years. I don't think it can be much more than 80, including a few women."

"With our 60 men and our armament, there is no doubt that we can cope with them," Casanoel declared.

One of the lieutenants rose, and went to relieve the officer on watch, who came to the table. Meanwhile, Janicot objected to the commanding officer's optimism.

"It might be dangerous to underestimate the might of the weapons that Markarians may have available, and that the more because, not knowing what they are, we can't do anything to avoid them. May their revelation give us time to parry!"

The officer who had just taken over the conning-tower came back into the officers' mess. "Your pardon, commandant," he said, "but did you give orders to alter the course?"

"Certainly not! We must keep steering full north-east and resume that course whenever we turn to avoid a shallow. Why?"

The lieutenant appeared embarrassed, and glanced at his colleague apologetically.

"When I took the watch over, I looked at the compass and saw we were heading due north."

"That's impossible." His superior rose, very red. "I kept her north-east—the helmsman must have—"

"I asked him, naturally. He says he did not vary a degree. He is one of our best men, too."

"Then it's impossible."

"I think it's possible," Janicot put in. He drained his glass, wiped his lips, rose without haste. "Won't you come to the conning-tower? I would want to have a look before saying more."

They followed him, curious and impatient. He cast a glance at the compass, which indicated the course due north, and asked Casanoel not to have it changed immediately.

The night was clear, superb. The rising moon had lifted its whitish mask over the limpid horizon, and its light wiped out the nearer stars. Janicot greeted it with a wave of the hand. Then, turning aft, he pointed to starboard, indicating the Southern Cross, four stars gleaming icily on the velvety black of the sky.

"The helmsman was right, so was I," he said serenely.

"And the compass?" objected the second. "Is right also." Janicot's statement startled all save Casanoel. "That proves, gentlemen, that I was right again. We are within the zone of refraction of telluric forces, arranged by Markarians, and that false north shall lead the Neree straight to his lair."

"Mr. Janicot," Casanoel said quietly, "I offer my apologies and those of my chief, the minister. If we had doubted you at the start—we did, somewhat—your revenge is perfect."

Janicot's elation was moderated by another consideration.

"That may be," he admitted. "But that slur also cast ridicule upon me before all the world's scientific societies."

"I doubt that he will ever have the opportunity to make his thesis known," Casanoel consoled him. "Moreover, we can do without his hypothetical north."

A submerged submarine is a steel cigar hermetically closed. The currents generated by motors, dynamos and batteries criss-cross everywhere. Thus, the magnetic com-

pass is not dependable, the indicator whirls at random. Therefore, submarines have a gyroscopic compass, consisting of a massive mobile ring, mounted on an axial pivot, spun at 2500 revolutions by a small electric motor.

Turning at this speed, following the principle of the gyroscope, it remains invariably fixed on the original point, regardless of the ship's movements, for it is mounted on a double swivel. The Neree could navigate according to the indications of the gyroscope, for a graduated circle allowed corrections.

Casanoel gave orders to do this. But it was a useless precaution, for the false north indicated on the binnacle compass remained stationary. The staff of the submarine learned the reason during the night.

CASANOEL, who had gone off watch at midnight, was awakened by an officer at three in the morning. He leaped out of his bunk hastily.

"Commodore, the men at the microphones report the remote beat of a propeller, starboard of us."

Casanoel went below, donned the earphones and adjusted the controls.

"Single screw ship, about two miles, 43 degrees off the starboard bow. All lights out in the conning-tower?"

"The blue lights are invisible at five hundred yards," the officer on duty objected.

"Put them out, nevertheless. Leave only the binnacle lights. We can't be too careful."

He listened longer. "Going full speed. Therefore, knows the course. But for us to slow down is to lose track. We must follow her until day."

When dawn came the commodore was gripped by anxiety. The Neree had remained behind the unknown vessel all night long, two miles away, the extreme range for the microphone. But, to avoid being detected, he must choose during the day between allowing the other a longer lead or continuing the pursuit submerged, which would result in losing his speed while the other kept on at the same pace.

The choice was urgent, for the sun rose quickly in the region. Casanoel could not make up his mind to abandon even for a second the ship he was following. He had the wireless mast collapsed, closed hatches, and had the ballasts filled for half submergence. The Neree, answering her horizontal rudders, sank slowly beneath the surface, leaving only the top of the conning-tower awash.

A day, a night and another day, and the Neree was still in the wake of the Hangoe. At twilight on the second day the wireless mast was erected and the lookout reported remote lights dead ahead. Casanoel was awakened from an uneasy sleep. He called the crew to stations.

"Position?" he asked.

A lieutenant worked it out by the stars. They were within six minutes, that is, two marine leagues or six miles, from the exact position mentioned on the document in the bottle. Deep emotion swept them all. Casanoel ordered the guns stripped for action, ammunition brought up.

The lights were now plainly visible from deck-level. And, suddenly, another glow bloomed in the night. The Hangoe had turned on her lights nearing the island.

Swinging around the atoll, she passed through the channels, steering by beacons known to her crew. And, once beyond the reefs, her lights went out.

Casanoel had been forced to order reduced speed for he did not know the depths.

An hour passed, during which the Neree had to back away from reefs several times. Losing hope of finding the channel used by the pirate, Casanoel was about to give the order to stop when the lights reappeared.

Fearing a trap, Casanoel was ready to submerge, when the lights blinked, signalled.

Three short flashes, three long flashes, three short flashes—then, again, darkness. No one aboard but knew that signal: SOS.

Casanoel ordered the motors to be stopped.

"An extension lamp on deck, and a signal—"

All was ready within a few seconds. They waited. Slowly and distinctly the signal was repeated, then other signs followed, translated letter by letter.

"SOS. L-a-s-p-e-r-o-n—he's alive!" Casanoel exclaimed. "Answer at once, France."

The lamp on deck flickered in Morse. The lights replied.

"What ship?"

"Neree—Casanoel."

A prolonged pause, darkness. The submarine commander was about to order the message repeated when the lights vibrated again:

"Do not answer—danger—do not advance nearer—reefs—low tide at night—send boat middle cliff east atoll—beware of—"

The night closed in on an unfinished message.

GANDIBLEU had not informed Lesperon that the Hangoe was expected to return soon. But the officer noticed that the channel lights were switched on at night.

At twilight that day he had gone for his usual stroll, looked at the sea. And, having nothing else to do, he again visited the crest of the cliff after dinner.

The night was beautiful, and the calm of the scene, the softness of the breeze, lulled his worries. Then a remote throbbing came from the sea.

"The Hangoe," Lesperon thought.

He saw her lights blaze a few minutes later, saw her pass through the channels. Even at a distance he recognised Kerboal's booming hail. He would be glad to see him.

Heat lightning streaked the horizon. The sea smashed on cliff and reefs thunderously, the combers edged with phosphorescent foam.

Lesperon started—he had discerned a streak of pale light on the sea. He rose to his feet and his glance fastened on the silvery shimmer. His sailor's eyes could not doubt that it was the churned wake of a propeller.

A ship? What ship? The lights were out and the phosphorescent streamer weaving on the surface. Someone striving to find the channels!

He left the cliff and went to see Gandibleu. He found the doctor drinking, as usual, at that late hour. His eyes were already vacant and staring.

"Listen, you little crook," Lesperon said, seizing him by the wrists. "If you obey closely I may allow you to live. But if you do a single thing to interfere with what I'm doing I swear I'll strangle you!"

"Do you realise—" Gandibleu said, trying to free himself.

Lesperon cut him short. He ripped a cord from the hangings, lashed Gandibleu's wrists together, and, seizing him by the collar, pushed him toward the exit of the grotto. Below them, near the lake, lights were moving about. The convicts were preparing to meet the Hangoe. Lesperon thought rapidly: "Thirty minutes before the ship can come in. I must act quickly."

He dragged and pushed the little doctor to the door of the laboratory.

"Open," he ordered.

"Means death for us both!"

"Now or later—have your choice," Lesperon snarled. His hands clasped about the other's flabby neck.

"My hands are tied."

"Tell me what to do."

"Wait, I'll feel around. Maybe I can manage." Gandibieu's hands fumbled along the door and found the hidden device. The steel plate swung open.

"Light," Lesperon ordered.

Save that Markariantz had contrived to place the azolith crystals in a glass jar filled with green oil, the glow of the lamp inside the green globe showed the laboratory in the same disorder which had followed the explosion. Glass fragments littered the floor.

Lesperon hauled Gandibieu before the switchboard.

"Which is the switch for the channel lights?"

Gandibieu was listening tensely. Through the broken skylight came a remote reverberation, carrying through the heat of the sun.

"A ship," he said, "now, I understand—"

"The switch?" Lesperon insisted.

"Never!" the doctor shouted. "If a ship enters the lagoon, Markariantz will blow up the island. And if he doesn't, I will be returned to the penitentiary!"

"What number is that switch?" Lesperon said again, between clenched teeth. Gandibieu kept a stubborn silence. The officer felt that he must act. His powerful hands locked on the doctor's throat. He pressed, slowly at first, then in swift jerks. "The switch number—for the last time—"

"Sev—anteen."

"Shove it down yourself," Lesperon said, as a last precaution.

GASPING for air, Gandibieu closed the circuit with his bound hands. Lesperon started with joy. The channel lights were on. Lifting the doctor by neck and waist, he threw him roughly on the couch. "Watch out," he advised. Handling the switch like a key, Lesperon sent out the distress signal.

He repeated his call, signed it, and thrilled when the reply came.

Gandibieu had watched his face. "I note, my friend, that you have good news. No one is happier than I. If I can be of use, call on me, I beg of you."

Lesperon was sending the longer message, flashing the words of salvation: "Do not answer—danger—do not advance nearer—reefs." Then as he finished the instructions for a landing with the word "atoll," he glanced towards Gandibieu. And he saw on the doctor's face an expression of triumph which alarmed him. He started to turn.

It was too late. A blow on the nape of the neck dazed him, powerful hands wrenched his arms behind his back. In an instant he was thrown on the couch, fastened securely with leather straps. When his eyes cleared he saw Gandibieu standing over him.

"So, you were about to leave us, dear friend! And how rough you were with—"

Dixmer brushed him aside to make way for Markariantz.

"To whom were those signals addressed?" he asked with sinister gentleness.

Lesperon laughed.

"Don't laugh! No time to lose. What did you send, and to whom?" The naval officer's silence enraged him and the veins

thickened on his brows. "Dixmer, get ready—"

"I have my kit," Gandibieu suggested. "An injection—"

"That would still his tongue. I want to make it wag."

Dixmer laughed, his massive torso shook. He had taken from a coffer two metal plates, from which copper wires protruded, ending in plus of the same material. Having unrolled the wires, he inserted the plugs into two sockets of the board. He applied the electrodes, one beneath Lesperon's neck, the other one on his abdomen. Then he grasped a switch and waited for orders.

"I see from the hue of your skin that you're beginning to understand," Markariantz said. "Why not talk right away? You must know you will sooner or later." He waited a while, then spoke again, averting his face: "Go on, Dixmer."

Superhuman happiness showed on the giant's face as he brought the switch to the first notch. A blue spark fluttered. Bending above Lesperon's convulsed face, Gandibieu counted 30.

"Enough. If you want him to talk," he said quietly.

Upon a sign from Markariantz, Dixmer released the switch. Lesperon sighed deeply.

"To whom were you signalling?" Markariantz asked gently. Lesperon did not answer.

"Ready, Dixmer," Markariantz uttered.

"Keep it up," the tortured man said slowly.

"You may not come out of it this time," Markariantz stated. "However—and know that your sacrifice is useless—no one can get on this island—"

"Why do you worry in that case?" Lesperon managed to gasp.

"You swine!"

All turned toward the door. There was a rush of feet, dull cries, bodies rolled, glass smashed.

Then Lesperon saw Dixmer flat on his back, breathless, his hands pressing his sides. Gandibieu seated on the floor, looking about stupidly, and Markariantz, standing with an automatic pistol in his hand for a second, caught in a human whirl, spinning, crashing to the flagstones. Then Kerboal's face bent near, his hands unbuckled the straps.

"You all right, captain?"

"Right."

Kerboal dropped his chief, whom he was lifting from the couch, leaped, and struck at Dixmer as the albino tried to grasp the pistol.

The huge man dropped, unconscious. Kerboal rubbed his hand ruefully and grinned. "Get the gun, captain—and let's tie up the others."

Markariantz had retreated into a corner, protecting the jar containing the azolith. Kerboal dragged him out and fastened him. Dixmer, still stunned, offered no resistance. But they could not find Gandibieu. "I should have knocked him out," Kerboal said. "Now, he'll bring up the whole gang!"

This brought Lesperon to action.

"Let's hoist the ladders."

But first he took the jar of azolith, wrapped it in a cloth, tied it with rope, and tossed it out of the skylight into the sea. Kerboal rolled Dixmer beside Markariantz; then he and Lesperon hurried away.

But, as they approached the ladder, Lesperon cried:

"Too late, we're too late, they're up—"

The terraces were swarming with lights converging toward the laboratory.

"What now?" Kerboal asked.

"It's low tide—the boat from the Neree must be off the cliff by now. They mustn't come in—they'd be trapped. We must warn them."

A confused clamor rose from the camp. The darkness was alive with men. But all of them sought for a foe near the laboratory, and the horde had left the stairways in place. They went down and reached the island level.

"Let's try to make the tunnel," Lesperon suggested. He held the pistol ready.

They had to encircle the encampment, to avoid the oblong of lights thrown by the windows. They passed by the pylon building, and reached the bottom of the western cliff. The mouth of the tunnel gaped, a darker pit in the obscurity. They listened attentively, heard nothing save the wash of the waves, and entered. The moist air blew into their faces like the breath of a tomb. The rough soil rasped their hands and knees, for they had gone down on all fours.

"Somebody stirring ahead, captain," Kerboal said suddenly.

"I hear them."

"Back we go," Kerboal said.

Outside, they saw the crests of the cliffs dotted with moving lanterns. The hunters were busy. Time pressed, for when they had searched the upper quarters thoroughly, the convicts would come down. In any event, the fugitives seemed trapped.

They stopped, hesitating.

Above their heads, the pylon reared its metallic beams. The sight of it made Lesperon think of the azolith.

This evoked first the memory of the mysterious cables in the guano deposit, then the system employed by Dixmer, on a smaller scale, to manufacture explosives needed to destroy the Celtic. Then the words spoken by Markariantz during his delirium from oxygen rang in his ears: "In one hour, explosives, but, in five hours, azolith—"

"Kerboal, we must get in there to dislocate the transformer—"

"All right, captain."

"Without it, Markariantz is helpless—except to kill us. Ossanoel will handle the rest."

They reached the door. It was a panel of steel, thick and smooth, without visible lock.

"I'll try to break it in—"

"You couldn't—but—" Lesperon's fingers groped, reached the spot he sought. He pushed, as he had seen Gandibieu do at the door of the laboratory. To his elation, the steel door opened. Neither combination nor key was needed. Markariantz loved to simplify.

They entered. Kerboal snapped his lighter, and by the flicker of the flame Lesperon located the switch. A strong electric glow flooded the room. They were in a rather large, square room, floor, walls and ceilings made of cement.

Gutta-wrapped cables hung from the ceiling. Other cables sprang from the floor, coupled with other vats. The poles of the various tanks were coupled like those of batteries.

"A series of transformers—amplifiers, high tension," Lesperon said. "Dangerous to handle them when the current is on. We can smash the connections."

A marble switchboard on the wall offered a complex array. Only one switch was in place.

Carefully Lesperon traced the cables connected with the switch that was open.

"There's no alternative," he decided. "If there are but two switches one is for the lights of the island, the other must control the current for the mysterious cables in the guano deposit. The lights are on—closed switch. That leaves the open switch—the explosives!"

"The explosives!" Kerboal cried, with enthusiasm. "All right! Let's blow the whole place up and take them with us!"

"Kerboal, you're wrong," Lesperon said, with a grin. "They'll blow up all right, but we won't!"

"As you say, captain. What next?"

"Close the switch—and hold out an hour!"

"That could be managed, captain," Kerboal said, shoving the switch home. They held their breath, but nothing happened, save that a gentle purring started, a sort of musical vibration.

"Now, to hold out an hour," Lesperon said.

Kerboal picked up a steel crowbar and went to the door. He inserted the thick rod of steel in the inner handle of the panel, braced it to the floor. "That may not be as scientific as the way it opens, captain—but they'll need dynamite to come in."

Lesperon switched off the light, which might attract attention.

Time passed.

The electric sparks cracked continuously in the darkness of the room. The fugitives listened to outside sounds. There were shouts, clamors, sometimes nearby, then remote. Lesperon consulted his watch often, for the minutes dragged. Another worry occurred to him. For 45 minutes the tide had been rising, and soon the flood would mask the entrance to the tunnel. Suppose that Cassiope, not seeing Lesperon arrive, ordered a bombardment?

Gradually, the fugitives felt the search closing in on them. Sounds were increasing nearby.

"How much longer?" Kerboal wondered.

"Twenty minutes."

Silence again. The room was growing hot as an oven. Outside, noises increased.

"They're coming," Lesperon said.

The next instant there was a thud upon the door.

"They're inside," Dixmer's voice spoke.

"Nonsense," Markariantz shrilled. "How could they get in?"

"Gandibleu opened the laboratory door," Dixmer declared. "The officer's not a fool."

"You'll settle for that later, doctor," Markariantz added. "Open, Dixmer—"

There was the sound of a hand across the steel, then the audible click as the pressure established an electric contact within the door. But the crowbar held. Dixmer kicked heavily.

"Two minutes," Lesperon said. "Switch on the light."

"Open—resistance is foolish—"

"Ten seconds," Lesperon pronounced.

"Four—three—two—one—let them in, Kerboal!"

And Kerboal obeyed.

The electric light revealed a circle of bestial faces, eyes blinking like those of owls in the sun. They reached forward, and the crowbar swung menacingly. There was a slight crack, a muffled thud and Dixmer fell forward. This time he would never rise again.

"If I press this trigger everything goes up!" Lesperon shouted. "Hold your men

back, Markariantz—the current has been through the nitrates a full hour."

"Don't move!" the doctor shouted, in terror. The convicts withdrew behind him.

LESPPERON knew that he was in control of the situation.

"Kerboal! Open the switches—cut all the cables, one by one—to avoid short circuits."

"All right, captain. I've found rubber gloves." And the sailor smashed the apparatus.

"As for the rest of you," Lesperon resumed, "listen to this. This island has become a volcano that can be started with a single shot. If you don't believe me, look at your chief's face!"

"A warship is waiting off this island for me. They know I'm here, and they'll shell this place if I'm not aboard her at daylight. In the name of the government, I promise to those of you who were accomplices only that your lives shall be spared. That goes only for the escaped convicts."

"Life and liberty," one of them questioned.

"Life—and that's a good deal. Know that by granting you that, I save you all, for the intention of the man ruling you was to wipe you out when he no longer needed your services. He did that with the crew of his ship. What I have just done shows he had the power to do it. Did you know that?"

"No—no," the convicts growled, surrounding Markariantz.

Blows struck the skinny body, and Markariantz cried out in pain.

"The punishment of that man is not yours to give," Lesperon cried. "Arrest him, tie him up—but let no one harm him further!"

The convicts showed praiseworthy obedience and trusted up the doctor quickly.

"Now, let the tunnel's grill be unlocked, the boat launched—and everybody stand aside to let us through."

When they hesitated, he went on: "The tide is coming in. If you delay, it will not be able to reach the ship, and the first shot comes at dawn."

This sent men running for the tunnel. Lesperon saw Mado Marani standing in the crowd.

"You're coming with us."

"What's the use?" she shrugged. "I'd sooner remain here."

"Come—I will obtain a pardon—"

"Well," she shrugged, smiled, "no harm to try it."

"The boat's ready," reported a man.

"All right—make way and remember that a single shot blows up the island," Lesperon turned to Kerboal. "Bring Markariantz along."

But the doctor was too weak to walk, and finally Lesperon told Kerboal to drop him, to keep his hands free for an emergency. He was safe and could be captured the next morning by a landing party.

The electric lights had gone out all over the island. Kerboal requisitioned a lantern. Lesperon walked backward, to keep the convicts before his pistol. They reached the tunnel and started down its length.

But in the darkness of the tunnel something struck his wrist, and he dropped the weapon.

A shadowy form darted out, picked up the automatic, ran madly toward the land entrance.

"Gandibleu!" Kerboal cried.

"To the boat, quick," Lesperon cried. "They planned this—the swine!"

"I have the key, captain."

Steps galloped after them down the

tunnel, and the lanterns swung, fitting on rough faces.

"Come on, lads. We've got them!" Gandibleu shouted behind the rushing men.

Kerboal inserted the crowbar—his key—into the loop formed by chain and padlock and twisted. The links strained, the iron bars bent. Lesperon faced the crowd.

"Another step and you're done for!"

"He lies—no gun—no explosion," Gandibleu screamed.

"I promised you life."

"Who wants it in prison?" Gandibleu howled. "Catch them, comrades—catch them. We'll hold them as hostages for freedom."

"Right! He's right! Hostages!"

The tunnel echoed with their shouts as the human torrent rushed on. Kerboal strained on the crowbar. One of the steel rods yielded. The convicts were very near, within 20 yards. The tide was coming in, water washed the bottom of the grill. Then one of the links snapped. The sailor slipped the chain off quickly.

The sea-outlet of the tunnel appeared in the darkness like a pale arc reflected in the flood. There was barely room for the boat to scrape through.

"Aboard, aboard!" Kerboal cried, refastening the chain against the steel frame.

"This'll hold them a while!" And he twisted the crowbar into the links.

"The boat's stranded," Lesperon called out.

Men were striking at them with clubs through the bars. Kerboal tore one of the sticks away and used it to rap the nearest knuckles soundly. The attackers fell back and swore.

"No shots, no shots," Gandibleu chanted in the rear.

Kerboal had a breathing space. Mado Marani came to his side.

"I'll use that club. The captain can't launch that boat alone, and I'm not strong enough to help him do that—you go—"

Kerboal hesitated and turned. His chief was up to his knees in the water, striving to shove the boat's keel over the rough rock.

The sailor hastily distributed a rain of blows to drive back the more daring, turned the club over to the young woman, and went to help his captain.

Under their united efforts, the keel scraped on the gravel, lifted a bit, but did not float. Mado held the assailants with her club, somewhat protected by the grill.

A stone struck her. She bit her lips, so that a cry would not bring the others from the boat. Then the convicts grasped the chain, and pulled it towards them, hand over hand. She was dragged nearer to them. She stifled a moan, fought bravely.

"No shots—no shots," wailed Gandibleu.

Now, Kerboal was shoving the boat along in quick jerks. When it stuck, he swung it from side to side, widened its pathway. The heavy hull slid forward.

"Afloat," Kerboal yelled.

A shout of rage answered him. A blue flash streaked from a man's hand, a blade whistled and stabbed. Mado dropped easily, her hand still holding the chain. Lesperon saw her fall.

"Shove off—I'll get her and catch up."

He reached the wounded girl. She was crying.

"Leave me here—go!"

Lesperon lifted her in his arms. He waded to the boat, handed her up to Kerboal. Behind them, the convicts had tangled the chain in their haste.

When they loosened the links and the grill swung open, they rushed down the tunnel. Lesperon was shoving the boat in water to his chest. The bandits sprang in after him. But Kerboal had laid the girl at the bottom of the boat. He grasped his chief by the collar, and hoisted him aboard.

"Here we go," he said. He placed an oar against the side of the tunnel, and thrust vigorously. Twice he swung at the nearest enemies, and each time his aim was true.

The swells diminished the space under the arched outlet. The gunwales scraped against the vault, there was a crackling of wood, fragments of coral rained.

Then they were beneath the stars, floating free.

Rowing vigorously, Lesperon and Kerboal drew away from the tunnel's outlet.

"There's help near," Kerboal cried suddenly. He rose and swung the lantern in wide arcs. A distant hail resounded across the waters: "Ahoy!"

Atop the cliffs, lanterns were moving. Then there was a loud splash, as a heavy stone was hurled down. The rhythmic swishing of oars, the rattle of tholes, came nearer. Lesperon blew out the lantern's flame, fearing that the enraged convicts might chance a shot.

"Ahoy! Are you there, Lesperon?"

"Present, commodore!"

A boat slid alongside, then another. Casanoei scrambled aboard Lesperon's craft: "Glad to see you, my son—and you, too, Kerboal!"

"I have a wounded woman here, commodore!"

"A woman? Wounded?"

"I'll explain later. She needs immediate attention. Can you give me one of your boats, meanwhile?"

"What do you want to do?"

"Conclude my mission."

"All right—she'll be taken away, but I'll accompany you."

LESPPERON and Kerboal transferred to one of the Neree's boats. And the craft bearing Mado left to take her to the doctor.

"Now," Lesperon said, "no matter what happens, let no one fire a shot until we get back to the Neree." And he related what had happened briefly.

"That amazing Jankoot was right," Casanoei murmured.

Kerboal, at the helm, rounded the atoll, keeping the craft away from the stones still dropping from the cliff.

"Rest on your oars a bit, lads," he said in a low voice, when they reached the Hangoe at her moorings. "That pirates' tub is guarded and we mustn't wake them. If they don't know what happened on the island they might shoot."

"That's right," Lesperon admitted.

The oar blades lifted and the boat slid forward noiselessly.

"They're warning them!" Kerboal said.

The long grey silhouette of the pirates' vessel was near the flank of the cliff and the French boat had to near the rock. On the crest groups of men shouted, gestured, trying to attract the guards' attention. Pebbles rained down on the awning sheltering the deck. Suddenly a light appeared in a porthole.

"They're awake!"

A hatch cover clattered open and a man reached the deck of the Hangoe, a lantern in hand. Above, the cries became louder.

He turned up his lantern and the yellow

radiance illuminated the bow. The conning-tower cast a heavy shadow aft. By gestures, Lesperon ordered the rowers to circle the ship out of the light and to bring their boat alongside aft. Noiselessly the light shell attained the starboard side of the stern.

Kerboal kicked off his shoes. "Let me do this; it's a specialty of mine by now."

Two bandits were now bending over the rail of the port bow, trying to understand the peils from the cliffs. The words came scattered, almost unintelligible.

"Cast off—submerge!"

Kerboal came forward softly, on his bare soles. The canvas awning screened him from above. The Breton leaped when within reach, caught the nearest man, heaved him overboard. The other turned, closed in. The lantern fell and broke. The hails from the cliff went unanswered. Heavy stones started falling again, some piercing the canvas and smacking on metal.

The two bodies rolled, silent save for the panting of straining lungs and the impacts of blows. Then a heavier thud came, the pirate uttered a loud moan, and a second body splashed into the water. The rain of stones increased.

"Watch the hatches and keep others from coming on deck," Kerboal addressed the sailors who had followed him. "I'll handle this business."

He slipped into the conning-tower and there followed the rush of water into the ballasts. The Hangoe settled rapidly, sucked down by the fluid weight. When the deck was awash Kerboal shoved the others away. "To the boat!"

The water rushed down into the hatches and the flooded holds shot up compressed air. There was a loud gurgling. A huge block of coral ripped the awning, struck the deck and burst under the impact, scattering fragments like a shell.

Kerboal fell into the boat, collapsed.

"Shove off!" Casanoei ordered.

It was time. The Hangoe, under the shifting weight of the water, kicked up her stern, raising her shark-like hull to view. Then she slid slowly, then more and more quickly. Soon nothing remained in sight of the murderous ship save a whirl of waters. A long clamor of despair echoed from the crest of the cliff.

AS the Neree's surgeon bandaged Kerboal's head Lesperon asked: "How is the woman, doctor?"

The other replied with a helpless gesture.

"I did what I could. I operated—without much hope."

"And?" Lesperon asked anxiously.

The surgeon nodded: "Yes. Never came out. Too weak—serum injections useless. Had lost too much blood. Woman, you know." He touched Kerboal's head. "Now, this lad will be up in 48 hours. A blow fit to kill an ox. Astonishing skull, amazing vitality! Oh, that woman said something for you—"

"What?"

"That it was all for the best. Make anything of that?"

"I think I do," Lesperon admitted.

A midshipman entered.

"Commodore Casanoei's compliments, captain. And he begs you to come on the bridge."

Lesperon found the staff of the Neree gathered.

"Dawn is breaking," Casanoei said. "There

is a last formality to go through which I think you should witness, my friend."

In the growing light, under a sky illuminated by the first flush of day, the atoll reared its mute, abrupt, black outlines. It was a mile away.

"Gentlemen," the commodore said, "will you please consider this meeting as a court-martial? Here are the facts: Under the orders of a man who is admittedly a genius, as well as a madman, outlaws, plotted to wreck and loot ships, and succeeded."

"The names of the lost vessels are known to you all. Not only were sailors lost, but they allowed passengers, including women and children, to die, drowned or torn by the teeth of sharks. Six ships flying the French flag, 1238 human lives lost. Such is the balance sheet of those cowardly pirates. Has anyone anything to say in their support?"

The lips remained closed in the set faces. "In that case," Casanoei concluded, "you shall judge them in your soul and conscience!"

The islet grew smaller in the distance. The Neree was three miles away when the commander ordered her to stop.

"All hands on deck! Hoist the flag!"

The tricolor was hoisted to the top of the wireless mast, and the sailors lined on the narrow deck.

"Colors!"

The bugle lifted and the brassy notes strung out.

"For the dead: Salute!"

All heads were bared, and the flag was dipped three times.

"Gunnery, to your stations!"

Kerboal appeared, his head bandaged, joined his heels as he faced Casanoei.

"Commodore, I am not on the roster. I am detached on a special mission. But I am a gunner—and I think I should have the chance—"

Casanoei nodded. "Gunner Kerboal will point the gun!"

With minute attention, Kerboal studied the range, figured the speed of the wind. He insisted on loading himself.

"With love to Gandibien," and he grasped the lanyard, waited for the fatal order.

"Fire!"

Four seconds later an immense sheet of fire spurted from the atoll, crowned by a heavy canopy of sooty smoke which swelled in the morning sky. A pause, then a multitude of spouts, tall, snowy geysers jetting from the sea as heavy blocks thrown up by the explosion struck the surface.

The Neree, shaken by the waves, swept by the breath of the mighty blast, rolled, awing, pitched.

Then calm returned.

"Two white lights on the port bow!" the lookout's voice sang out.

The officer on watch consulted his chart. "Amedee Island—Boulari channel. We're coming into Noumea—"

Lesperon started, and he was about to advise caution. Then he relaxed, smiled. Three days ago, he had reported the successful end of his mission to the minister of the merchant marine, by wireless. And he had received congratulations already.

Markarians was dead: lights could be trusted.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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